



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

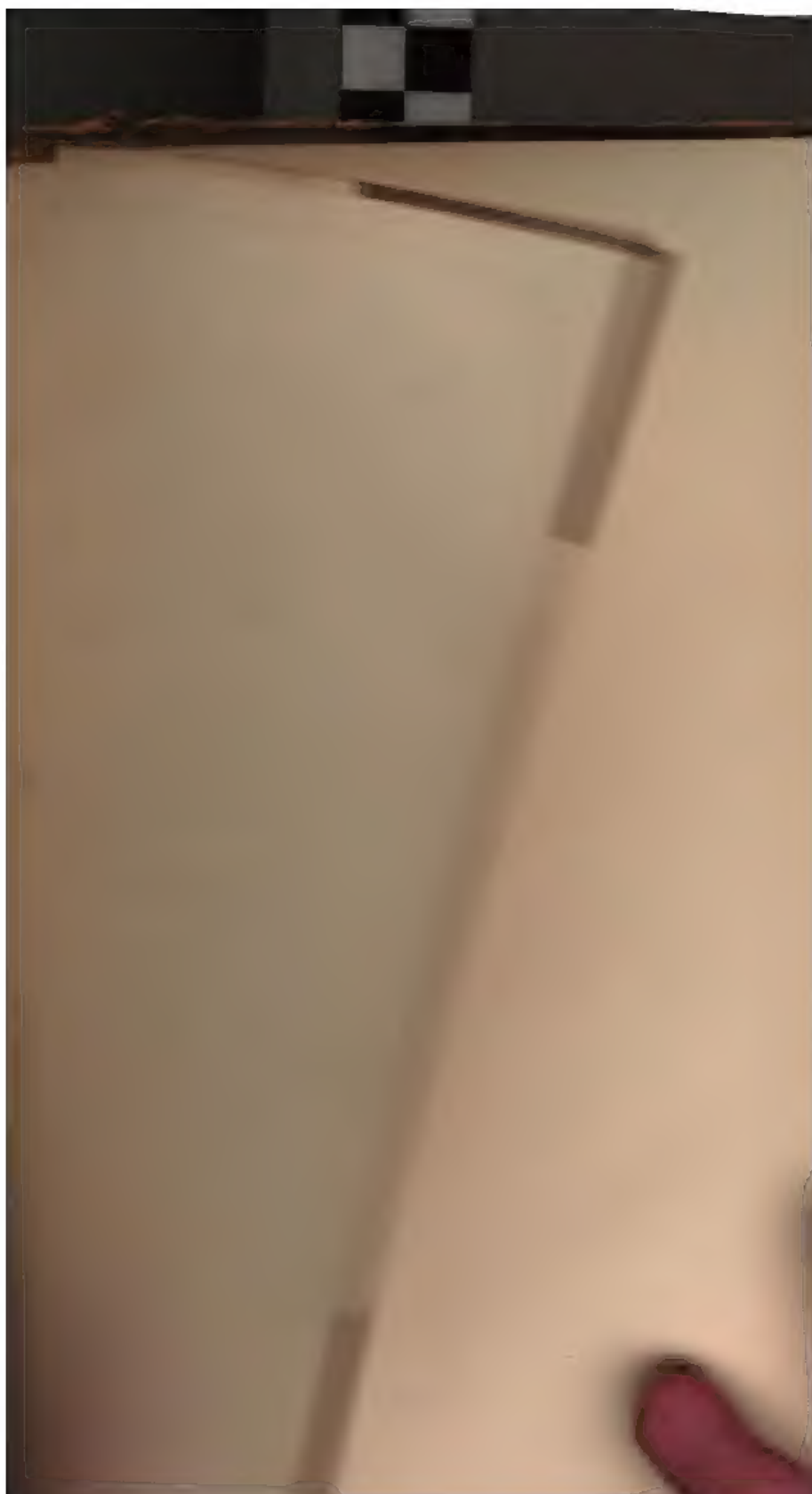
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

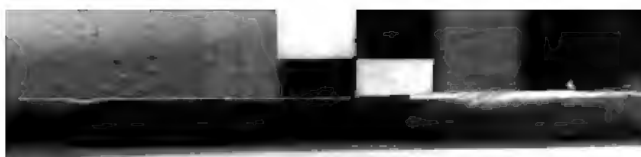


052
P1









THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. 191.

PUBLISHED IN

JANUARY & APRIL, 1900.

L O N D O N :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1900.

100459

LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Limited,
Stamford Street and Charing Cross.

CONTENTS

or

No. 381.

ART.	Page
I.—1. The Yangtse Valley and Beyond. By Mrs. J. F. Bishop. London: John Murray, 1899.	
2. Through the Yangtse Gorges. By Archibald John Little. Third and revised edition. London: Sampson Low, 1899	1
And other works.	
II.—1. Ave Roma Immortalis. Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan, 1898.	
2. History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated from the fourth German edition by Annie Hamilton. London: Bell and Sons, 1894-98	30
And other works.	
III.—1. Goethes Werke. Herausgegeben im Auftrage der Grossherzogin Sophie von Sachsen. Eighty-four vols. (incomplete). Weimar: Böhlen, 1887-99.	
2. Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke. Von A. Baumgartner. Second edition. Three vols. Freiburg: Herder, 1885-86	56
And other works.	
IV.—1. Ocean Steamships. By various writers. London: John Murray, 1892.	
2. The Atlantic Ferry. By A. J. Maginnis. London: Whittaker and Co., 1892	77
And other works.	
V.—1. The Wild Garden. By W. Robinson. Fourth edition. London: John Murray, 1894.	
2. Garden Craft, Old and New. By John D. Sedding. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1895.	
3. Wood and Garden. By Gertrude Jekyll. London: Longmans, 1899	100
VI.—1. The London Commissariat. Quarterly Review: London: John Murray, September 1854.	
2. Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions, 1898. (C. 9300: 1899.)	117
And other works.	

ART.	Page
VII.—1. The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray. By Lewis Melville. Two vols. London: Hutchinson and Co., 1899.	
2. The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray, with Biographical Introductions by his daughter, Anne Ritchie. Thirteen vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1898-99	138
VIII.—1. History of the English Poor Law. Vol. III: From 1834 to the Present Time. By T. Mackay. London: King and Son, 1899.	
2. Report of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, 1895. (C. 7684.)-	154
And other works.	
IX.—1. The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends. Selected and edited with Notes and Introductions by Sidney Colvin. Two vols. London: Methuen, 1899.	
2. The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edinburgh edition. Twenty-eight vols. 1894-98	176
X.—1. <i>Pratique Criminelle des Cours et Tribunaux.</i> Par M. Faustin-Hélie. Paris: Marechal-Billard et Cie., 1877.	
2. <i>Histoire de la Procédure Criminelle en France.</i> Par A. Esmein. Paris: Larose et Forcel, 1882	198
And other works.	
XI.—1. Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Swaziland. August 1890. (C. 6200.)	
2. A Convention between Her Majesty and the South African Republic for the Settlement of the Affairs of Swaziland, with Correspondence relating thereto. November 1890. (C. 6217.)-	222
And other works.	
XII.—1. The Flora of Cheshire. By the late Lord De Tabley. Edited by Spencer Moore, with a Biographical Notice of the Author by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. London: Longmans and Co., 1899.	
2. <i>Poems Dramatic and Lyrical.</i> By John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley. London: Elkin Matthews and John Lane, 1893.	
3. <i>Poems Dramatic and Lyrical.</i> By Lord De Tabley. Second Edition. London: John Lane, 1895	246
XIII.—1. Official Telegrams from South Africa.	
2. Reports of Special Correspondents.	
3. Private Information	265

CONTENTS

OF

No. 382.

Art	Page
I.—1. The Quarterly Review. London: John Murray, 1843-1885 - - - - -	291
II.—1. Narrative of an Expedition to Southern Africa during the years 1836 and 1837. By Captain Cornwallis Harris. Bombay: American Mission Press, 1838.	
2. A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa. By F C Selous. London: Bentley, 1881 - - - - -	299
And other works.	
III.—1. Vor Sonnenaufgang. Socialer Drama. 8te Auflage, 1898. Die Versunkene Glocke. Ein deutsches Marcellendrama. 30te Auflage, 1897. Fuhrmann Henschel: Schauspiel in fünf Acten, 1899. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer.	
2. The Plays of Gerhart Hauptmann. [Lonely Lives; Hannele; The Weavers.] Translated by William Archer and Mary Morison. Three vols. London: William Heinemann, 1894-99 - - - - -	317
And other works.	
IV. 1. Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald. By Joseph Pope. Two vols. London: Arnold, 1894.	
2. Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada. By J. Edmund Collins. Toronto: Rose Publishing Co., 1883 - - - - -	337
And other works.	
V.—1. Qu'est-ce que l'art? Par le Comte Léon Tolstoy. Traduit du russe et précédé d'une Introduction par Téo. r de Wyzowa. Paris: Perrin et Cie, 1898.	
2. Le Rôle de l'art d'après Tolstoy. Par E. Halperine-Kaminsky. Paris: De Soyé et fils, 1898 - - - - -	359
And other works.	
VI. 1. Report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire what Amendments are necessary in the Acts relating to Joint-stock Companies incorporated with Limited Liability under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, with Appendix. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London: 1895 (C. 7779) - - - - -	373
And other works.	

ART	Page
VII.—1. <i>Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty</i> . Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne by the Countess of Galloway. London: George Allen, 1899.	
2. <i>The Art-Teaching of John Ruskin</i> . By W. G. Collingwood, M.A. Cheaper issue. London: Rivingtons, 1900 - - - - -	393
And other works.	
VIII.—1. <i>The Life of Edward White Benson</i> , sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. By his son, Arthur Christopher Benson. Two vols. London: Macmillan and Co., 1899.	
2. <i>A Memoir of Richard Darnford, D.D.</i> , sometime Bishop of Chichester, with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. London: John Murray, 1899 - - - - -	415
And other works.	
IX.— <i>Statutes and Regulations made for the University of London by the Commissioners appointed under the University of London Act, 1898</i> , with an accompanying Report. February 1900 - - -	445
X.—1. <i>Lumsden of the Guides</i> . A Sketch of the Life of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B. By General Sir Peter Lumsden, G.C.B., C.S.I., and George R. Elsmie, C.S.I. London: John Murray, 1899.	
2. <i>The History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration, 1876 to 1880</i> : compiled from Letters and Official Papers. By Lady Betty Balfour. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1899 - - - - -	467
And other works.	
XI.—1. <i>The Life of Wellington: the Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain</i> . By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. M.P. Two vols. Third edition. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 1900.	
2. <i>Waterloo</i> . Par Henry Houssaye. Paris: Perrin et Co., 1899 - - - - -	492
And other works.	
XII.—1. <i>The Boer States</i> . By A. H. Keane. London: Methuen, 1900	
2. <i>The Transvaal from Within</i> . By J. P. Fitzpatrick. Popular edition. London: Heinemann, 1900 - - -	514
And other works.	
XIII.— <i>The War in South Africa</i> . II. - - - - -	539
XIV.— <i>Foreign Opinion</i> . 1. Germany. 2. France - - -	560

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. 1.—1. *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*. By Mrs. J. F. Bishop. London: John Murray, 1899.
2. *Through the Yangtze Gorges*. By Archibald John Little. Third and Revised Edition. London: Sampson Low, 1899.
3. *The Break-up of China*. By Lord Charles Beresford. London and New York: Harper and Brothers, 1899.
4. *China in Transformation*. By A. R. Colquhoun. London and New York: Harper and Brothers, 1898.
5. *The Far-Eastern Question*. By Valentine Chirol. London: Macmillan and Co., 1896.
6. *Foreign Office Blue-books*. Correspondence respecting Affairs in China. China, No. 1 (1898); China, No. 1 and No. 2 (1899).

THE history of our relations with China within recent years may properly be divided into two unequal periods. The first extends from the close of the Anglo-Chinese War of 1858-60 down to the Japanese War of 1894-95. The second and much shorter period comprises the four or five years that have elapsed since the conclusion of the latter struggle. A marked contrast can be drawn between these two periods. In the long space of thirty-four years following the Treaty of Tien-tsin the most distinctive characteristics were stagnation and dull monotony. Trade proceeded on the lines laid down in the Treaty, and, all things considered, made fair progress; but outside the limits of the Treaty it may be said that no progress whatever was made. Time after time applications were addressed to the Chinese Government for permission to work some of the vast mineral wealth of the country, or to assist in improving the inland communication by building railways; but all in vain. The Chinese Government would neither work their mines themselves nor permit them to be worked by

others; and while every other country in the world was being overspread by a network of railways, China alone refused to move. It was only within the last few years of the period that a very small beginning of railway enterprise was made. In other directions equal indifference prevailed. In finance, in the judiciary, and in military organisation no attempt was made to introduce reforms. The governing powers were perfectly well satisfied with the state of affairs, and turned a deaf ear to all suggestions of improvement.

In contrast with this long period of stagnation the history of the last five years presents a picture of feverish activity. Sensible of her helplessness under the crushing defeat inflicted by the Japanese arms, China has yielded to fear everything that she formerly denied to reason. Developments have followed one another with startling rapidity. Concessions, both for mines and railways, have been obtained almost wholesale, and trading privileges have been granted of greater importance and of greater value, potentially at least, than all that went before. More startling still, the two principal naval strongholds—the only two in fact that China ever possessed—have been made over, the one to Russia, the other to England, under the euphonious term of a lease; while two other convenient anchorages on the coast have been similarly conveyed, the one to Germany and the other to France. These latter will, doubtless, be in time transformed into places of arms. Simultaneously with this, China has appeared as a borrower in the European market; and whereas her previous borrowings were mere flea-bites, she has now pledged her revenues up to the hilt, and has contracted to pay to Europe, by way of interest and sinking fund, a sum which, as things now stand, will leave her barely enough to live on. And, as a last and tragic act in this drama, China has put to death, banished, or imprisoned a band of young reformers who apparently were single-minded in their desire for their country's good, and whose only fault was that they were in too great haste to remove the fetters which have so long cramped and restrained the better energies of the nation.

Such are the main features of the second and shorter period of recent Chinese history; but, in order to enable us better to estimate the precise value of the concessions gained and to take stock of the actual situation, we think it desirable to review very briefly the leading features of the earlier period.

In a recent number of this Review,* a writer, dealing with

* Quarterly Review, April 1894.

the life of the late Sir Harry Parkes, gave a short account of the political conditions in China which led up to the war of 1860. The Treaty which followed that war was an eminently reasonable one, and great things were expected of it. We had gone to war, nominally to avenge an insult to the flag, in reality to put an end once for all to a long series of insults and injuries inflicted on our merchants. The war was completely successful. Peking fell into our hands, the Emperor fled to Mongolia, and we might have imposed whatever terms we chose. As it was, we asked for nothing but a fair commercial bargain. We demanded a modest indemnity, but we exacted no humiliating terms, no cession of territory such as might rankle in the Chinese mind. The Treaty was meant on our side to be what it bore on its title page—a treaty of 'perpetual peace and friendship'; and it was hoped that as the advantages of an expanding commerce became more and more manifest, the Chinese would in time throw open inland markets and permit the marvellous resources of their country to be utilised alike for their own benefit and for the benefit of mankind.

Such hopes, however reasonable they may have appeared, were doomed to disappointment. It is not too much to say that the history of our diplomatic relations with China for the thirty-five years which followed the Treaty has been simply the history of our efforts to compel the Chinese to observe their treaty engagements. We have been but moderately successful even in this limited aim; while, as for anything outside the four corners of the Treaty, the mere idea of granting it was preposterous. No matter whether it was big or little, whether it tended to benefit China or not, the mere fact that it was asked for by a foreigner was sufficient to ensure a peremptory refusal. It is matter of regret both for China's sake and our own that this view was too readily accepted by our own authorities. The Treaty came to be looked upon as a sort of heaven-sent document, eternal and immutable. Had we occasionally reminded the Chinese of the origin of the pact and shown that it was capable of revision, they might have had cause to thank us to-day.

As it was, we made practically no progress from the date of the Treaty till the rude awakening of China by the Japanese war. The conditions of trade remained the same year after year. Nothing was done on the part of the Chinese to encourage production, to facilitate transit, or to lighten the burdens on commerce. On the contrary, these burdens grew heavier and heavier every year, and they are now in some places all but prohibitive.

Viewed in the light of these remarks it will be seen how extremely important are the concessions which have recently been obtained. We shall first briefly state what they are, as appears from the Blue-books.*

1. The opening of several new Treaty ports, including Nanning, a city on the West River near the Tongking frontier.

2. The opening of the whole of the inland waterways to foreign-owned steam craft.

3. Grants to various British companies to build about 2800 miles of railway. Other railway concessions of a similar nature have been granted to companies of other nationalities to an extent altogether (excluding Manchuria) of about 2100 miles. With these, however, we are not concerned.

4. The grant to a British company (the Peking Syndicate) of a sixty years' lease of minerals (coal and iron) in Shansi and Honan. The coal field in Shansi is described as the largest and richest in the world, extending to over thirteen thousand square miles of best anthracitic coal.

The importance of these grants can hardly be over-estimated. They are precisely the measures which foreign merchants have all along been urging the Chinese Government to take. Their value is not so much that the individual concessionaires will profit by them—though that may be counted on too—as that an enormous impetus will be given to the trade and commerce of the country. Undeveloped as China is, she is, next to India, the largest market we have for Manchester cottons. We export yearly to China between five and six hundred million yards of cotton cloth, while India takes altogether nearly two thousand million yards. In natural resources China is altogether more favoured than India. She has a larger area, a soil on the whole more varied and fertile, and a more active and industrious population. It is clear that, if to all these advantages are added the benefits which a country derives from an efficient railway system, China presents immense possibilities of development.

All this is satisfactory so far as it goes. But the question arises, how can these grants—which are but paper-grants as yet—be utilised in a practical way for the common benefit? We speak now of the railway and mining concessions, which differ from other privileges, such as the opening of new ports and waterways. The latter may be called concessions pure and simple: they entail no expenditure on our part, and no risk need be run to secure the advantages, if advantages there be. But a

* Blue-book, 'China, No. 1 (1899),' pp. 344 *et seqq.*

railway or mining concession is different: it is not so much a concession as a contract, under which the concessionaires, as well as the other side, have a duty to perform. They have to provide the capital to build the railway or to open up the mines; their reward is not immediate, but deferred; and deferred it may be over a long series of years. The important question therefore arises—what security has the Chinese Government to offer that capital thus invested will be safeguarded, and that British investors will be protected in the exercise of the rights and privileges they have acquired?

If we had only the Chinese Government to reckon with, we believe there need not be the slightest difficulty on that score. In our long intercourse with the Chinese their commercial honesty has become almost proverbial. The Government, as a whole, shares this enviable reputation with the mercantile classes. They have never shown the slightest disposition to go back on their monetary obligations. Much as we have had to complain about in other respects, this has never been a subject that required diplomatic intervention. Further, the country, as a whole, is pre-eminently one which offers a suitable field for the investment of capital. It possesses, indeed, all the requisites for the acquisition of wealth, except capital. It has a most fertile soil, capable of producing in abundance almost everything that mankind desires, including such special products as tea and silk, which only limited areas of the earth's surface can produce. It is inhabited by a swarming population, frugal, active, and industrious. It enjoys a benign climate, temperate over two-thirds of the area, and in no part trying for European residents. Lastly, there are untold treasures of mineral wealth lying underneath the surface, as yet entirely untouched.

All this has been waiting through the centuries, and is still waiting, for two things, capital and knowledge—capital to bring together the labour and the raw material, and knowledge how best to utilise the two for the benefit of the world. In China itself there is neither. For years the European world, scientific and industrial, has been standing by, waiting for permission from the Chinese Government to step in. Permission has hitherto been refused, for reasons compounded of ignorance, timidity, and jealousy. It has at last been given. The right to set to work has been definitely granted, and, so far as the Chinese Government is concerned, it only remains that it should be kept up to its engagements—a task that ought not to be difficult of accomplishment.

But China is not the only Power we have to reckon with in the Far East. Before 1894 the main question before us was—

how could China best be induced to join the general march of progress and open her doors to the civilisation of the world? Since 1895 the question has been—can China continue to hold her own as an independent State, or is she destined to be partitioned out among the Great Powers? As time goes on this last question becomes more and more pressing, and the doubts of her stability force themselves upon us. This leads us away from the commercial stand point into the region of politics; and for the time being the political question is the dominating factor on which all the rest depends.

There never was, in truth, in the history of the world a question so fraught with momentous consequences as that which now confronts us in the Far East. Never was there a game where the stake was so gigantic, and where so many players were anxious to take a hand. The struggle for the Empire of India was a big thing. That we fought out with France alone; there were hardly even onlookers at the game; we ourselves only partially comprehended what the issue was. Now there is no doubt about the stakes. It is the destiny of a quarter of the human race that is now on the table, with the control, or at least predominance, over one half of the continent of Asia; and in the background, but looming out distinctly, there is the future of our Indian Empire and the dominion of the world; for the Power that can wield to its purposes the immense latent resources of China will come near to being master over at least the two continents of the Eastern hemisphere.

In these circumstances it becomes of the utmost importance to ask what is the policy of this country towards China, and how far it ought to be changed in view of the changes which are rapidly being made in the policy of other Powers. The importance and magnitude of the question have not failed to impress Her Majesty's Ministers, and have been insisted on by leading members of both parties. Speaking in 1895, shortly before resigning office, Lord Rosebery said:—

'We have hitherto been favoured with one Eastern question, which we have always endeavoured to lull as something too portentous for our imagination, but of late a Far-Eastern question has been super-added, which I confess to my apprehension is in the dim vista of futurity infinitely graver than even that question of which we have hitherto known.'

But so quickly have events moved that what in 1895 was to Lord Rosebery's mind portentous only in the dim vista of futurity is to-day a practical and pressing problem.

Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham in May 1898, in

regard to the assault on our commercial supremacy, said, with reference to China:

'It is not a question of a single province; it is a question of the whole fate of the Chinese Empire; and our interests in China are so great, our proportion of the trade is so enormous and the potentialities of that trade are so gigantic, that I feel that no more vital question has ever been presented for the decision of a Government and the decision of a nation.'

It would be easy to quote other passages showing that Ministers have been alive to the fact that serious movements are threatened which will imperil not only the existence of the Chinese Empire, but, with it, the commercial and industrial position which we have at so much cost and labour gained in the Far East. And yet what has our Government done to preserve or improve that position? The policy which they proposed to follow was indicated clearly enough in various speeches delivered about the beginning of 1858, notably in Mr. Balfour's speech at Manchester, and that of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Swansea. The former set forth generally that our objects in China were commercial, not territorial; that we desired to see the integrity of China maintained; and that we were determined to preserve intact the rights and privileges which we had acquired. The latter indicated more precisely the means by which these objects would be secured, and ventured to say that our rights would be insisted on even at the 'risk of war.' The country generally applauded these declarations, and they were accepted as satisfactory by all those interested in Eastern trade.

But much has happened since then, and the Government apparently have lapsed into quite a different groove. They have made up their minds that China is still a 'going concern,' and that the best thing to do is to do nothing. Their present policy has been defined in the words of Mr. Brodrick, who, speaking at the close of last session, described it as a policy of 'patience and watchfulness'—the patience, we presume, being directed towards China's dealings with ourselves, and the watchfulness towards her dealings with other Powers. In other words, it is a policy of generally letting things drift, but of maintaining that equality to which we are entitled by treaty, and of taking care that, if China grants concessions to other Powers, we get an equivalent in some way or another. This policy, says Mr. Brodrick, has produced good results; and Ministers point with pride and satisfaction to the fact that in the rivalry for concessions we have not come off second-best,

thanks to the energy and ability of Sir Claude MacDonald—a tribute to which we heartily subscribe. They tell us that, if the Franco-Belgian Company has got the line from Hankow to Peking, we have got the lines granted to the British and Chinese Corporation and the Peking Syndicate. If Russia has got Port Arthur, we have got Wei-hai Wei. If Russia has secured Manchuria as a sphere of influence, we have ear-marked the Yangtze valley; and so on.

Now, if the object of other countries was, like our own, purely commercial, no great fault need be found with this policy. We have an undoubted right to participate in all commercial privileges granted to the most favoured nation, and the Government would be failing in their duty if they neglected to secure to British subjects what has been granted to others. But when the same principle is carried into the region of politics a new situation is set up altogether. If the concessions demanded by other Powers are intended to secure political influence or territorial dominion, a counter-demand on our part tends directly to disintegration. If Russia and France demand and obtain from the weakness of China some territorial advantage, a demand on our part for compensation elsewhere is simply to assist in the break up. It is a race to be first in at the death. Our public profession all along has been that our interests in China are commercial, and not territorial. We have repeatedly made known our wish to see the integrity of China maintained, and the country kept open to the peaceful commerce of all nations. Our merchants have enormous pecuniary interests already embarked there which we desire to see safeguarded, and further openings are in prospect which it is our object to develop. In all this we are entirely at one with the Government; but is the action of the Government calculated to attain the objects which it professes to have in view?

The policy of the Government appears to us to be based on two assumptions, both of which are erroneous—firstly, that China is still mistress of her own actions, and is free to grant or refuse at pleasure; and secondly, that her territorial integrity is not seriously menaced by the actions of other Powers. If there were any prospect of China becoming within a fairly short time, through the application of judicious reforms, a vigorous and independent nation, and if there were any likelihood that other foreign Powers would give her breathing space, we might well be content with a policy of 'patience and watchfulness.' But neither the one prospect nor the other, as we read the signs of the times, is in the least degree probable.

Let us first take a brief survey of the actual condition of

China as indicated by the best authorities. Mr. Valentine Chirol, who has devoted much time and care to the study of the Far Eastern question, and who has had unusually good opportunities of forming a sound opinion, writing in 1896 soon after the close of the Japanese War, says:—

"When I called upon Li Hung Chang . . . on my way back from Peking his first question was why I had remained so much longer than I had originally intended in the Chinese capital. I replied that I had been looking for some sign of the awakening of China. "I hope," rejoined the Viceroy with a grim smile, "that your time has not been wasted." In one sense certainly, as I assured his Excellency, my time had not been wasted, for I had at least satisfied myself that the search upon which I had been engaged was a futile one. Nowhere in Peking could the faintest indication be detected of a desire to apply, or even of a capacity to understand, the lessons of the recent war. A more hopeless spectacle of fatuous imbecility, made up in equal parts of arrogance and helplessness, than the central Government of the Chinese Empire presented, after the actual pressure of war had been removed, it is almost impossible to conceive.' "

The one object of the high officials, Mr. Chirol found, was to 'save face,' that is, to put such an appearance on things as would induce the people to believe that they had not really been beaten, or that, if they had lost, it was through unavoidable circumstances.

'An Imperial decree had explained that some defeats had happened because a great sea wave had destroyed the fortified positions of the Chinese all along the coast. A learned general had written a treatise to prove that China's reverses were due to her desertion of the sound principles and methods of war handed down by the ancients, and to her ill advised adoption of European armaments. Accordingly the hammer and anvil were busy all over the Empire turning out an endless supply of jinghals, a mediæval sort of matchlock, and the militant youth of Peking could be seen practising every afternoon with the bow and arrow. . . . The corruption and incompetency of certain high officials have indeed been openly admitted and censured, and in some cases even punished. But there is not a single Chinese official who will openly admit that the corruption and incompetency, and the disasters which they have involved, are the result and the inevitable result of a system of government rotten to the core.' †

Mr. Colquhoun, in his vivid presentment of 'China in Transformation,' speaks to the same effect:—

'We have spoken of the reign of sham in the general administration; but it has its roots in the central Government. It may be laid

* 'The Far-Eastern Question,' p. 2.

† *Ibid.*, p. 14.

down as a general rule, obtaining throughout the public life of the Empire, that things are never what they seem. Whether there may or may not be a real patriotic spirit somewhere in China among officials and people, there has been no outward evidence of it in the inner circles of the capital. Instead of defending the Empire and the Dynasty, the natural defenders seem ready to sell both, and it is a problem how far even the Dynasty is true to itself. Each individual among the Ministers of State and the Princes of the Empire seems intent on saving his own skin by making friends of the strongest invader.*

It is needless to multiply quotations. The fact is apparent to everyone conversant, even in a moderate degree, with Chinese affairs, that China is reduced to the last degree of helplessness. The Ministers of the Taungli Yamen stave off the evil day by yielding to all demands which they fear to refuse, while at the same time they keep up the semblance of independence by refusing everything, right or wrong, which they think they can venture to deny. Whether the governing classes comprehend the decrepitude to which they have reduced this ancient Empire, or are honestly blind to it, is perhaps a question. At all events, their pride and arrogance will not permit them to acknowledge it or to take the only means by which strength and vigour may yet be restored. Of all the public men of China there is not one who has the courage to come forward and say boldly that the Government has been a failure, and that China must borrow freely from the West both in men and measures if she is to hold her own. Some may talk vaguely of reform, but there is no more indication at this moment than there has been at any previous time of any serious intention of setting about it. On the contrary, all the evidence points the other way, and even as we write a Reuter's telegram informs us of a decidedly retrograde step that has just been taken, namely, the wholesale farming out of the *likin* taxes in the province of Canton. We cannot stop to point out the mischief which this involves, but it confirms our statement that of real reform there is as little immediate prospect as ever.

Nor is there anything to hope for under present circumstances from the so-called Reform Party. That there is a considerable number among the younger officials and *literati* who are prepared to be advocates of reform seems certain; but, inexperienced as most of them are, even for Chinamen, it is doubtful how far the measures they would take, if they had the power, would amount to reform in our sense of the term.

* 'China in Transformation,' p. 189.

At all events, at this juncture they are not in power. Scattered as they are, and disheartened by the execution or proscription of their leaders, they hardly count as a factor in the situation. They would be valuable auxiliaries, no doubt, if reforms were to be imposed from outside, but it is hopeless to expect that they can, without foreign support, accomplish anything against the weight of the reactionaries who now hold the reins of power. Of course, the death of the Empress-Dowager or another palace revolution might set the Emperor at liberty, and in that case there would be some prospect of a change. That the Emperor was sincere in his desire for reforms there seems to be no doubt; and his escape from captivity would rally round him the survivors of the party and encourage others to come forward. But in the intrigues of a corrupt and venal Court a thousand things may happen. The Emperor himself may disappear; the Manchu legionaries may set up a puppet of their own; or the Generalissimo Jung Lu, who seems to overshadow the Court, may make a bid for power on his own account. In short, confusion reigns supreme, and it is impossible to forecast what may happen.

Such being the internal state of affairs in China, let us see what changes have come over its relations with other Powers.

Down to recent years the position of England as the dominant Power at Peking was unquestioned. We had been the first in the field, we possessed the bulk of the trade, and we held command of the sea, by which alone access to China could then be obtained. What was still more important, the colonies of Hong Kong and Singapore, and all the coaling stations *en route*, were in our hands, so that no hostile fleet could approach China except with our good will. But, with the approaching completion of the Siberian Railway and the massing of Russian troops on the borders of Manchuria, this situation has undergone a radical change. Russia has a frontier coterminous with China for some three thousand miles, and can exercise an influence on China against which our sea power, however unquestioned—and since Russia seized Port Arthur it is no longer unquestioned—is of slight avail.

Now Russia is taking full advantage of her new position. However much we may regret it, it is impossible to ignore the fact—for it is written large on every page of the Blue-books—that the battle which our Minister has had to fight in Peking for the last three years has been a battle, not against China, but against the influence of Russia. It is perhaps in the nature of things that Great Britain and Russia should sooner or later come into collision in China. Accidental circumstances

have precipitated the antagonism, and it may turn out to be to our advantage that it should be so. At all events, the situation has become well defined; we know what we may expect; and it will be our own fault if we do not take the necessary measures in time. At Constantinople and on the confines of Afghanistan we have in times past deemed it necessary to meet and check the southern expansion of Russia. Turned aside at these points by the barriers presented by this country, the overflow has been directed eastwards across Siberia, and now seeks an outlet southwards into the dominions of China, where so far Russia has met no resistance at all. Let us trace briefly the sequence of the events that have been happening since 1895, and see what lesson they teach us as to the future. The story is easily traced from the Blue-books.

The Treaty of Shimonoseki left Japan in possession of the peninsula of Liaotung, including the naval fortress of Port Arthur, and carrying with it the almost certain reversion of the kingdom of Corea, which was thus hemmed in on all sides by Japanese territory. For Russia to acquiesce in this was to cut herself off from all hope of an ice-free port except at the cost of a war with Japan. Wisely foreseeing this consequence, but under the plea that to permit Port Arthur to remain in Japanese hands was to reduce the independence of China to a mere shadow, she induced France and Germany to join with her in requiring Japan to relinquish her hold on the mainland of China. The Japanese forces were in no condition to make headway against such a combination, and Japan had perforce to give way. Port Arthur and Liaotung were restored to China, and her integrity and independence seemed for the time being to be secured.

Having thus laid China under obligation, Russia soon began to demand her reward. The first instalment was the permission to carry the Siberian Trunk Railway across Chinese territory from Stretensk to Vladivostock, thus avoiding the long detour which would be required if the line were to be constructed solely on Russian territory. The new route thus arranged for passes through about a thousand miles of Chinese territory, touching the purely Chinese towns of Kirin and Petuna, and carries with it implicitly, if not expressly, the right of placing Cossack guards along the line—the first step to territorial possession. The further intentions of Russia in drawing on Chinese gratitude were prematurely revealed by the publication at Shanghai, in the 'North China Daily News,' of the so-called Cassini Convention. Though it was officially denied at St. Petersburg that any such Convention had been concluded, it is

now practically certain, in the light of subsequent facts, that such a Convention was entered into, and that it embodied an understanding between the two Governments. According to this Convention, besides railway and mining privileges in Manchuria, since confirmed, Russia was to have a lease of Kiaochow Bay; only—not to excite the jealousy of other Powers—Russia was not to take immediate possession unless there was danger of war. China was also with all haste to refortify Port Arthur with Russian assistance, and in event of hostilities Russia was to have the use of it. Russian officers were also to be engaged for the re-organising of the land forces of Manchuria. Having paved the way thus far, Russia was evidently prepared to wait the completion of the Siberian Railway before making a further move. But that she looked upon Manchuria as already practically her own was shown in the efforts she made to get English engineers ousted from the Chinese Northern Railway, and to prevent the extension of that line outside of Shan-hai-kwan with the aid of English capital.

So matters stood till Russia's hand was forced by the seizure of Kiaochow Bay by the Germans towards the end of 1897. The events of the five months following this move *i.e.* from November 1897 till April 1898, the period covered by the Blue-book No. 1 of 1898—are pregnant with consequences. The period will in all probability be pointed to hereafter as one of the turning points in history. It began by Russia tentatively and almost apologetically sending two or three of her ships to Port Arthur as a 'winter anchorage'; it ended in the general recognition that the place had become a Russian fortress—the Sebastopol of the Far East—from which she will never be ousted except at the cost of war. It began with the territory of China still intact and her independence still unimpaired; it ended with the first dismemberment of the Empire, and with its independence, in the language of Russia herself, reduced to a mere name.

We have space only to refer briefly to the various steps of this strange story. On 17th November, 1897, Sir Claude Macdonald telegraphed that German ships had occupied Kiaochow Bay, and on 17th December, just a month later, that five Russian men-of-war were going to winter at Port Arthur. A few days later the Yamen confirmed the news and said it was with their permission. At the same time Count Mouravieff informed our Ambassador at St. Petersburg that it was a mere matter of temporary convenience and meant nothing at all.* Similarly

* 'China, No. 1 (1898),' Nos. 28, 37.

the Japanese Government were informed that the port had been lent only temporarily as a winter anchorage. The Japanese Government replied that they 'credited the assurance and made a note of it.'* A fortnight later we find M. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador, complaining to Lord Salisbury that British men-of-war were also at Port Arthur, and that their presence there 'had produced a bad impression in Russia.' The complaint was repeated a few days after, and we were told that the Russian Government hoped we would 'avoid any friction in their sphere of influence.'† The mere fact that such complaints were made ought to have put our Government on their guard that something sinister was intended. Why should Russia have objected to our men-of-war visiting any port of China, which by treaty they had a perfect right to do? and why should Russia have claimed this neighbourhood as her 'sphere of influence'?

The reply of Lord Salisbury was extremely disappointing. In a half apologetic way, and while declaring we were within our treaty rights, he said that our ships had been sent by the Admiral on the station, and not in pursuance of orders from home, and in the ordinary course of things would soon move to another anchorage.‡ Reading between the lines, it seems pretty clear that something in the nature of instructions was sent to the Admiral in China to withdraw his ships. They had been sent to Port Arthur for the express purpose of watching events and keeping our Minister informed of what was going on. No objection was offered by the Chinese. On the contrary, the Chinese authorities had formally consented to allow them to remain. It is not to be supposed that they would have been withdrawn, without some intimation from home, just at the critical moment when their presence was most desired. The net result was that the ships were removed. They have not gone back since. If ever the secret history of this short period comes to be written, we shall perhaps know why these ships were withdrawn. To an ordinary outsider it looks uncommonly like a backdown before a Russian demand. On Lord Salisbury's own showing we were where we had a perfect right to be. We were asked to clear out. We did so, and Russia has been in possession ever since.

Retribution came quickly. The public, especially the Continental public, was not slow to put on the transaction the one explanation which the facts suggested. The Russian Govern-

* 'China, No. 1 (1898),' No. 29.

† *Ibid.*, Nos. 63 and 66.

‡ *Ibid.*, Nos. 48 and 66.

ment was doubtless jubilant at the unexpected success of their diplomacy, and their newspapers hailed it as a triumph. Sir Claude MacDonald telegraphed a few days later from Peking:—

‘It is stated in a Renter’s telegram published here that it is officially announced at St. Petersburg that British men-of-war have received orders to quit Port Arthur immediately in consequence of representation made by Russia. Above is having a most injurious effect here.’

It was in vain for Lord Salisbury to protest that the news was a pure invention. The only way to stop such a report and check the injurious consequences was to send the ships back again. If this had been done, Port Arthur would still have been Chinese territory; and the open door, for at least a good number of years to come, would have been secured. What was not less important, the injurious effect which Sir Claude speaks of would have been neutralised. Nothing, in fact, has done our prestige and influence in China so much injury as this episode. It is said in plain language, all over the country, that we are afraid of Russia. Residents in Shanghai are told so to their faces, and, though the high officials at Peking may be more polite, we may depend on it they think the same.

The rest of the story is soon told. It could have been no surprise to learn soon after that Russia had demanded a lease of Port Arthur and the adjacent anchorage of Ta-lien-wan; the only reason given being that it was ‘to assist China in protecting Manchuria against the aggression of other Powers.’ In conveying this information Sir Claude adds: ‘Yamen are aware they must yield to Russian demands unless they receive help.’* No help was, however, forthcoming. It was suggested that it might perhaps do some good if England were to give an assurance that she, at all events, had no aggressive designs on Manchuria. As help of this sort costs nothing it was given, only to be contemptuously ignored by Russia, who felt, much to her delight, no doubt, that her long-looked-for goal had at last been reached, and that an ice-free port and a fortress ready made were in her hands. Why she should have gone out of her way, when she found success so easy, to declare that both Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan should be open to foreign trade,† is a mystery as puzzling as the many other mysteries with which this Blue-book abounds. Her object can hardly have been to prove again to all the world how easy it is for her to repudiate her most formal assurances, and with what simple good-nature England accepts such repudiation.

* ‘China, No. 1 (1898),’ No. 100.

† *Ibid.*, Nos. 101, 110, 120, 137.

We have dwelt thus far on this episode because we think that on it hinged the whole question of the future of China. Russia began by objecting to the occupation of Port Arthur by the Japanese on the ground—a very proper one, we think—that such occupation would reduce the independence of China to a shadow. She ended by taking it for herself; and will anyone say that the independence of China is now any less fictitious than it would have been with the Japanese in possession? It has given Russia a predominating influence at Peking, and in proportion as her influence has grown, so has that of England waned. China is not a free agent, but must view every proposition in the light it may assume in the eyes of Russia.

This was precisely the impression which Lord Charles Beresford carried away. He tells us:—

‘I hardly ever made a suggestion to any prominent Chinese official which I thought might tend to the security of British trade and commerce that I was not met with the question, “But what would Russia say to that?” or words to that effect. The idea is gaining ground all over China that Great Britain is afraid of Russia.’

The Viceroy of Nanking informed him that a short time ago the name of Britain was more respected than that of any other nation, but now the name of Russia was most feared. On the question of China asking Great Britain for assistance, his Excellency said Russia would not allow China to do anything of the sort.*

Such is the immediate result of what at first sight appears a retirement little less pusillanimous than that of Mr. Gladstone in 1881. Allowances must no doubt be made for the position in which the Government found itself in the spring of 1898. There were serious difficulties with France about Nigeria, and there was a prospect of still more troublesome questions on the Upper Nile. The reconquest of the Sudan was not yet half completed. The storm-cloud which has lately burst over South Africa was already gathering. In these circumstances it was natural that the Government should shrink from adding a Chinese imbroglio to those already existing or in immediate prospect. But our complaint is that by their previous neglect of a great opportunity they had allowed things to come to such a pass as to leave them no alternative but defiance or retreat. Granted that the situation had been prejudiced against us by the fact that Lord Rosebery stood aloof at the close of the Japanese war, allowed the three other Great Powers to step in, ostensibly as friends of China, and thus deliberately weakened

* ‘The Break-up of China,’ pp. 21, 117.

our position at Peking—granted, that is, that we imitated the policy of France in Egypt in 1882, with similar results—it was surely all the more incumbent on Lord Rosebery's successors to waste no time in recovering all the influence that could be recovered at the Chinese Court, and in making it clear that we should not allow any other Power to 'present the pistol at the heart of China' which had been knocked from the hand of Japan in the moment of victory. Unfortunately, this attitude was not adopted, and Russia was left free to follow up her advantage. Nevertheless, even after the Cassini Convention, had we indicated diplomatically but decidedly that we should regard the occupation of Port Arthur by any other Power but China as an unfriendly act, that occupation could hardly have taken place, and the railway would not have been carried in that direction. Later still, had our ships remained at Port Arthur, the lease of the port might not have been obtained, or, if obtained, would hardly have been published and acted upon. To seize Port Arthur in such circumstances would have been to risk war with Great Britain, and Russia was in no position to risk war. She would have bided her time, no doubt, but we should have staved off—at least for some years—what must be regarded as a serious blow, if not a disaster; and we should have re-instated ourselves in the good graces of China, by helping her to resist demands otherwise irresistible. However, the chance is past, and recrimination is useless; but, since the Government seems only too ready to slip back again into the policy, or impolicy, of drift, it may be of some avail to take to heart the results of our temporary weakness two years ago.

Since this date, many events have occurred which prove the desire of Russia to thwart the purposes of this country, such as her compelling China to refuse the loan which England had agreed to give; * her opposition to the Northern Railway loan; and again, after the two countries had agreed to a formal recognition of their respective spheres of influence, her demand for a strategic railway to Peking. But more important than individual unfriendly acts is the general aim which they display. All the actions of Russia point in one direction, viz., to constitute herself the protector of China and dictator in Chinese affairs. Her pretext for the occupation of Port Arthur and Ta-lien wan was to 'protect Manchuria against the aggression of other Powers.'† The same pretext would justify the occupation of Peking, or for that matter Shanghai or Canton.

* *China*, No. 1 (1898), No. 75.
Vol. 191.—No. 381.

† *Ibid.*, No. 109.

Manchuria was no more threatened with attack then, except from Russia, than is any other part of China now.

Nor is the danger so chimerical as some may suppose. Twice within comparatively recent history have foreign invaders approaching from the North planted themselves on the throne of China. The Yuen dynasty, which bore sway during part of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was formed by the Tartar chieftain Jinghiz Khan, and consolidated under his successor Kublai Khan—the great Emperor of Marco Polo's time. The present Manchu dynasty holds the throne by no other title than that of conquest. In each case the ruling class were as alien to the mass of their subjects, in race, language, and tradition, as the Romanoffs would be. These facts are well known in Russia, and in their eyes history may well repeat itself.

But whether of set purpose or not, it may be assumed that so long as China remains the soft yielding mass which it is at present, so long will there be encroachment more or less rapid on the part of the vigorous and zealous servants of the Czar. It is not likely that Russia, having at so much cost established railway connexion with Eastern Siberia, will be content with that comparatively barren region, when the fertile plains of China are lying at her feet, and through misgovernment almost inviting occupation. We do no violence to probabilities in supposing that the Russian advance will continue, as it has done in Central Asia, until she meets a barrier sufficiently formidable to make her pause. Natural barriers there are none. The range of hills to the north of Peking, along which the Great Wall of China runs, is easily surmountable and, once across these, there is no barrier or break of any sort until the confines of Burmah and Tongking are reached.

We have been at some pains to set out the position clearly, because on our appreciation of that position must depend the measures which we can or ought to take. It will be seen that we are confronted with two dangers: first, the danger of internal revolt and anarchy consequent on the weakness of the central Government, and second, the danger that Russia will use this weakness to obtain domination. Each of these constitutes a serious menace to our trade and commerce, and still more to the new railway and mining interests we have recently acquired. The remedy against both is the same. It is the conservation of the existing constitution of China, but strengthened and renovated by such reforms as will give the Government a new lease of life. In preserving China we are protecting our own truest interests; in allowing the Empire to

be broken up we are imperilling those interests and converting China from an area of peaceful commerce into a battlefield of the nations of Europe.

As to the policy which this country ought to adopt, we agree generally with the views of Lord Charles Beresford as expressed in the last chapter of his book—views, we think, which have not yet received the attention they deserve:—

‘I feel most strongly,’ he says, ‘that the pride and profession of Great Britain, to be the champion and chivalrous protector of weak nations, have been humbled and exposed by her acquiescing and taking part in the disintegrating policy of claims and counter-claims with which the Chinese Empire is being bullied whilst she is down. I hold that to break up a dismasted craft, the timbers of which are stout and strong, is the policy of the wrecker for his own gain. The real seaman tows her into dock and refits her for another cruise.

‘In my opinion there is only one remedy, which is to maintain the integrity of the Chinese Empire and give security to the trade of all nations by a thorough reorganisation of the army and police of the entire country. . . . Why should not Great Britain, which has the largest vested interest in the country, lead the way, and invite the co-operation of all interested parties in the organisation of China’s military and police in the same spirit as Sir Robert Hart has organised her Customs?’*

But we think this does not go far enough. While inviting the co-operation of other Powers, Great Britain should not wait till a concert of this sort can be arranged, but should proceed to make it clear to China that we mean to prevent her from going to pieces, and this, not in her interest, but in our own. The idea has been hovering over our Foreign Office that there is no need to hurry, that China is still a going concern, and that something will turn up which will obviate the need of our interfering at all. We think this is a fatal mistake. Little by little our interests are being undermined and frittered away. We give way here and give way there because the thing is not worth fighting about, and we shall wake up some day to find that our political influence in China has gone, that it has been supplanted by that of a rival Power, and that it can only be recovered at the cost of war. It goes without saying that without political influence—that is to say, a conviction on the part of the Chinese that we can and will enforce our demands—we may abandon all hope of accomplishing anything at Peking. Force, with the power and the will, to use it, is the only argument the Chinese understand. It was by that we gained our commercial supremacy, and by that only can it be maintained.

* ‘The Break-up of China,’ p. 439.

Our first care must therefore be to recover lost ground and rehabilitate ourselves in the eyes of the Chinese. Instead of acquiescing in claims and demands that tend to disruption, we ought to oppose them, from whatever quarter they come. The Chinese have on various occasions appealed to us for help; it should be given them. The United States and Japan may be willing to join us in any such guarantee, but even if they decline we should still not hesitate. The position, we think, may be put in a nutshell. The only Powers from whom we may expect opposition are Russia and France. Either these Powers have designs on China, or they have not. If they have not, they will not display hostility to our policy of conservation, but will rather join in it. If they have designs, the sooner they are frustrated the better, and we shall never be in so good a position to frustrate them as we are now. We take it for granted that this country will fight rather than see itself squeezed out while China is partitioned between these two Powers or reduced to the condition of a dependency. If either or both should venture now on such a war of partition they must fight with the sea as a base, and on that we are supreme. A few years hence, if we let things drift till the Siberian Railway is finished, we shall be in a very different position.

What we urge, therefore, is that the short time of grace be utilised in strengthening our position and that of China. Having recovered our normal position in Peking, it should be used in developing the latent resources of the country. We must take in hand the reorganisation of her army and finances. On this point our greatest difficulty will be to secure the hearty co-operation of China herself; but that must be got over as best it may. We cannot stop to argue the point, because we are taking action, not in China's interest, but in our own. She will learn in time to acknowledge her indebtedness, as Japan did. But meantime the work must be set going. We have said that, so far as one can foresee the future in the light of the past, Russia will in due course continue her expansion southward till she reaches a barrier strong enough to make her pause. That barrier can only and ought only to be China herself. Our task is to teach China how to build up an army that will present such a barrier. Of men sufficient for the purpose there is no lack. If we take the Chinese in hand, as we have done other native races, we may expect equally good results. If money is wanting, as at first it may be, we need not hesitate to guarantee a loan.

We in England have been so accustomed of late to hear the merits of sea-power extolled that there is probably a comfort-

able assurance in many minds that so long as we retain command of the sea we cannot be ousted anywhere. But sea power has its limits, and continental warfare is one of them. The great battles of Asia will in the future, as in the past, be fought out by land forces, with this difference, that in the future sea power will be of little avail. When Russia has connected her eastern and western dominions by railway, and has massed a hundred thousand men on the Chinese frontier, not all the navies in the world will prevent her marching from north to south of China if she is so minded. We must meet her in that case, if we meet her at all, by land forces, the bulk of which must consist of Chinese soldiers fighting in the defence of their own country.

Lord Salisbury, speaking at the Guildhall in 1895, in regard to the situation in China, said :—

‘Depend upon it, whatever may happen in that region, be it in the way of war or in the way of commerce, we are equal to any competition which may be proposed to us. We may look on with absolute equanimity at the action of any persons, if such there be, who think that they can exclude us from any part of that fertile and commercial region.’

That was perhaps true in 1895, and it may be true to-day, but will it be true five years hence, when the Siberian Railway is finished? There are some, we know, who look on the Siberian Railway as a fraud, and who argue that, considering its length and the fact that it will probably be a single line, it can never be of much use for military purposes. But the Nile Railway is only a single line, and by means of it we carried an army to Khartoum. Moreover, the Russians can take their time—they need have no fear for their communications, for the Siberian Railway is one we cannot cut or interrupt. We agree that we could probably carry troops to the Far East by sea more quickly than Russia could by land, and if we were as supreme on land as we are at sea, we might, as Lord Salisbury says, view the proceeding with perfect equanimity. But are we? Supposing, for the sake of argument, that Russia were proposing to launch one hundred thousand men on a defenceless China, how would Great Britain meet that competition? Russia has only got to take her time, sending forward one thousand men a week, or whatever it may be; and how are we to stop her? By landing an equal number of British and Indian troops in China? We doubt it. To begin with, where are we to find our hundred thousand men, with Russia simultaneously threatening India and perhaps Teheran? If the Chinese cannot be taught to fight their own

battles, with possibly a stiffening of British and Indian troops, we cannot do it for them.

Many will probably say: The Japanese and other nations will never permit the Russians to conquer China; why should we be anxious? That may or may not be; we cannot tell what others may do or can do; we can only speak for ourselves. But it would be a hazardous policy in any case to allow the security of our trade and commerce to depend on the actions of any other Power. The rôle we have hitherto played has been that of general protectors of commerce in China, and we have not yet fallen so low as to live on sufferance or under foreign protection. The interests of Japan, no doubt, coincide largely with our own, but ours are greater. Allies the Japanese may be, but we must lead.

If Russia has no such designs as we have sketched above, we may of course congratulate ourselves. In that case, our efforts to assert our influence in China will have done no harm; they will have tended to secure the public peace and the free development of commerce. We shall be by so much in a better position to require from the Chinese Government the strict fulfilment of old treaty obligations and a free scope for the working out of the new railway and mining concessions. Our policy of patience has left in abeyance several private claims; we refer particularly to the Kow shing case and the Bank of China case, both of which have been pending for years. It is preposterous that we cannot get these settled. While repelling all claims which make for disintegration, we should encourage and support all that tend to commercial development. If we are to protect China, it is not in order to allow her to go to sleep again, but to keep her on the march of progress until she can continue her journey alone.

It is impossible within our limits to go into any details showing how such a policy is to be worked out, but it must be generally on the lines familiar to us in Egypt, and with the fleet as a motive or driving power. As a beginning, we would suggest the placing of British officers as Advisers at the capitals of the several vice-royalties in the Yangtze Valley, Nanking, Wuchang, and Chengtu. Obstructive officials must be weeded out; those among them who cannot work with us must be invited to betake themselves elsewhere. The inception of the Wei-hai-Wei regiment contains the germ of great things. When regiment No. 1 is ready, it might be chartered with its officers to the Chinese Government for service up the Yangtze, and regiment No. 2 started. One such battalion would do the work of half-a-dozen of the present native regiments in putting

down rebels and keeping the peace, and with considerable economy to the Government.

We have said nothing so far as to the respective merits of the policies of the 'open door' and of 'spheres of influence,' of which so much has been written, because we think that matters have gone much beyond that point. The one issue is whether British influence or Russian influence shall be predominant in Peking—and when we say British we mean Anglo-Saxon, for we hope we may count on America; and this need not exclude German co-operation. If British, we know that that influence will be used to keep the door open to the trade of the world. There may be at the same time spheres of development, which in that case would be spheres of peaceful exploitation. To that there could be no objection, and probably it would have considerable economic advantages. Two competing companies cannot, with advantage to themselves or to the nation at large, build railways in the same place and at the same time. There is room for all, and there need be no jealousy. But if Russian influence were to prevail at Peking, spheres of interest would soon become spheres of dominion. The door would not remain open long, and each Power would be forced in self-defence to make the most of such territory as it could lay hold of.

In that case a most serious problem would be before this country. There are few, we suppose, who would advocate a complete submission to Russian domination. If the worst came to the worst the country would doubtless say, 'At least we must keep hold of the Yangtze Valley.' But few have probably considered what that means, and how, in the case supposed, we are to accomplish it. In the first place the Yangtze Valley is an area as large and as populous as the whole of Hindostan, excluding Madras. Assume that we were to annex at one gulp the whole of Bengal, the North-West and Central Provinces, and Bombay; we shall then have some idea of what the task of government would be. An area of half a million square miles and a population of two hundred millions—the most intensely conservative and bigoted in the world—cannot be disposed of as one disposes of a waste in Central Africa. Even if the disruption of China were complete and the central authority had ceased to exist, it would probably be more than all the military force of the United Kingdom could cope with for a number of years, for it would be folly to expect that we should be received with open arms by the people. The annexation of a few hundred square miles in Kowloon, even though the cession was made by the central Government in due form, gave the

Hong Kong authorities no small trouble, and required all the available forces in the colony to be called out. Riots and outbreaks against missionaries in recent years, even at the open ports, teach us what opposition our officers might expect; and if the mass of the people came to believe that the English were going to take their country, it would probably be war to the death. If, on the other hand, the central power were still existent, with Russia ruling at Peking in the name of the Emperor, our difficulties would be infinitely increased, for we should have against us not merely the people, but the military force of Russia and China combined. We do not say that the task would be insuperable, but we do say, and say it advisedly, that it would be an easier task to establish a British Protectorate at Peking and govern the whole of China in the name and by authority of the Emperor, than it would be to govern any part of it without such authority.

If it ever becomes necessary to take possession of the Yangtze Valley we can only hope to do so successfully by using the existing machinery of government. If dismemberment is threatened, and a crisis becomes unavoidable, it would be wise to endeavour to get the Court to abandon Peking and revert to Nanking, as the ancient capital of the Empire, or to some other city in the central provinces. The step would be a serious one, and should only be taken in the face of imminent danger, as for instance an advance in force by Russia on Peking. There is some reason to believe that the young Emperor, if he could only free himself from the trammels that surround him at present, would favour such a step. It is a waste of time to try to follow the palace intrigues that go on in Peking, even if we had accurate information—which we have not—of what is taking place. But roughly speaking, there seems to be a widening rift between two sections of the Manchu party, headed by Prince Ching on the one side, and Jang Lu on the other. The Empress-Dowager, hitherto predominant, is growing old, and if the Emperor survives the clash of faction, a time may come when he will make a bid for freedom and throw himself for safety into the arms of England. He probably knows that it was through the British authorities that his friend and adviser, Kang Yu Wei, got safely out of the clutches of the Empress-Dowager. Having himself warned Kang of the danger impending at Peking, he cannot have been unconcerned as to his ultimate fate, knowing that all the less prominent of the reform leaders were summarily executed. We cannot, of course, know how far the truth has reached his ears, but the probability is that the fact of Kang's escape to a British colony under the

protection of a British man-of-war has somehow come to his knowledge. There are other facts which would seem to show that the Emperor is well disposed towards England. He spent a portion of his time for several years in the study of English, and is supposed to have made considerable progress. Just before the *coup d'état* he sent for a number of the publications of the Shanghai Society for the diffusion of Christian and general knowledge among the Chinese, which include translations of such works as Mackenzie's 'Nineteenth Century.' This society, we may remark, under the able guidance of British and American missionaries, notably the Rev. T. Richard and Dr. Allen, has been doing most important service in promoting the cause of reform and progress. It was from its publications and from personal intercourse with its members that Kang Yu Wei and his associates mainly drew their inspiration, and it may be assumed that they imbued the Emperor with some of their own sympathy.

The transfer of the Court to Nanking would present a series of advantages. It would remove the Emperor and his *entourage* from the immediate focus of disturbance. It would put an end to the faction conflicts that now divide the Court, and would perhaps get rid of the Manchu element altogether. The Reform party, on whom the Emperor relied before the *coup d'état*, were exclusively Chinese. The reactionaries of the Empress-Dowager's party were mainly Manchus. The hope of the Empire rests with the Chinese, or, as we might term them, the National party. An Emperor freed from Manchu domination, reigning at Nanking and supported by an Anglo-Saxon Union, would give the best promise of future stability and progress.

Let us sum up what we have been endeavouring to make clear. The 'concessions' granted by the Chinese Government during the last two or three years are of the greatest value; but a sense of insecurity prevails, which threatens to make them nugatory, besides endangering our general trade. This insecurity is due to the weakness of the central Government and the double danger of internal revolt and foreign aggression. England, the United States, Germany, and Japan, whose interests, being commercial and not territorial, are coincident, should combine to prevent the further dismemberment of China, and, as an equivalent, should require that China place herself in their hands for purposes of reform. But in this combination some one must take the lead. England should do this, because she has the largest interests and because, as the pioneer in the opening up of the China trade, she has hitherto been the

predominant partner. If other nations refuse to join, England should proceed alone, as she did in Egypt. In doing this no time should be lost, because every day makes the task more difficult. The justification for our action is that our self-interest requires it; at the same time we ask for nothing that all the world is not welcome to share in. But we owe it as a duty to ourselves and to our posterity to see that our commercial interests are not left dependent on the goodwill of any foreign Power. Finally, we are bound, in the interests of our Indian Empire, to see that there be no such disturbance of the balance of power in the East as will endanger the safety of that great trust.

We have not space enough to refer in detail to what we have termed the latent resources of China. Our readers will understand that when we speak of the decay of China we mean the decay of that system which calls itself the Government. The great mass of the nation is as full of healthy and vigorous life as ever. But, accustomed as they have been through countless generations to obey, they can in no way influence or control their fate. Political evils must be borne as best they can. Their one remedy, when things are desperate, is the sacred right of rebellion. But amid all the misgovernment the work of the nation goes on. The productive powers of the country are as vigorous as ever. If the taxes yield a small amount, it is because of the peculation and corruption that are rampant. If the soldier is inefficient, it is because he is badly paid, badly led, and placed under ignorant and incompetent officers, who only seek to fill their purses at his expense. All this might be changed by the magician's wand, as has been done in Egypt. With a population sixty times as large as that of Egypt, and of a character far superior to the *fellaheen* in all the manly virtues, it may easily be perceived what a magnificent country China might become.

We can only notice briefly the latest contribution to our knowledge of China, 'The Yangtze Valley and Beyond.' Many and various as Mrs. Bishop's wanderings have been, we doubt whether she ever encountered more formidable difficulties than she did on this journey into the upper regions of the Yangtze basin, difficulties due not so much to natural obstacles—though these were not inconsiderable—as to official opposition and to the unrestrained lawlessness of certain sections of the population. It would have been no small achievement for any one to accomplish a journey of one thousand two hundred miles, occupying a space of four months, through a country without roads and among a people seldom friendly and sometimes

actively hostile. Such a task Mrs. Bishop set herself, with no other escort than some chair coolies hired for the occasion, and one native servant; and she carried it to a successful conclusion, not, however, without serious personal danger, which might easily have had fatal consequences.

We pass over her earlier chapters, which deal with Shanghai, Hankow, and other well-known places on the lower basin of the Yangtze, merely premising that the reader who desires the latest information regarding these places will here find it in a condensed but trustworthy form. From Shanghai to Ichang, a distance of a thousand miles, the journey is performed with ease and rapidity in one of the regular trading steamers. At Ichang begins the section of the river known as the 'Yangtze Gorges,' leading up to Chungking, the centre of the trade of Szechuen. This part has long been familiar to English readers in the graphic pages of Mr. Little. We note, in passing, that Mr. Little has taken the opportunity of a third edition of his book to add a chapter describing the manner in which he took his small steamer up the rapids. It was a bold piece of work successfully managed, but it does not in the least solve the problem of steam navigation on these waters. Our own opinion is that, though something may be done to improve the worst rapids by blasting and other agencies, the difference in height between the two termini will always make the carriage of goods by the water route an expensive matter. The true connecting link between the upper and lower sections of the Yangtze Valley must be a railway, notwithstanding that an extremely mountainous stretch lies between. This, however, by the way. Mrs. Bishop made the journey, like everyone else, in a native boat dragged up the rapids by main force against the stream. She asked a missionary at Ichang what one did to kill time on the way up. 'Most people,' said he, 'have enough to do looking after their lives.' And certainly for a traveller who wants a little excitement we commend this journey.

Mrs. Bishop's journey proper began at Wanhsien, a point on the Yangtze about half-way between Ichang and Chungking. Thence she struck inland, travelling nearly due west through a region which has never been described before, until she passed beyond the confines of Chinese jurisdiction, and entered one of those semi-independent territories which fringe the western border of Szechuen. Among these people, termed the Mantze, she was received with a politeness and hospitality which contrasted favourably with the rude impertinence and frequent insults which she had been subjected to in some of

the towns and villages of China proper. Thence she retraced her steps by Chengtu and Chialing, and floated down the Yangtze back to Shanghai.

The general idea conveyed by Mrs. Bishop's book confirms the impression that Szechuen is on the whole the most prosperous and wealthy province in China. Her description of the plain of Chengtu, with its population of four millions in an area of 2,500 square miles (1,600 to the square mile), and of its mode of irrigation, is full of interest. Two thousand years ago an engineer named Li Ping cut a channel 100 feet deep through a bed of solid rock, and diverted the waters of the River Min into thousands of minor channels which carry fertilising rivulets across this plain. On a temple erected to his memory there is inscribed, in letters of gold, the motto which he bequeathed for the guidance of his countrymen: 'Dig the bed deep, keep the banks low.' We must find room for one extract:—

'With a faithfulness rare in China, Li Ping's motto has been carried out for twenty one centuries. . . . In March the bed of the artificial Min, which has been closed by a barrier since the previous November, . . . is carefully dug out till the workmen reach two iron cylinders sunk in the bed of the stream, which mark its proper level. The silt of the year, which is from five to six feet thick, is then removed. . . . In late March or early April there is a grand ceremony, sometimes attended by the Viceroy, when the winter dam is cut, and the strong torrent of the Min, seized upon by human skill, is divided and subdivided, twisted, curbed by dams and stone revetments, and is sent into innumerable canals and streams, till, aided by a fall of twelve feet to the mile, there is not a field which has not a continual supply, or an acre of the Chengtu plain in which the musical gurgle of the bright waters of the Tibetan uplands is not heard—waters so abundant that though drought may exist all round, this vast oasis remains a paradise of fertility and beauty.*

It is with regret that we infer from Mrs. Bishop's pages the wide prevalence of a strong anti-foreign feeling. This is all the more remarkable, because Mr. Little on his first trip up the Gorges found none of it. He particularly notices the absence of such opprobrious epithets as 'Foreign devil,' to which, unfortunately, we are only too well accustomed in provinces nearer the coast. Mrs. Bishop's experience was very different from that of Mr. Little. She rarely approached a city of any size without being greeted by some hostile demonstration of the kind, and at Liang-shan she barely escaped with her life. The recent growth of this anti-foreign feeling is in all

* 'The Yangtze Valley and Beyond,' p. 347.

probability due to the pernicious influence of the Hunan Tracts which were assiduously circulated some years ago by the society of which the notorious Chow Han was the moving spirit. It is an unpleasant element in the situation, which cannot be ignored, and which it is to be feared may yet cause us trouble in our dealings with the Yangtze Valley.

Mrs. Bishop's 'Concluding Remarks' sum up with great accuracy the political situation, and we are glad to find ourselves substantially in accord with the views expressed.

'Commercial and industrial energy is not decaying; the vast fleets of junks are not rotting in harbours; industry, thrift, resourcefulness, and the complete organisation both of labour and commerce meet the traveller at every turn.' On the other hand, 'the infamies of Chinese administration to-day have been rivetted upon China by centuries of political retrogression and the gradual lowering of the standard of public virtue in the absence of a wholesome public opinion.'

Mrs. Bishop, we think, takes too roseate a view of the possibilities of internal reform, but she admits that foreign aid is, in present circumstances, indispensable.

'In this turmoil, and with the European nations thundering at her gates, it is impossible for China to attempt any reforms which would not from the nature of the case be piecemeal and superficial. The reform of an administration like hers needs the prolonged and careful consideration of the best minds in the Empire, with such skilled and disinterested foreign advice as was given by Sir Harry Parkes to Japan when she embarked on her new career. . . . China is certainly at the dawn of a new era. Whether the twentieth century shall place her where she ought to be, in the van of Oriental nations, or whether it shall witness her disintegration or decay, depends very largely on the statesmanship and influence of Great Britain.'

We tender to Mrs. Bishop our hearty congratulations on the successful completion of her work. It describes with admirable terseness and lucidity the salient features of the great region which has been recognised by China as our own particular sphere. Whatever the future may be, the magnitude of our interests in this area is undeniable, and an exact knowledge, not merely of its commercial capabilities, but of the character of the people with whom we have to deal, is essential, if we are to grapple successfully with the problem.

- ART. II.—1. *Ave Roma Immortalis*. Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan, 1898.
2. *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Annie Hamilton. London: Bell and Sons, 1894-98.
3. *The Remains of Ancient Rome*. By Prof. J. H. Middleton. Second Edition. London and Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, 1892.
4. *Rome, the Pagan City*. By John Dennie. Third Edition. New York: Putnam, 1896.
5. *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*. By R. A. Lanciani. London: Macmillan, 1888.
6. *Pagan and Christian Rome*. By R. A. Lanciani. London: Macmillan, 1892.
- And other works.

WHEN the Italian army entered Rome on September 20th, 1870, the Middle Ages came to an end. Straightway the new spirit began to make its presence felt. The streets were swept clean, their pavements set with smooth blocks of lava, their names absorbed in fresh thoroughfares which, ploughing into gardens and vineyards, and sometimes levelled by the explosion of much gunpowder, ran across the city, or ringed it about, and gave it in more than one direction the air of a Parisian boulevard. Tramcars, electric light, advertisements, and the speculative builder seemed to be everywhere. The old dreamy ways were thronged with a population of half a million. The Tiber was tamed with stone embankments, as ugly as they were needful; and ancient houses, the delight of the antiquary, were torn down to give them a sure footing. Malaria, long known, and almost proud of its name, as the Roman fever, vanished before the science of sanitation. The Ghetto, which was always healthy in spite of its teeming crowds, malodorous rags, and honeycomb of houses packed together, was abolished at a blow. Its area was laid open, and the narrow stage on which Israel for eighteen hundred years had played its part in Rome was put up to auction, but still awaits the highest bidder. When the Jew packed up and marched out of prison, the Pope shut himself up inside the Vatican, from which he has never since emerged. The leavings of ages were swept away, to the dismay of dilettante and pilgrim, while the heart of the politician rejoiced, and the financier drew out his prospectus of a New Rome.

The old, however, was still there. To an incredible extent,

the city over which Pius IX looked out from his windows had been built up of materials conveyed from palaces, temples, market-places, theatres, baths, and a thousand other monuments. But, while Mediæval Rome, quitting the Palatine and Cælian, had slipped into the Campus Martius, it had left the Forum, the Circus Maximus, the Sepulchrum of Severus, and the Colosseum a world of ruins in one vast solitude, the dust of which attained in some places the height of thirty feet. This strange spectral kingdom of the inane hovered like a ghost on the confines of the later city; and to it the year 1870 came as an era of resurrection.

Something had been attempted in the way of recovery when Napoleon called his son King of Rome. But now much more was possible. The Rostra of Julius Cæsar, and the fragments of that altar where his body was burnt and Mark Antony harangued the people; certain portions of the Temple of Vesta, in which was kept the eternal fire; the House or Convent of the Vestals, with their statues, and with inscriptions still legible upon them; the Regia, or Chapter House, of the Pontifex Maximus, close to the Via Sacra; much, likewise, that was hidden within the depths of the Palatine, including vestiges of the Roma Quadrata which has been ascribed to Romulus; and now, it would appear, the *lapis niger*, memorial tomb of the King who had gone up to the gods, and who was worshipped as Quirinus—these are by no means all the spoils which the Forum and the adjacent Hills have yielded. The Mound, or Agger, of Tuilius has been made accessible; an Etruscan cemetery opened on the Esquiline; and countless early tombs and mural paintings laid bare. Nor has any recent discovery more excited or charmed archæologists than the revelation, suspected by Fergusson, but proved beyond a doubt in 1892 by M. Chedanne, that the existing Pantheon, with its wonderful dome, dates from Hadrian and not from Agrippa. It is certainly a work of that Renaissance which during three decades of our second century filled the capital with noble specimens of Greek or Eastern architecture.*

Before these changes took place, an eminent historian, Gregorovius, had begun his chronicle of the City of Rome as it was during the Middle Ages. Its classic remains have occupied the pens of a crowd of students, among whom Signor Lanciani holds a conspicuous rank. The accomplished Cambridge scholar, Mr. (afterwards Professor) J. H. Middleton, has enabled us, in a work of singular clearness and exhaustive knowledge, to trace

* Deunio, 153, 278.

the Roman buildings from their foundation. Mr. Dennie's picturesque volume is intended for the average American pilgrim to Europe. Finally, Mr. Crawford has put together a brilliant mosaic, on a plan neither historical nor antiquarian, which does, we think, add a touch of life and romance to more technical treatment. His subject is Rome itself, considered as the Genius Loci; and it shall be ours.

Rome, in the phrase of Montesquieu, is the 'Spirit of Laws.' Massive and stately, majestic but artificial—these terms describe her monuments, literature, and government. Mr. Crawford dwells on the characteristic which he terms 'gigantism'—or megalomania turned to stone—from which the Roman builders have never freed themselves. It is the mood in which were conceived and executed designs quite superhuman, such as Nero's Golden House, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the Mole of Hadrian, and his Villa at Tivoli, the Circus Maximus, the Septizonium, the Baths of Titus, Caracalla, Diocletian, and Constantine, the Tor de' Conti, St. Peter's and the Vatican, and, in our day of small things, that monstrous edifice, the Ministry of Finance. Surely this is an amazing succession. Yet these buildings of the giants, from which cities have been dug out and limekilns fed with precious marble during scores of years, are but samples, which the antiquary sees in a space formerly crowded with erections equal or greater, though now no more. If we would inflict on our historical vision the whole of what Rome has been, we must travel with Professor Middleton round its deserted area. The imagination, robust as it may deem itself at starting, will faint before it has come to the end. It cannot hold out against a spectacle so bewildering; it will be wearied with a monotonous infinitude. For the first and last word is vastness. The name of the city, which some have thought to mean 'strength,' is echoed over and over again in its palaces, theatres, market-places, porticoes, thermae, aqueducts, walls, roads, arches, temples, shrines, prisons, fortresses—nay, in its private dwelling-houses, which only cannon would reduce were they manned for defence. 'There have been nine Romes,' said Ampère. We are looking on the tenth, and 'gigantism' prevails in it as in its predecessors. Be the sovereign who he may, to build up and pull down is the burden laid upon him. In presence of ruins so enormous, any monument less than colossal must appear insignificant and mean.

Professor Middleton lets us into the secret of these nine Romes and their piling up skyward. The materials lay ready at hand, furnished by Nature in her geological processes—the alluvial, marine, and volcanic deposits that have hardened into

the yellow sand-stone of the Janiculum; dusty tufa from the hills; travertine, which is limestone under the action of water; and, above all, into that Roman cement, which outwears time and defies fire. Without this 'hydraulic' mixture, no buildings could have been projected with the incredibly great span of dome which we perceive, for instance, in the Baths of Caracalla, and which is imitated on so magnificent a scale in St. Peter's. Rome is built, one may say, of pozzolana, rather than of the granites, porphyries, and Eastern or African marbles which were brought from afar to adorn its constructions.* Every architect, Etruscan, Greek, Græco-Roman, Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, has built of materials found on the spot, and the later do but make a noble or a base employment of what the earlier has furnished to them; so that Rome may be read in its architecture, as a classic composition beneath the monkish Latin of a palimpsest.

From the age of the Seven Kings comparatively little remains. The scarped cliff and wall of Romulus, the Tullianum, since baptised under the style of the Mamertine Prison, the Cloaca Maxima, and the Agger, begun by Tarquin the Old, finished by Servius—we are still amazed at the strength and solidity of these. For nine hundred years the city needed no defence except that which the Etruscan dynasty set up. Then came Aurelian, whose fortified ramparts survived to no small extent, until the cannon of the Italian army and the pick of the commercial architect laid parts of them low. The old town, built of crude brick and friable tufa, did not last beyond the early days of the Empire. Augustus, according to the well-known saying, made of Rome a marble city. Yet repeated fires raged in its narrow streets, where the houses overhung the causeway and almost touched, as in a mediæval borough, with their projecting fronts. But the greatest clearance was executed, if we may believe Tacitus, by Nero, when he burnt deliberately some three out of the fourteen regions, to make room for his Golden House, and probably also to fulfil the scheme of rebuilding on which he had set his heart. From this period Regal Rome was a mere memory, some few vestiges of which were preserved as relics of an uncivilised but heroic past.†

The Ancyrean inscription, reproduced by Professor Middleton, shows on what a splendid scale of harmony, no less than of magnitude, Augustus carried out his design of beautifying the Forum, Capitol, and Palatine, while extending his great ancestor's work, the Basilica Julia, and adding thereto the

* Middleton, i, 9-77
Vol. 191.—No. 381.

D

† *Ibid.*, 89.

Heroon, or temple of Cæsar.* It was the best period in Roman art, refined or elevated under Hellenic guidance, its execution largely entrusted to Greeks. The city grew into a museum, rich with spoils beyond reckoning. Not even yet are they exhausted, whether above ground or in the subterranean drift and *débris* which have yielded up so many treasures of marble, bronze, gold, incised gems, and mural paintings—the latter doomed almost inevitably to perish on contact with the open air. Long after Augustus, when the capital had been plundered again and again, a thousand marble statues, we are told, were burnt into lime by the degenerate Romans. The Vandals who followed Genseric in 455, and the Jews of Trastevere, says Mr. Crawford, melted down all they could lay hands upon of the four thousand bronze statues left from Imperial times† Constant II carried off in 663 a world of antiquities which never arrived at Byzantium. He was less fortunate than the first Christian Emperor, who had adorned his New Rome with the trophies of the Old. Yet the Vatican galleries have still a collection of statuary which is the largest in Europe, and most of it is classic. The Capitol boasts a second museum: a third is lodged in the Baths of Diocletian: a fourth in the Lateran. When Virgil wrote '*rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma*,' the great city deserved his admiration; but so universal a presence of beautiful things within it must not lead us to imagine that they were products of the native genius.

Rome conquered art as she overthrew the nations and took their gods captive. She had no skill of her own in these finer effects; but she could set up a Pantheon which symbolised her all-devouring unity. The Augustan Age did not last beyond Nero. His Golden House brought within its enormous dimensions a new collection of paintings, sculptures, and curios: it became the 'prison of art,' for many besides the works of that Fabullus whom Pliny touches in his epigram. But a baser period was setting in. The Flavian Emperors built, as we may say, on Cyclopean standards. Their Colosseum was immense rather than beautiful: so too were the Palace which Domitian erected, the Capitoline Jupiter restored by him, and the Temple to his father Vespasian. Even Hadrian, that 'most interesting modern,' as Mr. Dennie calls him, was a lover of huge and Egyptian-like buildings. His mighty Mausoleum reigns in the sky of Rome; during nine hundred or a thousand years it has served as a barracks and a fortress. The rotunda of the Pantheon declares, by its brick-stamps, his authorship,

* Middletown, 1, 384-387

† Crawford, 1, 96

and was perhaps the crowning work of Apollodorus, the architect of that Forum which Trajan began and which Hadrian completed; therein was to be found the most splendid group of buildings in the Imperial city.* But the Temple of Venus and Rome, due likewise to this art-loving Emperor, has all but disappeared, leaving where it stood an empty platform. The temple of Faustina recalls Antoninus Pius: the Emperor Marcus survives in his equestrian statue, and his column rises above the Piazza Colonna. Severus, it is thought, raised the Septizonium, or 'Seven Stories,' to dazzle the Numidian pilgrims, his fellow-countrymen, as they first caught sight of the city. But all, from this time forward, becomes mere weight and rudeness of impression. To decorate his triumphal arch, Constantine annexed the bas-reliefs from Trajan's Forum. Henceforth, Rome was to be laid waste by its rulers or its people. The Barbarians have left a name in history which they did not deserve; and to this day we talk of Goths and Vandals, where we should see the Romans pulling down what their ancestors had built up.

On this head Gregorovius is indignant and persuasive; but we need not quote him, for Lanciani has made ample admission to the same effect. 'There is no longer any doubt,' says the latter, 'that the Romans have done more harm to their own city than all the invading hosts put together.' The action of centuries, and of natural phenomena, such as hurricanes, earthquakes, fires, and inundations, could not have done what men have accomplished knowingly and deliberately.† The Barbarians had no instruments with which to achieve this enormous destruction. Alaric, indeed, laid waste the gardens and the house of Sallust. Genseric stripped its bronze roof from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Vitiges tore down the aqueducts. But it was the defenders of Sant' Angelo that hurled upon the army led by Vitiges the marble statues which decorated Hadrian's gigantic sepulchre. Romans quarried the Circus Maximus—which under Trajan was perhaps the most conspicuous of the city monuments, 'covered inside and out,' says Middleton, 'with white marble, relieved with gold and painting, brilliant mosaics, columns of coloured Oriental marbles, and statues of white marble and gilt bronze'—quarried it until it was destroyed even to the foundations and not a vestige of it left. Romans bought or sold the right of pulling down the Colosseum; and in 1452 the contractor, Giovanni Foglia, took away thence two thousand five hundred and twenty-two cartloads of travertine ‡

* Dennie, 279

† Dennie, 275.

‡ *Ibid.*, 226 276.

In the seventeenth century Urban VIII, following the example of Urban V, made it into the picturesque ruin which we all know. The Septizonium, or at least its three lower stories, existed down to the reign of Sixtus V, who destroyed it in order to use its columns and marble entablatures in the Basilica of St. Peter's. Had not Boniface IV dedicated the Pantheon to Christian worship, beyond a doubt it would have shared in the destruction which overtook so many other temples. But the gold-plated tiles of its dome were carried off by Constant II; and Urban VIII moulded its bronze girders into a hundred and ten cannon for Sant' Angelo, or gave them to Bernini, who twisted them into the huge spiral columns that support the baldacchino above St. Peter's shrine.* It is a story without an end, since to-day the authorities, while busy in putting a modern ring about the Seven Hills, have continued the demolitions of their predecessors, and are intent on disfiguring the Capitol with a statue of Victor Emmanuel that shall vie with the largest ever set up there. Restoration has nearly always spelt ruin for ancient buildings; but in Rome it has been accompanied with a wanton disregard of history, astonishing enough in a people whose very greatness consists in this, that they are 'made and moulded of things past,' though now 'fallen out with fortune.'

A curious enquiry opens upon us, whether changes deep enough to merit the title of revolutions can be wrought without demolishing the outward symbols as well as the spiritual reality of that which they sweep away. The fall of Paganism robbed temples, theatres, circuses, and even baths, of the function which they had fulfilled hitherto. In what way could they be adapted to Christian uses? It was their fate to be left desolate, then ruined or made into quarries by a new race. Thus Hadrian's Tomb became the rallying-point or the refuge of Popes, Senators, and Emperors. In the Colosseum and the Circus Maximus a fierce brigand family, the Frangipani, and after them the Annibaldi, held their court. Those triumphant Jews, the Pierleoni, took possession of the Theatre of Marcellus, the graceful outline of which, yet standing in part, emerges on the tourist from the Palazzo Savelli. The Orsini stronghold was in Pompey's Theatre. Within the tomb of Cecilia Metella the Gaetani made their den. All this must have seemed natural enough when, as in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a forest of towers met the eye in Rome, while the crooked streets were full of perilous ambushes, and every day was a day of battle. Under stress of an

* Dannie, 263.

existence so begirt with combat, the Baths or the Mausoleums might well appear to be covering positions, and the noble who seized on them would reck little of their former purposes, which legend was overclouding in the strangest fashion.*

Here it is that Mr. Crawford throws out an interesting suggestion, due on the one hand to his intimate knowledge of Rome, where he spent his childhood in the Villa Montalto, and on the other to subsequent travels and studies among the byways of the old Italian life. The key to Roman history, he maintains, is the *patria potestas*. Under the Republic, the Empire, the Papacy, what we are always reading is the contest of certain great families for power; and power, though it passes into Cæsar's hands or is wielded by the Gregories and the Innocents, has a hard struggle to keep itself intact against the Patricians. In Italy the power of the *gens* has prevailed from earliest ages, and, though beaten upon by modern law and custom, still it endures. There are sixty 'conscript families,' which own princely rank, in the Rome of to-day.† But the 'Patres Conscripti' go back much further than we can trace them; and the Laws of the Twelve Tables, in recognising the power of life and death over his offspring which every *paterfamilias* might exercise, were but setting their seal on institutions long established among the mixed people to whom the Capitol was a shrine and the Forum a centre of unity, though seldom of peace.

From the existence, side by side, of great ambitious houses, faction has always sprung. The chronicles of Rome abound in violence; and law, though Rome's highest achievement, was never able to win the respect or curb the fury of the Romans. As a people they have died and risen again more than once. The two millions (among whom were perhaps five slaves to every free citizen), who dwelt within its borders so late as the Antonines, had dwindled, and at last disappeared, when Totila captured the city. In Rienzi's days, if we reckon the whole population at twenty thousand, we shall not fall below probable conjecture. An immense variety of race and custom must have been flowing into the capital of the world, not only during its meridian period, but for centuries afterwards, and as long as the new Italian nation was being formed. Down even to Norman times—to the year 1085 and later—the surges of war and emigration beat round about it on every side and confused or multiplied its genealogies. But still the *gens* *loci* prevailed. Gothic or Lombard stems—Gregorovius recites a formidable list—flourished in the domains, or took to themselves the

* Gregorovius, IV, Part ii, 463.

† Crawford, I, 78.

houses which had once belonged to the *Græci Cornelia*, to the *Anicii*, to the Imperial and Consular families.* And the feudal system aggravated divisions which ran through society from top to bottom: it brought in a semblance of caste and the reality of servitude. In these circumstances law struggled to overrule anarchy. But the law-giver was not an abiding power. He was elective and transitory, set up by force or chosen by intrigue, before he could tame the pride of these Conscript Fathers some one else had taken his place. Thus it came about that the Roman ideal hid in it seeds of undying discord. Let us speak philosophically and say that it was the meeting-place of elements which 'in this blind world,' as Dante pictures it, are hard to reconcile. We may term them the Imperial, the Popular, and the Sacerdotal. Each aims at the sovereignty of mankind by its own methods; each has a force as well as an inspiration proper to itself; each is impatient of a rival, and each has had its day of triumph, followed by disaster.

Never should we forget that Rome is the keystone in the arch of history. Alexander left chaos behind him; Cæsar created Europe, observes Mr Crawford. There is much to be said in favour of his contention. But assuredly 'the mightiest Julius'—'the foremost man of all this world'—did not stand alone. In him all the lines of antiquity converged; he overcame by the strength of many social forces. He was Consul, Emperor, Pontifex Maximus—the head of religion, the captain of an ever-victorious army, the chief of the State. No designation was perhaps more ancient, none has survived with more fidelity to its historic duties, than that of Pontifex Maximus. If it was given, as learned men suppose, to the priest that offered sacrifice on the Sublician Bridge, we may, without stretching the allegory, perceive in his successor to-day at the Vatican, one who is the connecting link between Pagan and Christian Europe. But Cæsar embodied the whole Roman idea with a completeness and a world-wide significance unattainable to after ages. The unity which this sovereign city possessed in him and through him was transmitted, we may grant, along a line of Emperors; but one or other of its elements gradually lost its power. In the second century there was no strength left in the *Populus Romanus*, now an empty name. In the fourth, under Gratian or Theodosius, the priestly dignity had passed away to strangers and even to subjects. In the fifth an Emperor ceased to exist at Rome. The 'Decline

* *Geogr. Cosmogr.*, vi. Part 1, 263.

and Fall,' which Gibbon has painted in funereal colours, meant no less than the breaking up of a complex and mighty system into its constituent parts, which have ever since been at war with one another, and are still in conflict.

Now Rome, in the years of Trajan and his immediate successors, had drawn into herself the literatures, religions, arts, and peoples of antiquity, being original in nothing so much as in the secret of assimilation. Her narrow and prosaic spirit was incapable of bestowing on mankind a pure ideal; she protested even while she admitted to her citizenship the Greek poets, the Asiatic and Egyptian sacred rites, the foreigners who thronged inside her walls and who ascended to her seats of honour. She detested every society which had not asked her permission to exist. As she proscribed the worship of Bacchus, burnt the unauthorised Sibylline books, banished Isis from her temples, and yet, in the end, took up with these idolatries which she had cast out, so, when a sublimer faith began to make its presence known—in the Ghetto, as we may imagine, where the Jewish synagogue was erected, hard by the *Porta Portese*—her first word was '*Non licet esse vos.*' But the deeper instinct of conquest by adaptation overcame her pride; and from Tacitus to Constantine a change was proceeding in religion, strictly analogous to that by which the Roman legions underwent a transformation into Barbarian armies. These were but two aspects of the same astonishing progress, although to Pagan or unbeliever each must have seemed decay. It had begun with Rome's first steps on the path of victory; it has ended by giving us Western civilisation.

The panorama which we gaze upon from the Janiculum, or better still, from the tower of the Capitol, displays in high relief those contending powers, as each has built for itself on the volcanic soil. At one end is the Lateran, bestowed by Constantine on the new Pontifex Maximus, not yet so termed, who now sits in the Vatican over against it. The Palatine, a heap of ruins, tells us what befell the Emperor and his legions. At the Quirinal which lies between, with its look of a white-washed barracks, the King of Italy is lodged, 'by the grace of God and the will of the people.' Round about lies the ugly modern boulevard, in which that people dwells, crowded, vulgar, and uninteresting. The Empire has gone, the Papacy declares itself a captive, the popular idea has triumphed. Guelf and Ghibeline are dead names in history; the 'conscript families' sulk in their stately houses, or lose their rank amid a democratic throng on Monte Citorio and in the Royal Palace. Under a crowned Republic,

the dream of Rienzi and Arnold of Brescia seems at length to have been realised.

The taking of Rome in 1870 was, from an historical point of view, the most picturesque event in the nineteenth century. How many stages led up to it Gregorovius has made manifest, with all a German's adamant industry, but in a vivid and sometimes brilliant style, dignified, copious, and firm. He is a Ghibelline who has developed into an Italian patriot, while pleading for the Teutons and Lombards as something better than Barbarians, and entitled to their share in the mediæval glories of the Peninsula. Nor is he insensible to the merits of the greater Popes. He can perceive the worth of Saint Leo and Saint Gregory. He abounds in eloquent description of the deeds by which Roman Bishops in the eighth century preluded the setting up of the Holy Roman Empire. In Leo IX he recognises a noble champion of Christendom against the Saracens. If he is severe on Hildebrand, whom he charges with tyranny and ambition, yet in him too he perceives a splendour of achievement which stamps him as the Julius Cæsar of the Papacy. Had no Pontifex Maximus survived when the Empire fell, it is impossible in his judgment that a second Rome should have risen from the ashes of the first, or that mediæval Christendom should have been established.

But the ancient unity was lost. Henceforth the struggle between Pope and Emperor was, if not absolutely unbroken, yet so nearly continuous as to spread a gloom over several centuries. And the *Populus Romanus* had its pretensions too; it was a shadow which rose up, darkening the light of coronations in St. Peter's, driving the Popes out of the Lateran, strangling them in Sant' Angelo, never to be appeased by bribes, but only to be kept down by the strong hand. Not one of these powers would abdicate; none would acquiesce in the division of rights and duties familiar to modern minds. Gregorovius undertakes repeatedly the task of distinguishing between what were the Emperor's privileges and what were those of the Pope or the People. To say that he has succeeded, when controversy rages still around these questions, would be very bold. The saying ran from early days: '*Ubi Imperator ibi Roma*'; yet the Emperor was now always absent from the city; and, until the flight of Eugenius III. in 1147, the Pope was commonly present. As for the People, they appeared to elect the Emperor by their acclamations; they appointed him their Patrician or Chief Magistrate, and received the law at his hands. Nevertheless, they fell upon his Frankish or Suabian soldiery a hundred

times; as many times were they themselves cut down, dispersed, and hung behind the walls of their city. Where, then, in all this confusion was the Law?

It is, perhaps, safest to answer that there were many laws. To grasp the history of Rome during its Middle Age, we must dismiss from our minds every conception, whether of law or liberty, which belongs to our own day. From the reign of Theodoric down to Pius VII—for nearly thirteen hundred years—Rome and the adjacent territories enjoyed their special immunities, or behaved as self-governing towns, which, when they had paid their dues, and received a legation from the Pope, were independent. Once we let slip this clue we shall not find our way, either in Gibbon or Gregorovius. The Holy Roman Empire was a name, an incident, or an ideal. The municipalities were real, nor would they allow Pope or Kaiser to lessen their privileges. Rome has always boasted herself a free city, and in this self-government did her freedom consist.

From this point of view it signifies little whether we quote diplomas such as that of Lothaire in 824, to which Pope Eugenius II swore allegiance, or collect Papal coins which are stamped with the Imperial effigy, or recite the humble protestations of the Pontiffs who exalt in the Emperor a dignity they never claimed for themselves except in the ambiguous language of Gregory IX or Boniface VIII. Mere legal phrases will not define the nature or extent of the Temporal Power, which, as Gibbon truly remarks, was more of an influence than of a power as we now understand the term. And, adds Signor Villari, absolute government was unknown during the Middle Ages. We must come down to Martin V, perhaps to Julius II—in other words, to the eve of the Reformation—if we would see the Popes exercising an unlimited sway over their States; and even then local privileges were not abolished. The last popular uprising took place under Eugenius IV in 1434; fifty years later, the Orsini beat down the Colonna in a final struggle in the streets of Rome. But the nobles had lost their sovereign power in the days of Rienzi. It is significant, also, that Frederick III, the last German Emperor who was crowned in St. Peter's, belongs to this period. Since that day, the Holy Roman Empire disappears from the Eternal City. Its task was accomplished.

Yet the Emperor, provided he could march across the Alps and make his way into St. Peter's with an army, did represent the supreme dominion of law. He wielded the sword of Charlemagne, wore the golden crown, administered justice, and ratified with his consent the Papal election. He

was Cæsar, as the other was Pontifex Maximus. Together they fulfilled that one idea with which Dante has made his people's heart throb, not only in the prose of the '*De Monarchia*,' but in the gloom and glory of his sublime pilgrimage. It was a two-headed eagle, spirit and flesh—the Roman Church and the Roman Empire forming one perfect Christendom.

On the whole, much cannot be added, in spite of recent and minute investigations, to what Gibbon has told us concerning the Temporal Power. If, as he declares, 'the Emperor had precariously reigned by right of conquest,' it must be allowed that 'the authority of the Pope was founded on the soft though more solid basis of opinion and habit.' The fabulous Donation of Constantine, believed, resisted, and finally exploded by the advance of criticism—which has shown it to be a forgery invented somewhere between the years 752 and 777—did but materialise an event of world-wide significance, the rise of Christian Rome upon the ruins of Pagan or Imperial greatness.*

'The name of Dominus, or Lord, was inscribed on the coin of the Bishops: their title was acknowledged by acclamations and oaths of allegiance,' continues the historian, 'and, with the free or reluctant consent of the German Cæsars, they had long exercised a supreme or subordinate jurisdiction over the city and patrimony of St. Peter. The reign of the Popes, which gratified the prejudices, was not incompatible with the liberties, of Rome; and a more critical inquiry would have revealed a still nobler source of their power—the gratitude of a nation whom they had rescued from the heresy and oppression of the Greek tyrant.' †

Thus the free city had two suzerains, one a perpetual absentee, the other a defenceless ecclesiastic. The Pope had neither an army nor a dynasty to uphold him; he must lean upon his allies among the conscript families, or endeavour, by the unedifying ways of nepotism, to raise up ministers in whom he could put his trust. Thereby he drove to sedition the Ghibelline or the Republican, enemies either to some noble house, or to the Barons and their whole system. As the Popes, from Gregory VII onwards, exercised more and more the high feudal sovereignty which was conceded to them by most or by all of the European kingdoms, their position at home offered a melancholy contrast to the reverence of these distant subjects. It is remarkable how seldom, if indeed ever, the Roman people have cared to demean themselves as the first citizens in the

* See Dollinger's '*Papst-Fabeln*,' *sub voce*.

† Gibbon (ed. 1855), vol. viii, 188.

Latin Church, bound to its interests and careful for its majesty. Nay, when there was an unbroken series of Roman Popes during two full centuries, the supremacy itself had dwindled to a shadow; and local tyrants, like the Counts of Tusculum, or women of infamous reputation like Theodora and Marozia, set up, pulled down, and degraded to the humble position of their dependents, the successors of the Apostles. Pilgrims at the central shrine of Christendom were robbed and put to flight; the Popes were assailed while engaged in their most solemn functions at the altar; they were thrown into prison and murdered by their rebellious kinsfolk. No less than six and thirty Popes are reckoned, who, in ages less barbarous than the tenth century, maintained an unequal contest with the Romans, until they escaped to Avignon, and, like the Emperors, became for seventy years absentees from a city which they could never control.

What is the explanation of these recurring tumults? Can it be, as St. Bernard implies when writing to his disciple Eugenius III, the Roman character—'a nation nursed in sedition, cruel, untractable, and scornful to obey, unless they are too feeble to resist'? He goes on to charge them with 'adulation and calumny, perfidy and treason,' as 'the familiar arts of their policy.'^{*} The Saint indulges in rhetoric which we must not press to its full extent; yet our latest observer, Mr. Crawford, finds in the Romans a certain likeness to their ancestors, above all, as being instinct with the spirit of opposition, as easily stirred to rage, saturnine, restless, sudden, ferocious in revenge, and, though not enduring military discipline, still by no means cowards when their blood is up. He ascribes much to the conflict of races which have never been assimilated as in northern lands, much also to the feudal independence whereby every great house looked to its own followers for protection, or employed them against its neighbour, lest he should climb too high. The mediæval baron was not far removed from the robber who had descended on Italy in quest of blackmail; he sold his help like a condottiere to Pope, Emperor, Duke, or Bishop, as readily as the freebooter to whom all causes were indifferent and all principles unknown. The Middle Ages were times of individual enterprise and lonely daring, such as India saw on a grander scale after the Mogul had lost his power; and Rome could not be an exception to the times. So far Mr. Crawford. But, true as these things are, the explanation which we seek lies beyond them.

^{*} Gibbon, viii, 194. Bernard, 'De Consideratione,' iv, ii

Venice, Genoa, Florence, and other Italian cities rose out of the feudal anarchy to an ordered, though sometimes interrupted, freedom; they attained to a political unity, which Rome never reached. The pretensions of noble families were compelled elsewhere to give place before Republican ideas. How came it that in the Eternal City nobles outlasted the Republic, which did but struggle for existence a little while, and then passed away at the presence of the Pope or his legate? We must fall back on the latent antagonism, always abiding within its walls, between ideas, none of which could be annihilated until the task assigned to it was done. We have remarked how the last Emperor crowned in St. Peter's came thither in the days of Nicholas V., under whom, next year, in 1453, Stephen Porcari, the last of the popular conspirators, was hanged. The fifteenth century did not welcome a Roman Republic; it received with adulation the Popes who, by leading in the Renaissance, had shown their desire to foster art and civilisation, though little aware of what the consequence would be to themselves before a hundred years were over. Their turn had now come. The patriotic idea must wait or be throttled, and popular freedom did not get the upper hand, though the nobles were overthrown.

Still, the classic ruins were always preaching the same text, which was as old as Lucan, against every kind of Caesar and in justice to liberty:—

*Quid togas eritis, utis redemptor equum
Lictoribus ultra? Nigrae Rubeaeque rotas:
Ad hunc vultus, et sic parva rotas
Veneramus Spectantes, dum nec respect ultra
Avaritiam.*

There were always those who declined to believe that it would never rise again, and said "Corrupte," with Tacitus's words, "sed non periret necesse foret hoc imperium." The fact is there was perhaps also the richest—*Antiquitas Urbis*, not a Roman, but an old Roman sentiment. The Capitol, by now, must be rebuilt, the dignity of the Senate restored, the operations more wisely, the Pope restricted to his spiritual functions. Against is the latest passion, religious intolerance, or at the worst, theoretical conservatism, which have worked against the secular character of the city. It is hard to see why the transformation of the city is needed in the twelfth century, or afterwards, that the people should have been so long in the future to be

foundation and bring in a new world, may be doubted. Yet he did mean 'to wrest the power from the nobility, to deprive the clergy of their estates, the Pope of the principality, and to transfer his sovereign rights to the Commune'; while his enthusiasm for the classic ages led him to imagine that Rome might become once more 'the seat of the Empire, the source of Freedom, the mistress of the world.'* Two strangers, the English Pope Hadrian IV, and Frederic Barbarossa, the Emperor from beyond the Alps, brought Arnold, in 1155, to the same end as Savonarola, with whom he has been not unnaturally compared. 'Strangulat hunc laqueus, ignis et unda vehunt,' writes Geoffrey, a chronicler of the time. But neither fire nor water made an end of his remembrance. He was held aloft as the champion of the *Populus Romanus*, to be imitated in after centuries by Stefaneschi, Rienzi, and Porcaro, while United Italy regards him as the impersonation of its creative idea.

But he was rather its herald than its embodiment.

'The Romans of the present day,' we are told by Gregorovius, 'who dispute the Pope's temporal authority, derive their arguments from the majesty of the Italian nation, of which Rome is the capital, and to whose natural right the merely historical right of the Popes must yield. . . In Arnold's time the idea of the unity of the nation was unknown, and patriots took their stand on the ground of antiquity. The majesty of the Roman people was for them the source of all power, the Roman Empire was an indestructible conception, and the Emperor was the magistrate of the Republic, elected and installed by the people.'†

History confirms these views with remarkable emphasis. In 1144, Arnold had preached, almost in the language afterwards familiar to Wycliffe, against the temporal possessions of the clergy. His opinions had been condemned by Innocent II and a Lateran Council, and a revolution had broken out in Rome. The Senate was restored, Jordan Pierleone was appointed Patrician, or Chief of the State, and, says Gregorovius, 'the city renewed the attempt, made in the time of Alberic, to dethrone the Pope.' On the part of the Commune, says Otto of Friesing, 'they brought all his regal claims under the Patrician's rights, and told him that he must support himself, as the clergy did of old, on tithes and oblations'‡ The Senators were not nobles; for these, terrified lest the Pontiff's overthrow should carry with it a restoration of their fiefs to the Republic, took part with Lucius II, and even the Frangipani gave up their

* Gregorovius, IV, Part II, 479, 504.

† *Ibid.*, 519.

‡ *Ibid.*, 489.

place as leaders of the German faction. It was at this conjuncture that they became possessed of the Colosseum as well as the Circus Maximus, and of the Arches of Titus, Constantine, and Janus Quadrifrons. But the faction which held the Capitol belonged to the 'small people,' who were getting ready, said the new Pontiff, Eugenius III, to elect two Consuls, one of whom should bear the name of Emperor. In 1145, this much exercised Pope made his entry into the Lateran; not, however, until he had recognised the Commune, while to himself was granted the investiture of the 'Sacred Senate.' In the list of twenty-five Senators which has been preserved, scarcely any names are mentioned but those of the burgher class. The revolution had been throughout Republican and plebeian. The Italian towns stood aloof; but during a second revolt, which broke out almost on the heels of the first and was finally extinguished in blood, the Senate did not cease to harp on 'the Empire of the Romans, to restore which was their unanimous endeavour.' During so many changes of fortune, their idea remains always the same; Italy as a nation has not come to the birth; and 'the Cæsarean despotism of Justinian,' as Gregorovius concludes, 'was mingled,' by these Republicans, 'with the fundamental laws of democracy.'

In that uprising of immemorial though shadowy claims, now against the Pope, who held of a power invisible, and now against an Emperor, who was, after all, not a Latin, but a Frank or Greek or Teuton, the historian contemplates a strange and unparalleled tragedy. The sole auxiliaries upon which the Roman People could count were, says Gregorovius, 'the walls of Aurelian, the Tiber, the malaria, and the ghosts and monuments of their great ancestors.'† Singularly enough, he has overlooked one element which was more powerful than all these—the living tradition, or custom of the city, preserved in its local districts, the fourteen Regions, and in the populace itself which dwelt there under its freely chosen captains, and which had its emblems or banners reminding us of the legionary standards; its crescent, column, wheel, griffin, stag, or what not—heraldic devices known long before 'chivalry' was invented. These institutions kept alive a sense of neighbourhood and hostility which is active still beneath all the Italian patriotism. The Regions were a survival of the *Plebs Romana*; ever at odds with Senate, Emperor, Pope, and a menace to any Government, because the very soil brought them forth, and no legislation could do away with their aboriginal fierceness.

* Gregorovius, iv, Part i., 521, 511, 520.

† *Ibid.*, 541.

On this subject Mr. Crawford writes eloquently :—

'Without the Regions,' he tells us, 'the struggles of the Barons would probably have destroyed Rome altogether; nine out of the twenty four Popes who reigned in the tenth century would not have been murdered and otherwise done to death; Peter the Prefect could not have dragged Pope John XIII a prisoner through the streets; Stefaneschi could never have terrorised the Barons and half destroyed their castles in a week; Krenzi could not have made himself Dictator; Ludovico Mighersti could not have murdered the eleven captains of Regions in his house and thrown their bodies to the people from the windows, for which Giovanni Colonna drove out the Pope and the Cardinals, and sacked the Vatican; in a word, the strangest, wildest, bloodiest scenes of mediæval Rome could not have found a place in history.' *

According to Lanciani and Professor Middleton, Augustus divided the city into fourteen Regions, each being subdivided into Vici, or parishes, varying in number from seven to seventy-eight. There were two hundred and sixty-five Vici in all. Each Vicus formed a religious body with its *adulea Larium* or Compitalis; and they were presided over by *Magistri Vicorum*, the lowest in rank of the Roman magistrates. The first Region was Porta Capena, extending perhaps as far as the later Wall of Aurelian; the fourteenth was Transiberina—Trastevere—which contained the largest number of parishes, and took in the whole city across the river, with the Janiculum, the Vatican, and the Island of the Tiber.†

This number of fourteen has varied a little at different epochs: nor do the modern Rioni correspond to the ancient, since five, at least, of them cover the solitudes on which Imperial Rome displayed its magnificence, while the Campus Martius, which, in Pliny's time, was laid out symmetrically with great open spaces and fine monuments, afterwards became the most thickly populated quarter of Rome. The first of the new Regions is 'Monti,' or the Hills; it includes the Quirinal, Esquiline, and Cælian; it is by far the largest of all the districts; and before 1870 much of it was 'either fallow land or ploughed fields, or cultivated vineyards, out of which huge masses of ruin rose here and there in brown outline against the distant mountains, in the midst of which towered the enormous Basilicas of Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran.'‡ Trastevere and the Borgo closed the list; and as these were always Guelph or Papal in their sentiments, so Monti, down to the fall of the Temporal Power, was Ghibelline—in other words,

* Crawford, i, 103.

† Middleton, i, 379-383.

‡ Crawford, i, 107.

as rebellious as it dared to be under military occupation and a system of espionage. During centuries there were pitched battles between these two Regions, fought with slings and stones on the desert of the Forum, or sometimes in front of Diocletian's Baths, while sympathetic thousands cheered the combatants.

The Captain of Monti was Prior, chief captain, and a great power in the city; the principal church of Monti held pre-eminence above St. Peter's; and the Lateran Basilica is styled to this day 'Mater et caput omnium ecclesiarum.' Hence the splendid pageants, often interrupted with bloodshed and tumult, which accompanied the Pope when he rode along the Via Sacra and under the old triumphal arches to take possession of his cathedral. But he did not, until the peaceful days of Sixtus V., venture to reside far within so turbulent a city. His palace, the Vatican, rose on the utmost edge of Rome. It was liable to incursions from the sea, while protected against the Barons; and the Leonine City is at once a memorial of the Saracens who plundered St. Peter's shrine, and of the Pope who in 855 planted walls and towers in its defence.

The second Region, Trevi, or 'the cross-roads,' held within it the proud and warlike house of Colonna, hillmen from towards Palestrina, descendants, it is thought, of the Counts of Tusculum, who in their palmy days occupied Rome by a chain of towers and fortifications from the Quirinal to the Mausoleum of Augustus. That superb edifice, which doubtless provoked Hadrian to set up a rival beyond the river, in his gigantic tomb, has been a castle and a theatre, and was till lately a circus. The Church of the Apostles calls up the remembrance of Stephen Colonna—Petraarch's idol—how he sided with Philip the Fair, and how Boniface VIII drove him out of Rome with his kith and kin, pulled their dwelling to the ground, and made a fallow field of Palestrina. Then at Anagni the Pope himself was seized by Sciarra and Nogaret, treated despitely, and killed by his own indignation. A finer memory is Vittoria Colonna, whom Michael Angelo has immortalised in sonnets as great as his sculpture and more sympathetic with modern feeling. Here, also, in the Palace gardens, stood Aurelian's Temple of the Sun. And in the same Region is the Quirinal, where so many Popes have been proclaimed, and where the Italian tricolour floats above their historic balcony. Thus far the Ghibelline house has triumphed.

Colonna is still the name that pursues us in the Third Region, which might once have been distinguished as 'Carnival,' for along it runs the ancient Via Lata, now the

Corso. It was the scene of those grotesque, amusing, and utterly vanished Saturnalia, in which people of the South found an enjoyment not easy for us melancholy Northerners to enter into, but which Mr. Crawford, who saw the last of them, describes very prettily. We pass by Campo Marzo, the Gardens of Lucullus, and the scene of Messalina's execution; and we arrive within 'Ponte,' the district of the Triumphal Bridge; 'Parione,' which includes the Piazza Navona, formerly Domitian's race-course; and 'Regola,' which is, being interpreted, 'Arenula,' the fine sand of the Tiber, to which this part goes down. In these three Regions the Orsini were encamped, resting on fortified posts like Monte Giordano, Tor Millina, Tor Sanguigna, and the now demolished Torre di Nona. Impossible, say antiquaries, to reckon the number of these towers in Rome. But if, according to the estimate of the 'Mirabilia,' the city walls boasted three hundred and sixty, we may perhaps conclude with Gregorovius that the astonishing figure of nine hundred or even a thousand does not shoot beyond the mark.* Municipal freedom and civic warfare looked to them as places of assault or refuge. They served to daunt the Emperors; and in one or other of them the Popes hid themselves from the fury raging outside. The largest appears to have been the Tor de' Conti; but the most singular in its day was undoubtedly the *Turris Cartularia*—the Record Tower—within which the Frangipani lorded it over the Palatine and gave shelter to Gregory VII.†

The Orsini were Papal; they held this quarter, with Sant' Angelo, the Borgo, and the Capitol, against Henry of Luxemburg in 1312, while the Colonna, fighting on behalf of the Emperor, whom they had determined to crown in St. Peter's, were masters of all Rome behind the Pantheon and Santa Sabina. From May 7th till June 29th the contest raged; but it was a drawn battle; neither party could oust its opponents from positions so strongly built and maintained with reckless ferocity. In the following year Rienzi was born. He belongs to Regola, which is next to Parione, described by Mr. Crawford as 'the heart of Mediæval Rome, the very centre of that black cloud of mystery which hangs over the city of the Middle Age.' When the last of the tribunes saw the light near the little church of Sant' Angelo in the Fish Market—where some remains of the vast Portico of Octavia may still be found—the Middle Age was passing away. His friend and admirer, Petrarch, is not unjustly termed the first of the moderns; for his love of

* Gregorovius, iv, Part ii, 602.
Vol. 191.—No. 381.

E

† Middleton, i, 289.

antiquity was an enthusiasm which led on to classic scholarship and must have breathed life once more into the study of ancient art. But Rienzi was medieval in his mystic dreams, his attachment to symbols and devices, his masqueradings, his chivalries, and his want of balance.

On the other hand, he was versed in Livy, Seneca, and Cicero, as well as in the Latin poets. He talked their imagery and rhetoric. He explained with some odd mistakes the *Lex Regia* of Vespasian. He appealed to the 'popolani'; declared for the restoration of the 'Good Estate'; called himself by a new and prophetic name, the 'lover of Italy'; and broke with Dante's conception of a Holy Roman Empire. When he had won his singular triumph, and was hailed as the Liberator of Rome, he exhorted the cities of the Peninsula to form a confederation and strike for freedom. There was to be a general Parliament for the Roman province, and a national one for the 'whole of sacred Italy.'* His new militia displayed the banners of the Regions. He abolished the title of 'Dominus'; swept away the palisade entrenchments with which the nobles surrounded their dwellings; threw a Colonna into prison; executed an Orsini; and, says Gregorovius, 'offered as Roman Tribune to the Italians that salvation which the Ghibellines had sought in vain from the German Emperor, the Guelfs in vain from the Pope. Another idea now sprang to life, that of a confederation of Italy under the guidance of Rome.'† The Dictator, by an edict of August 1st, 1347—the day when he assumed knightly honours in the Lateran—bestowed on Italians at large the Roman citizenship. All this was sublime, fanciful, and partly insane; but his countrymen, as Villani testifies—the citizens of Florence, Perugia, Siena, and other municipal towns—were already convinced that their freedom and franchises had come down to them from the old Roman People, before any Teuton had crossed the Alps; and Rienzi's dream was in their eyes authentic history.

This, certainly, is the modern Italian programme; not the Ghibelline ideal of Dante. It is still farther removed from the admission of a temporal power in the Popes which should be inconsistent with Rome's native supremacy over the Peninsula as well as within her own borders. Rienzi followed up his dreams with actions; and fortune, rather than his courage or skill, favouring him, it was allowed this strange character, half genius and half charlatan, to strike a blow which put an end to the Barons' usurpations. The Colonna had united with the

* Gregorovius, vi, Part i, 231, 233.

† Ibid., 261.

Orcini; a battle was fought and lost by them under shameful circumstances outside the Porta San Lorenzo; and—

‘the naked bodies of more than eighty great nobles, formerly the dreaded oppressors of the people, were exposed until afternoon to the ferocious insults of the mob.’ This, continues Gregorovius, ‘is the black day of the Fabii in the history of the civic nobility of the Middle Ages. They never recovered: and the power of the great families, who had so long ruled the Republic, was broken for ever on November 20th, 1347.’*

Rienzi perished, seven years later, almost on the spot where Tiberius Gracchus laid down his life—he too, on behalf of the ‘Good Estate.’ By order of the Commons, his body was delivered up to the Jews, who burnt it, the third day, on a heap of thistles, in the Augustan Mausoleum.† His ashes were scattered, like those of his predecessor, Arnold of Brescia. But he remains the most fascinating of native Romans that his century brought forth—a madman, if not from the first, yet when success had crowned his earlier undertakings; and a rhetorician who ascended to large though distant conceptions, beyond his time, while in much he was the victim of its fantastic delusions. Was he ‘a hero, a fool, a Christian knight, a drunken despot, a philosophic Pagan’? He may have been all these things, as Mr. Crawford judges; and yet he was something more: a spark, we will say, from the ‘prophetic soul dreaming on things to come,’ which looked out into the future and saw an independent Italy, a renovated Church, the Germans no longer trampling under their horses’ hoofs the garden of the world. He had been admitted for a moment into the secret of the ages. On the dividing line of two civilisations he stands up visible, an enigmatic figure, bidding farewell to the centuries behind, saluting from afar those which advance to meet him. The right word for him is *tragi-comedian*. But when we have said so much, it is the tragedy, with its outlook on to-morrow, that stays in our remembrance.

The Popes had come back from Avignon to a city which lay in ruins. At a critical hour during the Great Schism, in 1379, the Romans, who sided with their Italian Pontiff, Urban VI, besieged and took Sant’ Angelo, destroyed the Mausoleum down to the central part which encloses the vault, and would have scattered its blocks of peperino could they have found a method of subduing them.‡ In 1404 Innocent VII found the city shut against him. He was master only of the Castle and the Vatican;

* Gregorovius, vi, Part i, 304.

† *Ibid.*, 373.

‡ Gregorovius, vi, Part ii, 516.

his subjects demanded that he should renounce the temporal power; and Ladislaus of Naples, under pretence of reconciling both parties, contrived to give back to the 'Ten,' who governed in the Capitol, that freedom which had been lost under Boniface IX. But when Martin V entered Rome on Michaelmas Day, 1420, the Republic, which had struggled so long to make of the Eternal City a community at once sovereign and self-governed, like Venice, Genoa, and the Lombard free towns, was breathing its last. 'Rome was commanded,' says Gibbon, 'by an impregnable citadel; the use of cannon is a powerful engine against popular seditions; a regular force of cavalry and infantry was enlisted under the banners of the Pope . . . and from the extent of his domain he could bring down on a rebellious city an army of hostile neighbours and loyal subjects.'* Henceforth his dominion was that of a master; and the greatest nobles were his nephews, whom he raised from obscurity to wealth and splendour, and whose palaces, Doria, Farnese, Corsini, Borghese, or Rospigliosi, lent their names to adorn the Regions over which they towered.

More than one Pope had restored the Lateran Church, desolated by fires, sieges, earthquakes, and thunder-storms. Nicholas V, and many of his successors, heaped together the huge pile of the Vatican, with its seven divisions. St. Peter's was more than a hundred years in building, if it can be said ever to have attained completion. Sixtus V is the Augustus who laid out Rome as it appeared from the third quarter of the sixteenth to about the same period of the nineteenth century. The Jesuits and Dominicans occupied or divided the Region of the Pigna, in which stand the Pantheon, the Roman College, and Santa Maria sopra Minerva. Under a disguised name, as Campitelli, the Capitol itself furnished a residence to the single Senator and three Conservators who were all that now remained of the *Senatus Populusque Romanus*. And in 1580 Gregory XIII codified the ancient statutes, in accordance with which the city was henceforth to be governed. 'The policy of the Cæsars'—once more to quote Gibbon—'has been repeated by the Popes; and the Bishop of Rome affected to maintain the form of a Republic, while he reigned with the absolute powers of a temporal, as well as spiritual, monarch.' In the eighteenth century, and on the eve of a Revolution which was destined to lead two Popes captive and sweep into limbo the very name of the Roman Empire, the same philosophic observer could write: 'If we calmly weigh the merits and defects of the

* Gibbon, LXX, vol. viii, 262.

ecclesiastical government, it may be praised in its present state as a mild, decent, and tranquil system, exempt from the dangers of a minority, the sallies of youth, the expenses of luxury, and the calamities of war.*

Rome, during the long interlude which fills up the later seventeenth century and all the eighteenth, had, on the surface, changed from a city of blood and romance to an open-air drawing-room, frequented by artists and by noblemen making the grand tour. The Villa Medici brings back those days with its garden-walks and fine over-arching trees, a company of foreign students or pilgrims to the picture galleries moving about in its halls. Baracconi speaks of the world which used to meet there—a gay and indolent people, delicately occupied in gracing the comic stage; he regrets, says Mr. Crawford, ‘the gilded chairs, the huge built-up wigs, the small-sword of the “cavalier” servente,” and the abbé’s silk mantle, the semi-platonic friendships, the jests borrowed from Goldoni . . . the exchange of compliments and madrigals and epigrams, and all the brilliant powdered train.’† It was Venice in Rome, or Rome à la Pompadour, not the terrible tragic city which had seen within itself all the sorrows of the ages and the nations. But when Gibbon praised its tranquillity, the hour of revolution was mounting to the Capitol. Perhaps in Madame de Staël’s ‘Corinae’ we get the liveliest picture of a dilettante Petrarchan society, which was in love with decadent art, and which practised a style no less florid than frivolous, though sometimes quickened by sallies of passion. However, the drop scene was already loosened; as it rattled down, the leisured eighteenth century made its exit to the sound of Bonaparte’s artillery.

From the new Empire, from the Code Napoléon, from the awakening of national sentiment, from the rule of Prince Eugene at Milan, the Papal Government now took its deadly hurt. The Ghibelline idea revived, but in a form which had nothing Tenton or Transalpine. Bishops in Germany laid down their sceptres; the modern State swallowed up their lands and cities; the Pope alone survived as a temporal prince. How long? was the question. Attacked but not overthrown, his power lasted down to 1848 in presence of the old Republican dreams, which saw in Rome a separate and sovereign community. Had no alternative to those dreams appeared, he might be reigning still. But the philosopher and statesman, Gioberti, had, in his ‘Risorgimento,’ raised the cry, famous on many battle-fields, of ‘Savoya’; he pointed to the heroic house, not

* *Ibid.*, 259, 262.

† Crawford, i, 265.

perhaps Italian, yet always patriotic, which had defended the Alps and drawn its sword against the Austrians with unconquerable chivalry. The ideal that had floated before Rienzi's imagination was fixed in a definite and taking shape, modern or constitutional, but all the more attractive to men who were sick of the past, who detested the Middle Ages, and who were indignant at the thought of Italy as having been too long a museum, a picture gallery, and an operatic stage. Freedom, which the Romans aspired after, was surely identical with progress, the aim of Italians in Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Duchies, if not in Naples or Sicily. The adventure was begun; a page of extraordinary boldness in design and colouring was added to the ancient chronicles. Guelf and Ghibelline, it might be said after 1870, had yielded at last to the Genius of Rome.

Public tragedies and sword-play without end traverse the Middle Ages of Rome, leaving everywhere a blood-stained footstep. But from Clement VII, after the Constable de Bourbon took the city in 1527, we follow through its palaces and streets the tragedies of households: Vittoria Accoramboni and the Orsini, Cardinal Caraffa and his accomplices, Alessandro and Piero Mattei, Beatrice Cenci, and so many others, whose story is the wildest tissue of jealousy, revenge, avarice, murder—of crime associated with fine manners and the highest dignities. Such tales were the scandal of English travellers, the quarry of the English playwright under Elizabeth and James. They stirred the curiosity of Montaigne; they provoked in Voltaire the pessimism which exhales from 'Candide.' One might imagine a breath of old Rome, a moral malarial, coming up out of the ruins of those grim palaces where the Cæsars tortured their victims, or from the amphitheatres which degraded sport into a thirst for human suffering beheld at ease. Forum, Palatine, Capitol are the Roman Bible, open at its most suggestive but forbidding pages. It is a Pagan city which holds within it, captive yet not subdued, the Christian spirit—a contrast so amazing that neither Tacitus nor Machiavelli could do justice to the philosophy which would exhaust its significance. The 'imperial Latin intellect' has been ever joined with a violence which affects us as though it were superhuman. And to complete the paradox, this Rome has been the world's law-giver.

Stern, colossal, unspenkably sad in her aspects to men of the North, she has still a charm that draws them, not now in the train of a Charles the Great or a Barbarossa, but with undiminished strength and sweetness. If this charm could be

resolved into its elements perhaps it would come to an end. It is not history alone; for of the countless travellers who visit the city in these hurrying days but few are acquainted with its classic reminiscences, fewer still with the confused and dismal records of its Middle Age. Nor is it religion alone, since it was felt by Goethe, and even conquered Hawthorne, whose 'Transformation' often serves as a guide-book to pilgrims from the States. It is 'something very great and high'—the sense of history, religion, art, romance, all in one—an old world yet visible in its monuments, an escape into dreamland from the sordid present. Above all it is the vague instinctive feeling of innumerable generations summed up in Rome, their ambitions for this world, their aspirations towards the next—and all this extant in churches, streets, palaces, gardens, triumphal arches, mountains of crude brick, tombs, pillars, gateways, walls, at every turning, and in a second city under ground—that first overpowers and then by imperceptible degrees fascinates the stranger now, as it did the ambassadors of Pyrrhus some twenty-two centuries ago. If the past abides in the present, and, as philosophers tell us, is its necessary condition, then Rome, above all other cities, deserves to be called the Eternal. For in its monuments and its institutions has been realised the story of mankind. Take it away and history would possess no centre, the nations no memories in common. It is Greek, Latin, Etruscan, Hebrew, German, Gaul, in its origin or associations; Italian also, in a certain large sense, but still more European—the World-City. Its governing ideas of Republic, Empire, Papacy, have by no means run their course. Regarded politically, it is the most modern of capitals, as for Christendom and civilisation it has long been the most ancient; and, having survived countless revolutions, it is at once the tomb of antiquity and the living teacher of age after age.

- ART. III.—1. *Goethes Werke*. Herausgegeben im Auftrage der Grossherzogin Sophie von Sachsen. Eighty-four vols. (incomplete). Weimar: Bohnen, 1887-99.
2. *Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke*. Von A. Baumgartner. Second edition. Three vols. Freiburg: Herder, 1885-86.
3. *Goethe*. Von Richard M. Meyer. Second edition. Three vols. Berlin: Hofmann, 1898.
4. *Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke*. Von Albert Bielschowsky. Second edition. Vol. I. Munich: Beck, 1899.
5. *Gedanken über Goethe*. Von Victor Hehn. Second edition. Berlin: Bornträger, 1888.
6. *Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years*. By J. R. Seeley. London: Seeley and Co., 1894.
7. *New Studies in Literature*. By Edward Dowden. London: Kegan Paul, 1895.
8. *Essai sur Goethe*. Par Édouard Rod. Paris: Perrin, 1898.
9. *Goethe und die Romantik. Briefe mit Erläuterungen*. Herausgegeben von C. Schüddekopf und O. Walzel. Vol. I. Weimar: Verlag der Goethe-Gesellschaft, 1898.

NONE among the great writers of the world's literature has in his time been the object of a deeper reverence, a more passionate worship than Goethe; yet none, on the other hand, has been so often doubted, so often repudiated, even held up to scorn. His compatriots have lately celebrated, with much pomp and fervour, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth; but in the world outside Germany the occasion has passed comparatively unnoticed. It is, indeed, one of the peculiar characteristics of Goethe's genius that later generations seem continually to have felt the necessity of revising their judgments of it. We hardly find a similar attitude towards any other of the world's greatest men. Such poets as Dante and Shakespeare have, it is true, had their periods of depreciation or indifference, but that was because the critical theorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries refused to acknowledge that genius might be, in Schiller's phrase, 'naive' as well as 'sentimental.' Once, however, such an æsthetic principle was admitted, the hierarchy of literature established itself in accordance with it; for, it is, after all, theories rather than individual tastes which decide such matters. Some of us moderns may turn from Homer or Dante to other poets who appeal more to us personally, who have a more immediate message for us, but we do not think of questioning their greatness. With Goethe, however, it seems otherwise; theoretical objections to a high

estimate of his genius there are none, and yet, again and again throughout the century, thinking men have felt the necessity of putting to themselves the questions, 'Was Goethe really so great? Is he still great? And, if so, wherein consists his peculiar greatness?' A glance cast over the vast library of literature which, in the course of the last sixty years, has sprung up round Goethe's work and personality will show example after example of such re-estimations. Similarly, in the life of every individual who has once fallen under Goethe's spell there comes a day when he says to himself, 'Is Goethe really all to me that I have believed him to be, or am I taking his greatness on trust?'

Amongst ourselves, for instance, the late Sir John Seeley felt 'that the time is come to revise altogether the estimate of Goethe which we have received from the last generation,' and the volume of suggestive essays collected under the title 'Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years' may be taken as his own contribution to such a revision. Sir John Seeley made no claim to be a specialist in the subject: while his admiration for Goethe is great and frankly expressed, he regards Goethe as a philosopher rather than a poet, as the creator of a theory of life rather than as a supreme literary artist; but the book is a good example of the attitude of the cultured Englishman of our time towards Germany's greatest poet. To take another case, it is not very long since Professor Dowden alarmed the faithful by assuming the rôle of 'Devil's Advocate' against Goethe. His article, 'The Case against Goethe,' was another example of the questioning attitude of the present generation. Professor Dowden approached the subject from an unusual side; he hoped to stimulate a revision of current opinions by placing himself in the position of an adversary. 'Let us,' he said, 'promote the faith with the aggressive zeal of scepticism, and Goethe will acknowledge us as friends from whom he need not desire to be saved.'

The most notable attempt, however, at what might be called, in Nietzsche's phrase, an *Umwertung der Goethe'schen Werte*, is M. Édouard Rod's 'Essai sur Goethe.' M. Rod is a distinguished member of the little band of French cosmopolites who, in the pages of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' have fought so effectually against the intellectual exclusiveness of their nation; moreover, his years of academic apprenticeship in the University of Geneva brought him into more intimate touch with 'les littératures du Nord' than is usual among French critics. M. Rod's study of Goethe has evidently sprung from motives similar to those which prompted Sir John Seeley's

book: his object has been to bring order and clearness into his own convictions.

'It has seemed to us,' he says, 'that the moment has come when we must re-read the chief works of Goethe with the aid of the principal documents which elucidate them, re-read them in a spirit of criticism, that is to say, with as much freedom as possible from the judgments that have already been passed upon them. We must understand their significance for their author and for ourselves; we must estimate their importance for the literature which followed them. . . If the expression were not presumptuous, we should say that we propose to re-open the case of the great Goethe, without—need it be said?—imagining that our judgment will be final, but merely endeavouring to bring it into harmony with the spirit that inspires his works.'

To be frank, however, M. Rod's book, in spite of its promising programme, shows rather the limitations of the French mind with regard to the *esprit allemand* than the limitations of Goethe. Much that M. Rod here puts forward is not new; still more is merely beating the air. To begin with, M. Rod will find few to agree with his method of criticism when he applies to Goethe's work the *criteria* of modern realism. He dwells, for example, with disapproval upon the discrepancies between Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen' and the historical Goetz; he cavils at 'Werther' because it is not more autobiographical than it is; he dismisses 'Tasso' because it does not give a truthful picture of the real Tasso and the real Ferrara; in short, he reviews Goethe's masterpieces 'comme s'ils venaient de paraître hier.' Such a method is obviously just neither to Goethe nor to M. Rod's public. What would M. Rod himself say to a critic who ventured to discuss Corneille, or Chateaubriand, or even George Sand, in this spirit? Nor has he approached Goethe with that freedom from bias which is essential to all such revisions. 'Au cours de ces études,' he says, 'je me suis quelquefois irrité contre cet homme dont la supériorité eut tant de faiblesses.' This, in a word, seems to us the weak side of the book; behind its arguments there is too often a feeling of irritation.

Such examples indicate to some extent the attitude of foreign criticism towards Goethe at the present time, and they are corroborated by the comparative rarity with which Goethe is nowadays quoted or appealed to as an authority in France or England. Outside Germany, the world is plainly settling down to an opinion of the poet which is considerably more sober than that of the earlier decades of this century. Not only Carlyle and Lewes, but Matthew Arnold and Edmund Scherer

represent a standpoint with regard to Goethe which, for better or worse, we have left behind us. In other words, he seems for us already to have passed into the classical retirement of those poets and thinkers whose message has no longer any immediate bearing on modern life. In Germany, on the other hand, a directly opposite movement has set in within recent years. Not that the detractor is absent even there; indeed, by far the most formidable attack upon Goethe's fair name and position is contained in a German work—which M. Rod has evidently honoured with a close study—the 'Life' of Goethe by A. Baumgartner. This careful and genuinely original book, in which a member of the Society of Jesus takes the part of counsel for the prosecution, has not only beneficially stimulated the study of Goethe, but has appreciably freed German criticism of him from indiscriminate eulogy.

The present attitude of the Germans as a nation towards Goethe is an element in the evolution of the new Empire which no observant student can afford to overlook. At no time in the history of Germany, not even in the wild years of fermentation, when, with such lordly generosity, Goethe flung out masterpieces like 'Goetz' and 'Werther' into 'the seedfield of time,' has the poet been held in such high esteem by his people as he is to-day; at no time has he been hailed as their greatest literary genius with such accord as on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, the 28th of August last. This is a fact which demands a little closer attention; it is worth while to enquire what ground the Germans have for thus becoming, in the maturity of their political life, such enthusiastic 'Goetheaner.' Is it merely the vanity of a prosperous nation which seeks an intellectual leader and a spiritual head, and, in default of a Dante or a Shakespeare, has deified Goethe? Or, if other and more solid reasons exist, are they of a sufficiently cosmopolitan nature to justify us in confronting with them the indifference towards Goethe which other nations show?

This is one of the questions to the consideration of which we propose to devote the following pages. Without desiring to add one more to the attempts at re-estimating or rehabilitating Goethe, we shall be content if, in some degree, we can clear the way for such a rehabilitation, by showing what claim Goethe still has upon us. With the imposing celebrations which Frankfurt organised in honour of the anniversary fresh in our memory, we shall attempt to estimate what share Goethe has had in the intellectual life of the century that is now about to close.

A national literature may be studied under various aspects, and by various methods; but, rightly considered, it is some-

thing more than a collection of works of greater or less worth; it is also the continuous expression of a nation's artistic temperament, and its history is a process of organic evolution. From this evolutionary standpoint—which need not, as a recent French critic would have us believe, in any way condemn other points of view—certain features in literature, hitherto but little regarded, acquire a new importance. We are obliged to consider what might be called the dynamic element, the motive force, in a work of literature—to estimate a book or poem, not only *per se*, but also with regard to the influence it has exerted upon the literature of the next age. It is plain that under this aspect many a writer of the past appears in a new light. Richardson, for instance, is 'dynamically' a more important personage in European literature than Fielding, Rousseau than Voltaire, Herder than Lessing; the 'Sentimental Journey' is, from this point of view, a more important book than 'Tom Jones,' Lessing's 'Emilia Galotti' than his 'Minna von Barnhelm.' Even comparatively obscure writers, like the eighteenth-century dramatist Lillo, are found to assume quite imposing proportions when regarded as forces in the literary evolution of the generation which came after them. It is Goethe's dynamic influence upon the nineteenth century that we intend to keep principally in view in the present article.

In the course of his long life Goethe applied himself to such varied forms of activity, and passed through so many phases, that we are confronted with not one but many Goethes. There is the poet, the man of science, the critic; there is again one Goethe who wrote 'Werther,' another who wrote 'Tasso,' and yet another who wrote the 'Westfälische Divan' and the 'Wahlverwandtschaften.' No single definition could possibly be wide enough to embrace all these different personalities, and to reduce our conception of the man to that same unity which the name of Dante or Shakespeare calls up in our minds. Goethe began life in Frankfurt and Leipzig in the unadulterated eighteenth-century spirit of the Frederician Age; he even wrote a 'Schälerspiel,' and he turned out love songs and anacreontics as yet untainted by the 'Sturm und Drang,' which, a little later, swept across Germany from France. Goethe not only came into touch with the Leipzig of Gottsched, Gellert, and Lessing, but, in his earliest student days, actually lived heart and soul in it. The literary world which Frederic the Great, in his famous tract on German literature, held up to the pity of Europe, was also Goethe's. This is worth emphasising, for nothing brings more vividly before us the enormous span of

the poet's life than to recall that the same Goethe who stood face to face with Napoleon, the Goethe of the era of steam and modern science, the Goethe who lived through the July Revolution, began life before the Seven Years' War, and incurred Frederic the Great's displeasure for his '*imitation détestable de ces mauvaises pièces anglaises*,' '*Goetz von Berlichingen*.'

To every man of genius it is granted once and once only to be 'in the movement,' and to Goethe this crucial period came between 1770 and 1775. It was the great age of '*Deutschland emergierend*,' as Goethe himself called it. From the time when the young Strassburg law student, drinking inspiration at Herder's feet, burst into raptures over the Gothic spirituality of the Strassburg minister, eulogised Rousseau, and stood before Shakespeare 'like one born blind, on whom a miracle has in a single moment conferred the gift of sight'—from this time until the end of 1775, when he exchanged Frankfurt for Weimar—Goethe was the acknowledged leader of the '*Geniezeit*,' the most famous man of letters of his day. As the creator of '*Goetz von Berlichingen*,' '*Werther*,' '*Clavigo*,' and the dreamer of even loftier dreams, Goethe was the intellectual monarch of Germany, as it was never again in his lifetime given to him to be. Of this period our re-estimators have little that is favourable to say. M. Rod, judging '*Goetz*' and '*Werther*' as if they had just appeared, finds them sadly wanting; our English critics have busied themselves but little with them. Nor can it be denied that the creations of Goethe's '*Sturm und Drang*' are far away from us now; the mediæval bustle of '*Goetz*,' which in its day opened up to Scott a new world, is no longer to modern taste; Werther's '*Weltschmerz*' we have long outgrown, just as we have outgrown the similar phase in Byron's work. But when the worst about '*Werthers Leiden*' has been said, there remains in it a spaciousness, a freshness as when the earth was young, a Homeric simplicity, which can never altogether cease to please. There is upon this gentle sentimental hero something of the '*melancholy of eternity*,' which gives him a place he can never lose in the gallery of the imagination. '*Werthers Leiden*' has still, in our opinion, the power to fascinate, when its model, '*La Nouvelle Héloïse*,' and many a more famous novel of the eighteenth century, have long ago passed into the limbo of unread classics. '*Prometheus*,' the most soaring creation of Goethe's imagination in these years, can also still touch a sympathetic chord; in some respects, indeed, we are more in sympathy with this '*heilig glühend*

Hertz' than were the readers of a hundred years ago. And how modern, too, can be Clavigo's mentor, Don Carlos! There is many a passage in 'Clavigo,' in glorification of the 'Ueberschensch,' which might have come from the pen of some youthful disciple of Nietzsche. Yet, these are, after all, only the prophetic glimpses which are the proofs of genius. In general it may be said that what is left us of Goethe's 'Sturm und Drang' is little more than the impression of a magnificent youth; the dynamic force of the works he wrote in this period, enormous as that force was in its day, was spent before the nineteenth century began. No one knew this better than Goethe himself; he rapidly outgrew his youth, and, after a brief but epoch-making reign in German literature, voluntarily withdrew into the comparative obscurity of Weimar. In all his long life it was never again given to him to occupy the position which he held in these few years at Frankfurt.

Nevertheless, it was in the next period of Goethe's life, the period that extended from his arrival in Weimar, at the close of 1775, to the culmination of his friendship with Schiller—that is to say, roughly speaking, the last quarter of the century—that Goethe reached the zenith of his poetic career. During these years he produced all his poetic masterpieces; in them he fulfilled his 'poetische Sendung.' Opinions differ, and will differ always, as to which work of Goethe's is his most perfect creation. That his most universal work is 'Faust' all are agreed; but 'Faust' is no artistic whole in the same sense as either 'Iphigenie' or 'Hermann und Dorothea.' Both 'Iphigenie' and 'Hermann' were written in these years; so, too, was 'Tasso'; and we are apt to forget that to this period belong also the most perfect of the lyrics. Even 'Faust'—not the youthful 'Urf Faust' of the 'Geniezeit,' the discovery of which is the last great triumph of 'Goethe-Forschung,' but the 'Faust' that stands out as the greatest poem of modern Europe—was, for the most part, written in this period of maturity. Lastly, Goethe's weightiest prose work, 'Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre,' began to appear in 1794. These works, one and all, were too far in advance of their age to find the immediate and enthusiastic acclamation which 'Goetz' and 'Werther' had enjoyed in their day; there was now no question of Goethe leading his age, unless the word leader can be taken in the sense of pioneer. But there was another and no less important mission which, especially in the period of his friendship with Schiller, he fulfilled towards his time; he 'stood up like a giant before the flying froth of the century, and hurled behind him the excited fools and evil rascals who would share in his

righteous work, exaggerating it 'and deifying it.' In these words, which the late Conrad F. Meyer in one of his classic stories applied, if we remember rightly, to Luther, lies the justification of the famous 'Xenienkampf.'

'In Rome,' said Goethe, 'I first found myself; I first became in harmony with myself, happy and rational.' Goethe's life reached its culminating point in Italy; he seemed here to attain a height from which it was possible not only to look backwards over the path which he had already traversed, but even forwards into the Promised Land of the future. At the same time it is important to observe that the classic Goethe had not broken so completely with his youth as he himself believed. He was no longer, it is true, a poet of the 'Sturm und Drang,' but he was still in the fullest sense of the word a poet of the eighteenth century. When Goethe—

'Das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend'—

rediscovered the antique, he was only doing what Winckelmann had done before him, and Thorwaldsen was to do after him. From Winckelmann to Goethe the transition is simple and direct; in other words, Goethe's classic period, although such a contrast to his preceding period, was no break with the past, but was rather another tie which bound him to the century behind him. When he returned to Weimar he looked down with misgiving on the Heinsses and Schillers who were in the 'Sturm und Drang' below him, but he did not realise that his own ascent from 'Goetz' to 'Iphigenie' had been, if we may use the figure, by means of a spiral staircase; he was only a little higher; he had never left the direct line of eighteenth-century evolution. 'Sturm und Drang' was, in fact, merely a disease to which genius was more liable in this age than at any other period of intense literary activity; it was no intellectual revolution such as that inaugurated a few years later by Kant, a revolution which swept away the whole fabric of philosophic speculation built up by the two previous centuries. When the 'Sturm und Drang' subsided, the eighteenth century was still there, only older and spher. As a literary movement it may have brought about a breach with the sordid utilitarianism of the *Aufklärung*, but it did not shake the fundamental ideas which were common both to the *Aufklärung* and to the classic humanism which took its place. To Schiller, for example, Art remained what it had been to Diderot and Lessing, an essentially moral force; and in 'Wilhelm Meister' Goethe put the crown to the moralistic novel.

The culminating Goethe, then, is this Goethe of the age of

classicism. In him the humanitarian ideals and cosmopolitan dreams of the great century of 'growing enlightenment,' as Kant called it, touched as high a point as it was possible for it to touch. It was thus no national vanity on Hettner's part which led him, in his *'Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts,'* to see in Germany the bearer of the last and most important voice in the fugue of the century—the fugue whose first notes had been sounded in England—and to set up Goethe as the goal towards which the whole century unconsciously moved. Beyond question this is the greatest Goethe, but he is the Goethe of the past. We must seek elsewhere for an explanation of the enthusiasm for Goethe which has taken possession of the German people within the last few years.

A little over a hundred years ago, while Goethe and Schiller were closely knit in friendship, there was born another distinct intellectual movement, a movement which was to be of greater import for the nineteenth century than the 'Sturm und Drang' had been for the latter part of the eighteenth. The year 1798 is one of the landmarks in the history of modern literature; it was the birth-year of the Romantic School. Romanticism—by which, however, we do not mean that vague antithesis to classicism which the word has come to imply in English, but the more narrowly defined Continental movement—romanticism is the chief motive force at the bottom of nineteenth-century thought and literature. It was this movement which made Germany an intellectual power at the beginning of the century; it was on the wings of romantic idealism that every literature in Europe—Teutonic, Romance, Slavonic—learned to soar. In England this Continental romanticism called forth little immediate response, for, at that time, we had an equivalent for romanticism, that movement at the head of which were Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, a movement more akin to the Continental 'Sturm und Drang,' and, like the latter, rather literary than national. At a slightly later date, however, the Continental romantic movement did reach us, and in Carlyle gave us the greatest moral force that has been known in England during the last hundred years. But romanticism has had another and no less important mission to fulfil for our age; it has been the safeguard of its idealism. Materialistic as the eighteenth century was, it suffered from no such temptations to renounce the ideal side of life and art and poetry as does this century of steam, electricity, and the exact sciences; and if there is still room in European literatures for imagination and idealism, it is in great measure due to the saving grace of romanticism. There was romanticism

enough in Balzac and Flaubert to prevent the so-called 'realistic' novel forgetting in its later developments its ideal aims; there was romanticism in our English Pre-Raphaelites and in the literary spirit that followed in their wake; there has been romanticism enough in Wagner, in Grillparzer, in Ibsen, to prevent the European drama degenerating entirely into the didactic grooves of *Dumas fils*. But the workings of the romantic spirit do not stop even here. In a new and at first almost deceptive disguise, this spirit has risen again in revolt against the levelling tendencies of modern life and thought, against science and realism, against democracy and socialism, and in a line of influential thinkers, from Kierkegaard in Denmark, the first great apostle of modern individualism, to Friedrich Nietzsche, it has given the most characteristic trend to the intellectual movement of our time. If the eighteenth century was the century of enlightenment, the nineteenth has been assuredly the century of romanticism.

It is obviously of the first importance to discover how Goethe regarded the new romantic spirit; here, if anywhere, we should find the key to his modernity. Before, however, discussing his relations to the Romantic School, let us look again for a moment at a work of his which we have already alluded to as a moralising novel of an old-fashioned type, 'Wilhelm Meister.' M. Rod in his 'Essai sur Goethe' avoids 'Wilhelm Meister,' but both Sir John Seeley and Professor Dowden devote careful and penetrating studies to it. Like the author himself, 'Wilhelm Meister' is something of an enigma; of all Goethe's works none has been so lavishly praised, none so often held up to ridicule. The one extreme we find in Friedrich Schlegel's dogmatic assertion that 'the French Revolution, Fichte's "Wissenschaftslehre," and Goethe's "Meister" were the greatest tendencies of the age'; the other in De Quincey's flippant review of Carlyle's translation. Even Carlyle's own tribulations, as he toiled over this work, are worth calling to mind: 'There is poetry in the book, and prose, prose for ever. . . . Goethe is the greatest genius that has lived for a century, and the greatest ass that has lived for three.*' Such divergences of opinion may only imply that the book had some new and startling message; in any case, this magnetic power of attracting and repelling is an additional reason for giving 'Wilhelm Meister' careful attention.

From a strictly historical point of view, the position of 'Wilhelm Meister' in the fiction of its century is not hard to

* 'Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle,' ii, pp. 22, 224.

define. The modern novel had, as is well known, begun with that most revolutionary of English men of letters, Richardson. Richardson was the father, not only of the English novel, but of the European novel; and in Germany the intermediate steps between Richardson and Goethe are marked by works like Gellert's crude 'Life of the Swedish Countess von G*' and Wieland's 'Agathon,' the latter a book which Lessing recommended as the only novel of its time for the thinking man. The German family novel, under the influence of Rousseau, rapidly developed into the 'Kulturroman,' or the novel of education. Such was 'Agathon'; such too was, at bottom, 'Wilhelm Meister.' The subject of Goethe's romance is the education of a human soul; it is the history of a youth who, 'like Saul, the son of Kish, went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom,' Meister's asses being the art of the theatre, his kingdom the art of life. The scenery of 'Wilhelm Meister,' its personages, and its technique generally—however well drawn or ingeniously conceived—are all essentially of the eighteenth century. Even its morals, which still form a stumbling block for certain readers, are of the eighteenth century rather than the nineteenth. If we are not prepared to accept this side of the romance with a historical sense of appreciation, we shall assuredly throw the book aside with as little understanding or sympathy as did De Quincey or Wordsworth.

But there is another side to 'Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre.' It became the starting point for the modern German novel. It influenced, in a way to which English and French fiction can afford no parallel, the entire later development of imaginative prose in Germany. There must thus be something germinative, something modern, in 'Wilhelm Meister,' something, in other words, of the nineteenth century. And for this we have not far to seek. The secret of 'Wilhelm Meister's' modernity is its 'holy earnestness'; it might bear as its motto the words, 'Gedenke an Jehon' ('I think to my'), or the song of the youths over Wagner's door, 'Travel travel! back and forth! Take with you this holy earnestness, the earnestness alone makes life serious.' In this romance Goethe paints the depths of human life and lays bare the springs of human conduct in a manner never before attempted in a work of fiction. Or, to put it in another way, we find in 'Wilhelm Meister' that same understanding of the functions of literature and art, in its relation to human life, which a few years later gave birth to the extraordinary essay in the substance of romanticism. The educational novel of the past, from which 'Meister' had sprung, and like lightly,

or, at least, superficially; it did not penetrate much beneath the surface, and, so far as the hero's development was concerned, it busied itself solely with his talents. 'Wilhelm Meister' goes further and deeper; it preaches, as the true end of life, the education of character and the development of the genius that lies dormant in every one. 'Know what thou canst work at!' was the practical solution of the problem of life which Carlyle drew from its pages; and Sir John Seeley enlarges admirably upon the same idea:

'The lesson of the book,' he says, 'is that we should give unity to our lives by devoting them with hearty enthusiasm to some pursuit, and that the pursuit is assigned to us by Nature through the capacities she has given us. It is thus that Goethe substitutes for the idea of pleasure that of the satisfaction of special inborn aptitudes different in each individual. His system treats every man as a genius, for it regards every man as having his own unique individuality, for which it claims the same sort of tender consideration that is conceded to genius.'

'Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre' again is largely a novel about art, the art of the theatre; but it was by no means the first art novel. In French eighteenth-century fiction the theatre plays a considerable rôle, and in Germany both Heinse and Moritz had written art novels before Goethe. But here again it is the earnest spirit of 'Wilhelm Meister' which divides it sharply from its predecessors. To the eighteenth century—even to Goethe's 'Werther'—art was mainly an ornament to life, something with which to pass idle hours; or, if that generation did take art seriously, it regarded it as strictly subordinate to moral aims. In Goethe's novel there shines for the first time, bright and clear, one of the guiding principles of romanticism—the canon that art is holy, that instead of being subsidiary to life it must become one with life. Thus Gautier's *L'art pour l'art* goes back, if not directly, at least in spirit, to 'Wilhelm Meister.' Hence, too, the sarcasm with which throughout the novel Goethe treats those great levellers in art and literature with whom romanticism has always lived in enmity, the dilettante and the amateur. In one of those penetrating criticisms which form the most precious part of his correspondence with Goethe, Schiller has summed up the novel in a sentence. 'Wilhelm,' he said, 'passes from a void and undefined ideal to a definite active life, but without losing in the process his idealising faculty.' This is the whole romantic philosophy of life in a nutshell. As a solution to a problem which became more and more pressing as the eighteenth century advanced, namely, the reconciliation of the real with

the ideal, Goethe's 'Meister'—this 'Odyssey of culture,' as Heitner finely calls it—represents a culminating point in the movement of that century; but the fact that Goethe has effected this reconciliation by a blending, a fusion, of the real and the ideal, makes 'Wilhelm Meister' a romantic novel, a novel of the nineteenth century. We may consequently say that in this novel, as in no other of his works, Goethe stands on the boundary line between two epochs.

The relation in which Goethe stood to the Romantic School has never received adequate treatment from his biographers; it forms now almost the only large chapter in Goethe's life which has still to be written. Every one who has hitherto approached the subject has apparently felt a difficulty in reconciling Goethe, the friend of Schiller, with Goethe, the friend of a group of writers who stood in direct antagonism to Schiller. In most cases this difficulty has been solved as Goethe himself solved it when, late in life, he published his 'Correspondence with Schiller,' namely, by bringing his friendship with the latter into prominence at the expense of that with the members of the Romantic School. The Goethe Society in Weimar has, however, recently issued a volume of Goethe's correspondence with the Romanticists which helps to correct this false impression. These letters show, in fact, that Goethe's friendship with these men was by no means, as Schiller thought, merely a literary affair; in the case of the Schlegels and Schelling, at least, it was a hearty personal intimacy. Goethe had no better public—and he knew it—than these high-souled young enthusiasts who, in the last years of the eighteenth century, bound themselves together as the Romantic School. Caroline Schlegel loved and understood Goethe as no one else, certainly as no other woman, of her time. Wilhelm Schlegel's reviews in the 'Göttinger gelehrte Anzeigen,' in the early nineties, were the beginning of a true appreciation of the works of Goethe's ripe period; and Friedrich Schlegel showed a finer understanding for the growth of Goethe's mind than any other man of his generation. We do not, of course, wish to imply that these writers took a place in Goethe's affections similar in any respect to that which Schiller at this time held, nor they had unique consider an understanding for a side of Goethe's genius which was not imperfectly revealed to Schiller. We may say, even the late Victor Stern, to his regret, it occasionally omitted volume of essays on Goethe, that not a single the appearance of the Romanticists was Goethe raised from the position which he had hitherto occupied to the high pinnacle, overlooking and towering above everything, which

was his due.' A glance into the writings of the Romanticists at this time shows an unconditional admiration of Goethe on the part of these young critics. 'Goethe's poetry,' according to Friedrich Schlegel, was 'the dawn of true art and pure beauty'. 'Goethe,' said Novalis, 'is now the true Stadtholder of the poetic spirit upon earth'; and Wilhelm Schlegel, in his Berlin lectures, in the first years of the century, repeats again and again the refrain that Goethe is the founder of a new poetic dynasty in Germany.

Thus it might be said that for at least eight years, namely, from 1796 to 1804, Goethe was the head of the Romantic School. For these young critics, poets, and philosophers, his works were an inexhaustible mine; they not only imitated Goethe, but sought and found in his writings proofs to justify all their theories. 'Wilhelm Meister' became the foundation stone of the romantic novel; indeed, it would be hard to say what kind of novels the Romanticists would have produced had Goethe's romance never been written. Even if they had not found its fundamental ideas so completely in harmony with their own, the wealth of poetry in 'Wilhelm Meister,' figures like Mignon and the Harper, the yearning for the 'Land wo die Citronen blüh'n,' would of necessity have struck sympathetic chords in the hearts of this new generation, which laid such store by the supremacy of 'fantasy' in poetry, and drew such hard and fast lines between the genuinely poetic and the merely rhetorical. Still dearer to the Romanticists was Goethe's lyric poetry, for in it they found realised that union of the soul with nature which they themselves strove after. Verses like 'An den Mond,' or 'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'' are, in the expression of this oneness of nature and spirit, more genuinely romantic than the whole romantic lyric from Novalis to Eichendorff and Heine.

Ultimately, however, a point was reached beyond which Goethe could not follow the Romantic School. He was too much a child of his century to give his approval to the extravagances to which it soon gave birth. When, for instance, the Romanticists set up the Middle Ages as something higher and more spiritual than the ancient world; when they depreciated Protestantism, with its active personal ideals, in favour of Catholicism; when they worshipped Calderon as the greatest of poets, Goethe felt that the parting of the ways had come. His reply to these tendencies was 'Winckelmann and his Time,' which appeared in the year of Schiller's death. In the same year a coolness sprang up between Goethe and the Schlegels, which a little later turned to bitterness, and for the remainder of

his life Goethe was manifestly unjust towards them. In 1829 he made the significant remark to Eckermann: 'Das Klassische nennt ich eine Gesunde, und das Romantische das Kranke' ('Classicism I call health, and Romanticism sickness'). To Goethe's clear and sane mind, Romanticism had become 'sickly,' and he was not altogether wrong; but it is also worth while to remember that the history of modern art has more to tell of the quickening influence of the Schlegels' aesthetic theories, however extravagant they are, than of the belated Classicism which Goethe set forth in his art review, 'Die Propädeu.' There was, however, one Romanticist with whom he stood on terms of close intimacy until the very close of his life, and that was the philosopher Schelling. Of all the friends of Goethe's later years, none has a better claim to be regarded as Schiller's successor in his affections than Schelling. The strong Spinozistic trend in Goethe's mind, a trend due to the influence which Dr H. Jacobi had had upon him in early days, made him particularly receptive to the romantic Nature-Philosophy, and thus Schelling's ideas at once found a sympathetic hearing. Indeed, none of the Romanticists has left a deeper influence on Goethe's writings and whole method of thought than he. This is especially noticeable in Goethe's later scientific work; and we need hardly point out that in his scientific work as a whole, it is the romantic rather than the classic Goethe who triumphs. Goethe's method as a man of science was organic, psychophysical, poetic: anything rather than precise and mathematical. Here lay the source of its strength as well as of its weakness: on the one hand, it enabled Goethe to establish his theories of plant metamorphoses and to discover the inter-connections between man and nature; but on the other hand, it was also responsible for his conservative theory of colours.

We cannot do more justice to this interesting field of investigation which has been opened up by the publication of this book on metaphysics in Goethe than the Romantics, but we have perhaps now enough to indicate how much important work he owes to a more understanding of Goethe's position in the romantic movement. Here, if anywhere, we can see the power of his influence as to how far Goethe was viewed as a champion of the old as against the new, and how far, for his own part, he was a champion of the new. But the Goethe who has a better understanding of the influence upon the nineteenth century, is the Goethe who is a champion of the new as against the old, is the Goethe who is a champion of the new as against the old.

It is this Goethe who is a champion of the new as against the old.

which the post-romantic era took up towards him. After Romanticism, came the age which is associated in literary history with 'Young Germany,' an age of ascendant Hegelianism, of Jewish cosmopolitanism, of political aspiration; an age in which poetry, it is true, eschewed romantic extravagance, but, having nothing to offer in its place, became unimaginative and insipid. In this period, if Goethe was not held in direct contempt, he was at least tacitly removed from the pedestal on which the Romanticists had placed him; and this notwithstanding the fact that he was no enemy of Hegelianism, and was the best friend of cosmopolitanism. Börne and Menzel expressed their dislike of Goethe openly; Gervinus cloaked it in a critical indifference. Nor did it at first appear as if the succeeding period would be more favourable to him. After 'Young Germany' had had its day, came the pessimistic era in German thought and literature. Hegelianism still lay heavy upon the universities; but the new generation of poets and artists sought its inspiration, not in Hegel, but in Schopenhauer. This was again one of those times which, in Goethe's phrase, might be described as 'Germany emerging'; it was the epoch that began with the romantic Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia and closed with the production of the 'Nibelung's Ring' at Bayreuth in 1876. In this period of pessimism, so far as it was merely pessimistic, there was naturally little room for Goethe's optimistic spirit; but it was not long before the romantic element which was inherent in Schopenhauer's pessimism discovered a certain elective affinity in Goethe. From this time forward, German criticism began to treat him with more sympathy and respect. Another cause which, in its way, contributed towards bringing Goethe into greater prominence, was the change which came over the German people with regard to their erstwhile national poet, Schiller. Schiller was no poet for a pessimistic age; in a purely romantic period his eighteenth-century spirit might possibly have been overlooked in the glow and splendour of his pictures, and the rhetorical swing of his language, but he was no food for men who had tasted the bitter-sweet of pessimism. The Schiller Centenary in 1859 had hardly been celebrated when Germany seemed with one accord to realise that Schiller was no writer for the nineteenth century—that he was, to quote again from Victor Hehn's volume, 'only a Klopstock, three times or even a hundred times magnified.' The Austrian Grillparzer, who combined with a dramatic genius hardly inferior to Schiller's an essentially modern and pessimistic *Weltanschauung*, might have taken Schiller's place in the hearts of his countrymen;

but in those days Grillparzer was still practically unknown in North Germany. Consequently, from Schiller the younger generation turned directly to Goethe.

It might be said that in these years the German people were, with regard to their classical literature, in the position of a traveller journeying round a group of high mountains. One peak after another seems to him to rise above the rest, and it is only by degrees that it becomes clear to him which is really the highest. The middle of the century was well past before Germany fully comprehended that Goethe was the greatest poet its literature had known. Even Goethe's optimism soon ceased to be a serious stumbling-block. To those who have left their mark upon the literature of that time pessimism was, after all, but a *pis aller*; it offered a more or less satisfactory solution to the problem of life in a disheartening age. For such minds Goethe, the Olympian Goethe, who had risen to tranquil greatness, had a strong fascination. He may have been an optimist, but his optimism at times merged into fatalism. Goethe thoroughly believed in the 'divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will'; in his long life the word 'entsagen' had played some part, but 'abwarten' a still greater, and it might even be said, at the risk of seeming paradoxical, that his whole life-history had been a steady progress upwards towards a spiritual Nirvana, not of oblivion, but of unenvious rest and peace.

Since the war of 1870 the appreciation of Goethe has again entered upon a new stage; indeed, it was almost a matter of course that Goethe's memory should have shared in the general re-awakening of Germany in the last twenty-five years. The period of 'Goethe-Forschung' began, and the Goethe Society was founded. The exact study of Goethe's works by the light of philological criticism and philological methods was in itself no evil thing; but there was the obvious danger that the application of these methods to a modern poet would degenerate into futile hair-splitting. Although it cannot be said that the German Goethe specialists have kept themselves free from this reproach, they have at least given us a monument of their industry which will always be their best justification, namely, the great definitive edition of Goethe's works which is at present being produced under the auspices of the court of Weimar. When this magnificent series of volumes is completed—and the end is still some years distant—Goethe will possess a memorial such as no other modern poet can boast of. In the meantime, he was not long left entirely to the philologists. A new literary generation was knocking at the door, and, with

the enthusiasm of youth, claiming Goethe as its own; to this generation it has been given to reinstate him as the intellectual head of his people. To sketch the rise of this epoch—this rebirth of the old Romanticism under the guise of individualism

lies beyond the province of the present article. We would only point out that the new ideas filtered into Germany with the literature which had sprung up in Scandinavia from the ashes of Hegelianism, and that these ideas met on German soil with another and stronger current, the current of literary naturalism that had set in a little earlier from France. These currents united to form the basis on which the latest literary revival in Germany has arisen. The veteran novelist, Friedrich Spielhagen, was, we think, the first to compare the literature of the last ten years in Germany with the 'Sturm und Drang' of the eighteenth century; but the leaders of the revival had already felt, if not expressed, this affinity, and it created at once a bond of sympathy between them and Goethe. The young Goethe, the Goethe of 'Goetz' and 'Werther,' became the patron saint of the new literary movement. The 'ewige Wiederkehr,' to use Nietzsche's expression, had brought round again another of these periods of fermentation and convulsion in which the German spirit seems to renew its youth.

As the turbulence gradually subsided, other points of sympathy and congeniality with Goethe were discovered besides those of his youth. Now, at last, in the philosophy of self-assertion, in the insistence on the rights of the individual to the fullest development of which he is capable—this philosophy of which Nietzsche became the spokesman—Goethe's optimism and individualism received full and jubilant recognition. To Nietzsche himself Goethe was 'this veritably great man, for whose sake one is bound to love Germany.' Above all, it was Goethe's magnificent personality, his egotism, his ideals of self-culture, his dreams of a world-literature, which appealed most strongly to modern Germany. It would be difficult to over-estimate the boon which Goethe has been to the present generation of German writers and artists; he has been a kind of guiding star to them in their often blind enough gropings after a philosophic and artistic creed: an ever-present example of the higher intellectual life. No century can show so many examples as ours of men of genius to whom are applicable the words in which Goethe summed up the character of one of the most promising of his predecessors—Christian Günther: 'He never contrived to tame himself, and so his life ran to waste, like his poetry.' Goethe, by his wise self-control, by his 'Lebens ernstes Führen,' escaped this fate, and his life stands

It would seem, further, as if the literary revival of the last ten years had in turn reacted upon the study of Goethe, as if it were helping the latter to throw off the stigma of pedantic triviality which has lain upon it so long. The purely philological study of Goethe's works has exhausted itself, giving place to a personal study of the poet himself. The whole method of approaching Goethe seems, under the influence of Taine and Brandes, to have undergone a change. German literary criticism now takes a wider sweep, and no longer closes its eyes to the fact that genuine penetration more than compensates for the exhaustive accuracy which used to be its end and aim. For years Germany was content to remark with complacent acquiescence that the best biography of her greatest poet had been written by an Englishman; now there are at least two excellent short biographies by German writers, which are worthy to take the place so long monopolised in Germany by Lewes's work.

It is, indeed, an altogether new spirit of criticism that breathes through books like Dr. R. M. Meyer's and Dr. A. Bielschowsky's biographies of Goethe. Both are in the best sense scholarly books, and yet, at the same time, they are free from that heaviness which is generally associated with scholarly work in Germany; they are attractively and even artistically written. It is difficult to decide which of them deserves the palm as the best 'Life' of Goethe of moderate size that has yet appeared; on the whole, we incline to Dr. Bielschowsky's, of which, however, the concluding volume has still to appear. This is a hearty, sympathetic book, full of consideration for the reader who wishes to be led by the hand, and to be taught to love and understand Goethe; as a popular biography it is the better of the two. Dr. Meyer, on the other hand, is a more brilliant writer; his criticism is fresh, vital, and modern. We may not always be in agreement with it, but it is always stimulating. An objection to the work as a whole is the tendency—pardonable, perhaps, in a small book which aims at being more than a *résumé* of larger works to assume a familiarity in the reader with the more obvious facts and the current opinions of Goethe's life and work, and to turn with preference to aspects of the subject which appeal particularly to the critic himself. The fact that Dr. Meyer's work contributes something fresh to the stock of ideas about Goethe naturally gives it a claim to originality which small books do not often enjoy; and if it be objected that his method is apt to lead to the neglect of essentials, it may be answered that the study of Goethe has advanced in Germany to such a point that

considerable knowledge may be assumed to exist among all who pretend to any degree of culture.

If such, then, is the position which Goethe at present occupies in the estimation of his own nation, he might still have some meaning for us also. The day of Carlyle's 'Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe!' is, of course, long past: we cannot go back to it. But it was not without its advantages that we first learned to see Goethe through Carlyle's romantic spectacles. As a matter of fact, the Goethe who has influenced English thought, the Goethe whom we still know best in England, is less the whole, universal Goethe, the calm optimist, the 'old Heathen,' than Carlyle's romantic hero. To Carlyle Goethe was in all essentials a romantic writer, a thinker and poet inspired with the doctrines of Fichte, a moralist to whom 'Everlasting Noes,' renunciations, higher duties, had been as vital matters as they were to Carlyle himself. But, as with all the romantic critics, Carlyle's reverential appreciation of Goethe brought him closer to the real man than the cooler estimates of a more objective critic like Lewes. The true glimpses into Goethe's character and genius, which are to be found throughout Carlyle's essays on Goethe, more than make up for his sins of exaggeration and omission. To Carlyle, however, it is impossible to go back. We must turn to Goethe himself, and the key to his work is his life. Much of his poetry may in itself seem dull or old-fashioned to us nowadays, much may be without inherent charm; but few are able to escape the spell of that wonderful, many-coloured life, without question the most wonderful in the annals of literary men. To appreciate fully Goethe the poet, we must first study Goethe the man. As he himself once said to Eckermann, he is no poet for the mass; his works are written for individual men 'who have set up similar aims before them and are making their way along similar paths'; to study him may not make us better citizens or better patriots, but it will give us, to use an expression of his own, 'a certain inward freedom'; and, after all, 'inward freedom' is one of the most precious things that can be communicated by one mind to another.

- ART. IV.—1. *Ocean Steamships*. By various writers. London : John Murray, 1892.
2. *The Atlantic Ferry*. By A. J. Maginnis. London : Whitaker and Co., 1892.
3. *The Cunard Company's Jubilee, 1890*. Liverpool : The Cunard Company.
4. *Orient Line Guide*. Edited by W. J. Lofie. Fifth edition. London : Sampson Low, 1896.
5. *The Guide to South Africa*. Edited annually by A. S. Brown and G. G. Brown for the Castle Mail Packet Company. London : Sampson Low, 1899-1900.
6. *The 'Shipping World' Year Book*. Edited by E. R. Jones. London : 1899.
7. *Our Naval Reserve*. By J. Rhodes. Liverpool : Liverpool Printing and Stationery Company, 1892.
8. *The Launch of the Oceanic*. Liverpool : White Star Company, 1899.
- And other works.

AMONG the mechanical developments of this century, there is none of which Great Britain has more reason to be proud than that of her great steamships. The superiority of this country to the rest of the world in steam-tonnage is even more remarkable than her commercial greatness; the importance of this superiority in time of war, and the comparative ease with which it enables us to move large bodies of troops to distant points, has been strikingly demonstrated within the last few months; and yet this enormous advance is of very recent origin. The commencement of the story—a story as interesting as that of railway development, though less generally known—dates from the early part of the nineteenth century; but the real growth began in the forties and fifties, and is therefore well within the memory of many elderly people living to day.

The history of this growth is narrated, in piecemeal fashion, in various works, some of which we have mentioned at the head of this article. Two of these are well known. 'The Atlantic Ferry,'—a third edition of which is in the press—is written by a gentleman who is intimately associated with the practice of marine engineering. 'Ocean Steamships' is an interesting collection of articles written by old salts and specialists. In the preparation of this article we are also glad to acknowledge the valuable aid which has been afforded by the courtesy of the numerous steamship companies at home and abroad. Our difficulty has been how to deal with the voluminous material

placed at our disposal. In so vast a subject, many interesting facts have had to be omitted, and a scanty treatment of others has been rendered unavoidable.

The number of steamships of 100 tons and upwards in the world to-day exceeds that of sailing craft of similar size. Taking the figures of 1898, we find that the steamers number 14,701, with an aggregate gross tonnage of 19,511,292. One half this aggregate is owned in the United Kingdom and the Colonies; the steamers owned in the United Kingdom number 6,783, with a tonnage of 10,547,355.

The discomforts which formerly surrounded those who went down to the sea in ships are almost wholly absent from the modern liner. The cuisine and the furniture of these vessels are equal to those of the very best hotels. Passengers are safer in a liner than in the streets of London. A big liner, worth perhaps nearly a million of money, will carry as many passengers as the population of many an English village. The new *Oceanic* has accommodation for over two thousand persons, divided into 350 saloon passengers, 275 second-class, 1,000 steerage, and a crew of 450. The liners cross the ocean with nearly the regularity of fast trains, travelling at speeds equal to about half the average of that of long-distance expresses. They are as safe as forethought, scientific skill, and lavish expenditure can make them; they are marvels of construction, navigation, and equipment, and are practically unsinkable. There are in truth few points in common between the steamships of the present and the sailing-craft of the past. The *Campania* and the *Lucania*, the *Oceanic*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, and their compeers mark the limit of the present stage of ocean passenger service. No very important advance has been made during the last half-dozen years. Larger liners may yet be built, but it is open to question whether any materially higher speeds will be economically obtained by the present methods of propulsion. Since, therefore, the last decade of the nineteenth century marks the limit of a great wave of progress in ocean navigation, the subject may be deemed one suitable for review.

The idea of ocean steam navigation, like many other modern developments of engineering enterprise, occupied the minds of men many years before it became commercially practicable. River steamers ploughed the Clyde, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence, and coasting steamers plied in the Old and the New World, long before any ventured to cross the Atlantic. The first steam vessel which achieved this memorable feat was the *Savannah*, which was dispatched in 1819 from Savannah to

Liverpool, and made the voyage in twenty-five days. In 1825 the *Enterprise*, a little steamship of only 122 feet in length, made the voyage from Calcutta to London in one hundred and thirteen days, ten of which were spent in stoppages. In 1833, fourteen years after the *Savannah's* voyage, a second vessel, the *Royal William*, crossed the Atlantic, this time from Quebec to London, in about forty days. Not until 1838 did the first passenger steamer make an outward trip from Liverpool to New York. She was followed in the same year by the *Liverpool*, which made several passages, averaging seventeen days out and fifteen home. As these vessels were owned in America, the honour of demonstrating the practicability of Atlantic steam navigation lies with the United States. The first English-owned steamer that crossed the Atlantic was the *Sirius*, of 703 tons, which left Queenstown on April 5th, 1838, for New York, arriving there eighteen and a half days later. The famous *Great Western* left Bristol on the 8th of the same month, and reached New York on April 23rd, a few hours after the *Sirius*, having occupied but thirteen and a half days in the passage.

The achievements of these vessels demonstrated beyond doubt the practicability of ocean steam navigation. Their performances excited quite as much interest and wonder then as do the feats of the latest liners of to-day. Yet in the same year 1838—in which these steamships were on the point of commencing their careers, Dr. Lardner was demonstrating at the Royal Institution at Liverpool that, 'as to the project which was announced in the newspapers of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it was, he had no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York to the moon.'

Even after the practicability of ocean navigation had been demonstrated, its commercial success was not assured. The clipper ships were to the pioneer steamships what the stage-coaches had been to the early railways. The speed of these clippers was very great. One of them, the *Great Republic*, an American four masted of 3400 tons, once covered the distance between New York and the Scilly Islands in thirteen days. Some few of the sailing clippers actually raced the early steam vessels, leaving port with, and arriving before them. In 1846 a sailing clipper—the *Tornado*, of the *Niagara* line—arrived in New York before a *Cunard* steamer, which had started with her, arrived in Boston. The permanence of an excellent tradition in the art of ship-building may perhaps partly explain the victories of American yachts in the competition for the international cup. But though the fast sailing ships strove thus to hold

their own against their unpopular rivals, the contest was unequal; for while the clippers embodied the last and highest efforts of the shipwright, the steamships—their contemporaries—were but the crude first-fruits of the labours of the marine engineer.

The greatest public interest has always followed the development of the Atlantic liners. Competition on this crowded highway has been keener than on the less frequented routes, and the ships that travel over it have naturally led the van of progress. There are no steamships in the world so huge as those which cross the Atlantic ferry, no engines so powerful, no floating populations so vast. These vessels are the Tritons of the sea, and the history of their growth is typical of that of the great ocean liners all the world over. We propose therefore first to epitomise the story of the Atlantic service.

The commercial success of this service was mainly due to the late Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had long cherished a dream of making ocean travel as regular as that by rail. Mr. Cunard was a Quaker, residing in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and had indulged this idea for some years before the date when the voyages of the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*, though commercially unsuccessful, had demonstrated the possibility of ocean steam navigation. When in 1839 the Admiralty, which at that period arranged for the carriage of mails, issued circulars inviting tenders for a steamship mail service, Mr. Cunard, who had already acquired considerable experience in working the mail service between Boston, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, determined to undertake the job. By the influence of Mr. Burns, a shipping merchant, and others in Glasgow and Liverpool, a capital of £70,000. was subscribed, and a seven years' contract with the Admiralty secured, stipulating for a fortnightly mail service between Liverpool and Halifax and Boston, at a subsidy of £60,000. per annum. From that year—1840—dates the beginning of the Atlantic steam mail service and of the Cunard line.

Four steamers were built by Mr. Cunard's company. The first of these, the *Britannia*, was launched on February 5th, 1840, and sailed for America on July 4th, a Friday, which, though regarded by sailors as an unlucky day, proved far otherwise in the case of this vessel and of the company of which she was the pioneer. The advent of these steamships was a remarkable event in the history of the Atlantic, and one of international interest. When Mr. Cunard arrived in Boston on the *Britannia* he received within twenty-four hours 1513 invitations to dinner. When, in the winter of 1844, the vessel was thrown up in Boston harbour the citizens went to the enormous labour and expense of cutting her out, so that the mails should not be

delayed. Though this involved cutting a canal through seven miles of ice, ranging from two to seven feet in thickness, at a cost of 20,000 dollars, they declined to be reimbursed by the Post Office.

These early Cunarders were built of wood and propelled by paddles, and they carried first-class passengers only, of whom one hundred and fifteen could be accommodated, though there were seldom so many as one hundred on a trip. Poorer emigrants, and many people of moderate means as well, had still to travel by the sailing clippers; for the steamship fares—about thirty to thirty-four guineas—ranged higher than they do now on the finest 'greyhounds' on the service. The time occupied in the passages varied much more widely than it does at present. The average was about fourteen days, or one half that generally occupied by the sailing vessels. Some passages were made even then in eleven days and a few hours, while others occupied sixteen and even seventeen days.

The early vessels of the Cunard line maintained a steady lead which has never been permanently lost by the Company during the sixty years of its history. Year by year additions were made to the fleet, with increase in capacity and power, but with retention nevertheless for a long time of the old models—the wooden hulls, the paddles, and Napier's famous side-lever engines. The initiative of 1840 was a bold one, but when success seemed assured rivals entered into the field. The proprietors of the Great Western built Brunel's historic *Great Britain*, a vessel which but for a mishap might have proved a formidable competitor. She was much larger and more powerful than any other steamer then afloat, being 322 feet long, and of 3270 tons, was constructed of iron, eleven years before that material was adopted by the Cunard Company, and was the first vessel of that class fitted with a screw. But like the *Great Eastern* subsequently, she was born before her time. Placed on the Atlantic service in 1845, she ended her connexion with it fourteen months later by being wrecked in Dundrum Bay. Floated at the end of a year, she subsequently had a chequered career, and was a few years since a coal hulk at the Falkland Islands. With her wreck, all serious competition from the port of Bristol ceased.

The first great rivalry with the Cunarders came from the American Collins line, which commenced its career in 1849. Then followed for a few years a race of giants. Advantage had been taken, in building the Collins' vessels, of the experience of their rivals. The company was moreover subsidised by Congress. Their ships gained in speed over the Cunarders

by a few hours on the passage, and freights also were cut down by nearly one-half. The Americans lost heavily in their endeavour to regain the prestige which had been wrested by steam from their Baltimore clippers. The Cunard Company, with a position financially strong, soon built more powerful vessels—the *Arabia* and the *Persia*—the latter bringing the passage down to between nine and ten days. At last, in 1858, the unequal contest came to an end through the withdrawal of the Collins line. Besides having sunk large sums of money, they had most unfortunately lost two of their vessels—the *Arctic*, which was run down by the *Vesta* in 1854, with terrible loss of life; and the *Pacific*, of which nothing was ever heard after she sailed from Liverpool on June 29th, 1856, with two hundred and forty souls on board. From these losses and disasters the Company never recovered, and their rivals retained their leading position in the Atlantic trade. The Collins line left one permanent legacy—the barber's shop—which was unknown on Atlantic liners until introduced on their vessels.

In 1850, some time before the disappearance of this ill-fated company, the Inman—now the American and Red Star—line commenced its career. It is singular that, though a regular Atlantic steam service had then existed for ten years, Mr. Inman was the first to perceive the value of the emigrant service, and his vessels were the first which were built to accommodate second-class and steerage passengers, for which no provision had yet been made in the other lines. The experiment proved so remunerative that three years later it was followed by the Cunard Company. At the present time, all liners, with a few exceptions, carry more third-class emigrants than saloon passengers. Iron as a building-material, and the screw in place of paddles, were also first successfully employed on the Atlantic by the Inman line; for the unfortunate *Great Britain*, it must be remembered, had fallen early out of the running. Steam steering gear was first adopted by the Inman Company on the *City of Brussels* in 1869, and this too was the first vessel which reduced the Atlantic passage to less than eight days.

This line proved a more formidable rival to the Cunard steamers than the Collins had been. But the rivalry between the Cunard and Inman vessels was never so bitter as that with the Collins line, and there was, moreover, ample room for each company, in view of the rapidly increasing volume of Atlantic trade. The Ocean 'tramps,' designed solely for slow transit of cargo, now became enormously developed in capacity; and as a result of their competition for freights the passenger-carrying

companies turned their attention more and more to the improvement of that branch of the traffic.

To the rivalry between the Cunard and Inman lines was added, in 1871, that of the present White Star Company, then termed the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company. The appearance of this line marked an important epoch in the Atlantic service. The first Oceanic, though not so large as some of her rivals, was differently modelled—being narrower in proportion to length—a feature which, though in opposition to the practice of the period, has since been adhered to. The saloon too, for the first time, was placed amidships, instead of astern over the screw, an arrangement most conducive to the comfort of passengers. It extended also right across the entire width of the vessel. The state-rooms were placed fore and aft of the saloon, and the side-lights were made about twice as large as on previous vessels. The Oceanic and her sister ships broke previous records, as early as 1872. In 1874 and 1875 the *Britannic* and the *Germanic* of the same fleet followed, and reduced the passage to less than seven and a half days. The *Teutonic* and the *Majestic* (1891) were the largest steamers built for this line until the present Oceanic, and they were the first designed to fulfil the requirements of the British Admiralty as armed cruisers.

The most rapid development of the Atlantic service dates from the period when the White Star vessels entered the lists. In 1870 the Cunard Company first fitted one of their vessels—the *Parthia*--with compound engines. In 1881 came the *Servia*, which commenced the express Transatlantic service, intended chiefly for passengers. She was the first steel vessel in this service. The electric light was not introduced until 1879, on the Inman Company's *City of Berlin*. The *Arizona*, of the Guion line, was a noteworthy vessel, eclipsing previous records in 1879 and 1880. Her best advertisement, however, was the fact of her running full tilt into an iceberg in November 1879, and yet coming safely into port, with thirty feet of her bows smashed in, her water-tight bulk-heads having proved her salvation.

The decade from 1879 to 1889 was also a period of great emulation. The *Alaska*, of the Guion fleet, starting her career in 1882, was the first vessel that reduced the passage below seven days, in June of that year; and she was also the first to which the title of 'Atlantic greyhound' was applied. The *Oregon*, bought from the Guion line afterwards by the Cunard Company, reduced the passage in 1884 to less than six and a half days. Following the *Arizona* and the *Alaska*, came the *America*, of the National line, and the famous Cunarders *Iturria*

and Umbria. The Inman line owned the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic in less than six days, the feat being accomplished in 1889 by the *City of Paris*. Ten years have achieved scarcely any advance upon this speed. The *City of Paris* and her sister craft, the *City of New York*, marked a great advance on previous designs. Twin screws were introduced, each driven by its own set of engines. Water-tight compartments were more minutely subdivided. Water chambers were introduced, and breadth of beam was increased, to diminish rolling. The rudder was placed entirely below the water line. It was on the *City of Paris* in 1890 that the value of the water-tight bulkheads was abundantly demonstrated. One of the engines became completely wrecked, and caused the water to flow into and fill both engine rooms—an absolutely unique experience of the sea. Yet the vessel easily remained afloat until help came. How the water-tight compartments again saved the *Paris* from total wreck on the *Manacles* in 1893, will be fresh in everyone's memory.

The present decade has been one of steady good work, without any advances of importance. Its chief developments have been, not in increased speed, but in greater comfort and carrying power. Several of the older seven- and eight-day passage steamers are still in the service, and, as their rates are lower than those of the big new ships, they are favourites with many travellers, who have no objection to prolonging a pleasant voyage. One of these older boats is the *Germanic*, which sank at her moorings in New York harbour early in 1899, owing to the weight of ice upon her. This vessel has made more than five hundred trips across the Atlantic. She and her sister ship, the *Britannic*, built in 1874, have each travelled considerably over two millions of miles, a distance equal to eight and three-quarter times that between the earth and the moon. Between them they have carried considerably over one hundred thousand saloon and two hundred and sixty thousand steerage passengers across the Atlantic.

The principal additions of the past ten years are the *Teutonic* and the *Majestic*, the *Campania* and the *Lucania*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm* and her sister ships, and last of all, the *White Star Oceanic*, which made her first trip a few months ago. The latter is a 'record' vessel, not on account of her speed—which will not exceed that of vessels already in the service—but because of her dimensions, capacity, and splendid accommodation, some account of which will be offered later. In an age in which business and commerce have been too often dragged and soiled in the mire of dishonesty, it is pleasing to be able to record

that all the White Star fleet have been built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, to the orders of Ismay, Imrie, and Co., without a legal contract. As the late Sir Edward Harland once said in an after-dinner speech, specially in relation to the Teutonic: 'His firm had been put not upon their mettle, but upon their honour, for they had received absolute *carte blanche* as to cost'

Until within about ten years ago, little attempt had been made in Germany to emulate the English-built liners. But during this period the North German Lloyd SS. Company and the Hamburg-American line have been building their large vessels chiefly in German yards. The first-named company has built during the past seven years twenty-four first-class ocean steamships, and has now ten more in course of construction. Before the launch of the Oceanic, the honour of having the largest liner afloat was last held by Germany. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd, which made her first trip from Bremen to New York in September 1897, was built at Stettin. She is 625 feet long—25 feet longer than the Campania—and but 60 feet less in length than the Oceanic, which is 5 feet longer than the Great Eastern.

The North German Lloyd has five distinct services between Europe and America—two between Bremen and New York, the headquarters of the Company, and calling at Southampton; one between Bremen and Baltimore; another between Bremen, Texas, and Galveston; and a fifth between New York and Genoa, touching at Gibraltar and Naples. This last route, one of the newest, is also one of the most popular with Americans, many of whom enter Europe from the south, visit the Continental cities, and return home by the same line of steamships from Bremen or Southampton. The Hamburg-American line, with its fleet of seventy-five steamers, covers the whole of the American routes from Hamburg and Southampton to New York, Mexico, and Brazil. The Normannia, the Fürst Bismarck, and other vessels of this service are equal in all respects to the best Liverpool liners.

It is not necessary to pursue the story of the North Atlantic lines farther. The history of their development would be mostly a recapitulation of that of the great pioneers. The initiative of the Atlantic has been followed in the great lines all over the routes of the globe, and the rivalries of the great steamship companies have contributed to make one passenger vessel very much like others in respect of equipment and the safety and comfort of the passengers. We now therefore quit the North Atlantic, to course rapidly over the other great ocean

highways. After the Atlantic, the most crowded ocean routes are those which lead to and ramify in the East. These seas, not so long since the haunts of pirates, are ploughed by the keels of a dozen large steamship lines, and the crowded harbours and busy seaport towns, from Colombo to Nagasaki and Yokohama, rival those of Europe and America.

A great line, the history of which has its origin in the days of sailing craft, and of which Englishmen are justly proud, is the Peninsular and Oriental. To many its services are associated with the memories of a long life spent in the tropics. For more than half a century, since the palmy days of Indiamen and clippers, it has been the chief means of communication between England and the East. The history of this fleet began in 1825; the present company commenced its career in 1856, and was incorporated in 1840. It now owns sixty vessels, the largest of which register close upon 8000 tons. They run between London, India, the Far East, and Australia. The mail contracts are sixteen and a half days to Bombay, thirty-seven and a half days to Shanghai, and thirty-five and a half days to Australia. Seldom are the mails even an hour late—they are generally in advance of the contract times. The *Caledonia* has landed mails in Bombay within twelve and a quarter days from London. These ships touch at the Indian ports, at those of the Malay Peninsula, at Hong Kong, at the Japanese ports, as far north as Yokohama, and in Australian waters, from Albany to Sydney. Fourteen Peninsular and Oriental steamers are retained on the list of armed cruisers. During the past twenty years the Company has spent over 7,000,000*l.* on their fleet. It is the oldest but one of the great lines, and its vitality remains unimpaired by its long career of success.

Few perhaps, excepting those who are in touch with the Orient, know that one of the largest and best shipping lines in the world is owned in Japan and manned chiefly by Japanese. This line—the Japan Mail Steamship Company (*Nippon Yusen Kaisha*)—has marvellously developed from half-a-dozen small vessels, owned some thirty years since by the feudal chief of Tosa. At present it comprises a fleet of sixty-seven steamers, besides about a dozen in course of construction. At first and for many years a merely local service, its vessels now sweep the ocean between Antwerp and London and the East, *via* Suez, calling at numerous intermediate ports. They cross from Yokohama to Seattle, south of Vancouver. There is also an Australian service, as well as one for islands in the South Seas, and another for the Malay Archipelago. The story of the rapid expansion of this line, since the establishment of the present

company in 1885, is like a romance, harmonising well with the rapid development of Japan in other respects.

The largest fleet of vessels in Eastern waters is that of the joint British India Steam Navigation Company and British India Associated Steamers Company. Their vessels, the names of which all terminate in 'a,' as *Ellora*, *Golconda*, &c., number over one hundred, but they are mostly of less than 6000 tons. There is scarcely an Eastern port, however obscure, at which some of the vessels of this fleet do not call; and the vast spaces of the ocean area from London to Singapore and Australia are covered by the operations of over twenty distinct services of steamships. They are ubiquitous in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; down the East Coast of Africa, as far south as Delagoa Bay; far up the Persian Gulf to Basrah; around India from Kurrachee to Calcutta; thence to the Burmese ports, to Java and Australia. Many obscure Arabian and East Indian sea-ports are places of call for these steamers—towns which possess as yet no harbours, where the anchorage is often miles from the shore, and where on landing there are no hotels to welcome the traveller.

The great French line, the *Messageries Maritimes de France*, is to France and Southern Europe what the *Peninsular and Oriental* is to England. Its head-quarters are at Marseilles, whence its vessels sail for the East, Australasia, and South America. The company owns sixty one steamships, which are grouped and allotted for the various services. In the Mediterranean and Black Sea alone they employ eighteen ships. The *Messageries* steamers to the East all go through Suez. These do not touch the West or South African ports; but a separate Indian Ocean service includes Madagascar and the East African ports, as far south as Natal. The North German Lloyd has an Imperial mail service between Bremen, China, Japan, and Australia, calling at Naples. The Austrian-Lloyd vessels run between Trieste and Bombay, through Suez. The steamships of the Italian General Navigation Company (*United Florio and Rubattino Companies*) also take the Suez route from Genoa and Naples to Bombay.

The name of Suez is writ large in the story of the ocean liners. The opening of the canal in 1869 has so greatly diverted the traffic to the East that the proportion of voyages through the canal to those round the Cape is now about as 104 to 60. The duration of the journey to India is shortened by about one-third. Since 1886-7 the canal has been opened for night passages to steamers equipped with electric light. In 1871, 766 ships went through, of a net tonnage of 761,467; in

1897, 2986 ships, of a tonnage of 7,899,373. In 1875, 84,446 passengers travelled by the canal; in 1897, 191,215. Though the ships of all nations are to be seen here, British vessels vastly predominate, contributing an average of 76 per cent. of the tolls. One-seventh of our foreign commerce goes over this route.

Within living memory the only route to the Far East was that which went eastwards, the alternative being the western voyage round the Horn a terror to sailing craft. But now there is choice of two western routes across the North American continent, and these absorb a large and increasing volume of trade. Two of the greatest and youngest of the mammoth American railways have become linked with the Orient by fleets of steamers. One of these railways is the Canadian Pacific, which stretches for 2900 miles across the continent from Halifax to Vancouver. The Canadian Pacific owns the three vessels of the Empress line, which cross every three weeks between Vancouver and the ports of China and Japan, carrying those mails of the British Government that go to the East through Canada. By the Empress line one may travel the 10,038 miles which separate Hong Kong from Liverpool with but two changes. There is choice of a dozen lines of steamers across the Atlantic, by which the traveller can land at New York or at Canadian ports. About eight days will cover the 2832 miles from Liverpool to Montreal, and five days the 2906 miles of Canadian Pacific Railway between Montreal and Vancouver; while fourteen days are required for the 4500 miles of ocean between Vancouver and Yokohama. Thus, twenty-seven days only separate Liverpool from Japan. The second route across North America is by the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific lines, which pass through Utah to San Francisco, whence there is a choice of steamship lines to Asia.

The ocean voyage of 4500 miles between Vancouver and Yokohama crosses the 180th meridian, opposite to Greenwich, about midway in the ocean. 'Antipodes day' marks the highest northward position of the ships in the great curve which they describe from port to port, great-circle sailing being taken in order to shorten the voyage, by passing through the narrower spaces between the meridians as they converge towards the pole. It is a dream-like experience, for nowhere is the loneliness of the ocean more evident than in the vast Pacific. There are no passing sails; no wavebergs break the monotony of the voyage. The only excitement is derived from the chance of a typhoon in August or September, but no storm in the open endangers the big iron ships. Life on these steamers is marked by strong

contrasts with that on the Atlantic vessels. The influence of the Orient is felt. There mingle merchants of the East, old travellers, who are familiar with the route, and who take life leisurely. There are wealthy Chinese and Japanese; dealers in tea, silks, and opium; pearl merchants and teak merchants; planters from Siam and Java and the East Indian Archipelago; missionaries and agents of British commercial houses; and, finally, globe-trotters, in search of health, amusement, or information, whom the much-travelled folk regard with good-humoured toleration. Chinamen in blue blouses and caps are servants and waiters; they glide to and fro silently at the call of 'boy' or on clapping of the hands, and the luncheon is called 'tiffin.' All this savours of the stationary East, but the West asserts itself on the mechanical side. The electric fan cools the air, the electric light beams, and the highest resources of scientific engineering wait on the safety of the ship and the comfort of the passengers. What is termed 'Asiatic steerage' is a separate class on the Pacific steamers, being retained exclusively for Chinese, Japanese, &c., who indulge in opium smoking: it is open to men only. The bones of Chinese who have died in America are often a portion of the cargo carried, and if a Chinaman should die on board, it is stipulated that he shall not be buried at sea, but embalmed and taken to his own land.

Australasia can be reached either by eastern or western routes—through Suez, or round the Cape, or across the American continent. Besides the Peninsular and Oriental and other lines already named in connexion with the East there are others whose principal or only business lies in the Antipodes. Among the best-known of these is the great Orient line, which commenced its career in 1877 with the *Lusitania*. The present company was founded in the following year with monthly sailings, changed since 1880 for fortnightly services. The vessels go through Suez, calling at Colombo on their way to Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. The Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company is the offspring of the amalgamation of two firms, whose history dates back about half a century. The Company owns twelve excellently fitted mail steamers, besides sailing vessels. They all make the outward voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, calling at Teneriffe, Cape Town, Hobart, and New Zealand, the time occupied being from forty-three to forty-four days. The homeward journey lies round Cape Horn, call being made at Rio de Janeiro and Teneriffe, and the voyage occupies about forty days. One can therefore sail round the world by this line in a trifle over eighty days. Only sixty

years ago the voyage to New Zealand occupied from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty days; the clippers brought the period down to eighty or ninety days; and this has now been reduced by half.

The New Zealand Shipping Company owns a fleet of fourteen steamers, engaged between New Zealand and London, calling at the Cape on the outward, and at Monte Video on the homeward voyage—thus circumnavigating the globe. In 1882 this company made the experiment of fitting up the sailing-ship *Mataura* with refrigerators, and took a large quantity of fish and birds from London to New Zealand, bringing back a cargo of frozen beef and mutton at a freight of 2s. 6d. per pound. This was the commencement of the frozen meat trade, previous to which the farmers had reared sheep for the wool chiefly, boiling down the carcasses for tallow. The introduction of the frozen meat trade still further developed the exports of wool, and has created a new business in cheese, butter, fruits, &c. The passenger vessels of this line, as well as those of the Orient and the Shaw Savill Companies, are now fitted with refrigerating chambers. Some of the largest steamships of the New Zealand Shipping Company will carry from 60,000 to 70,000 carcasses. At present those of the Shaw Savill Company carry an average of over 50,000 carcasses each, and their entire fleet brings over more than 1,500,000 carcasses of mutton annually.

Mechanical refrigeration is effected by the application of simple principles. It has long been known that the compression of a liquid or a gas develops its latent heat into sensible heat. This, therefore, is what is done, whether the substance be gaseous ammonia, liquid carbonic acid, ether, or air. The heat thus rendered sensible is removed by forcing the compressed substance through condenser pipes, over which cold water is allowed to flow. The next stage occurs in the refrigerating chambers, into which the substance, now deprived of its heat, is introduced and within which it expands. During expansion its lost heat must be replaced by withdrawal from surrounding objects, and as the storage chambers are occupied with provisions, the heat is abstracted from them. The precise degree of cold required is capable of regulation, and different classes of provisions are subjected to different degrees of temperature. After the refrigerating agent used has done its work in the storage chambers, and resumed its normal condition, it is taken back to the compressor, to pass through a renewal of the cycle.

To return from this digression: the other great route to the

Antipodes lies across the North American continent. The Canadian Australian Royal Mail Steamship Company, one of the younger lines, is jointly subsidised by the Governments of Canada and New South Wales. It affords an outlet for the traffic over the immense system of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and gives opportunities for prolonged visits to the islands of the Pacific, on which travellers can land and remain until the returning steamer calls. These vessels also are fitted up for the frozen meat trade. The Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, which is termed the 'A and A' (American and Australian) line, has through booking from England in connexion with the Union Pacific Railway. This company owns twenty-one vessels, which steam between San Francisco, New Zealand, and Australia, calling at Honolulu, besides local services between New Zealand ports, Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Fiji, Tahiti, and other South Sea groups.

From Australasia we pass to Africa. More than four hundred years have passed since Diaz rounded the Cape with his two tiny vessels of 50 tons each, manned with mutinous crews; more than a century has gone by since Great Britain first took possession of Cape Colony. But the Africa of Moffat and of Livingstone, whose voyage to Cape Town in 1840 occupied three months, has been marvellously revolutionised by the great ocean lines which have now brought Southampton and Cape Town within sixteen days of each other, and which are maintained by the growing needs of that important group of colonies.

Of these lines there are many, both British and foreign. The East and West African ports and the islands off the coasts are well served by the African Steamship Company, the Clan line, the Natal line, the German East African, and the French Steam Navigation Company. But the best-known African lines are the Union and the Castle. The Union Steamship Company commenced its career in a humble way in 1853, as a coal-carrying line. The outbreak of the Russian war afforded opportunity for the Union Company to extend its sphere, the five vessels which then comprised their fleet being chartered by the British and French Governments. In 1857 the Company was re-organised, and completed a contract with Her Majesty's Government for a monthly mail service to the Cape. The mail contracts have been renewed from time to time, and the vessels have been frequently employed for the conveyance of troops. The Union line has passed through various vicissitudes, financial and other, in its career, due in the main to the great fluctuations in the fortunes of the South

African colonies. It has now a fleet of nineteen large steamers, one of which, the Briton, 520 feet in length, is the largest vessel that goes to South African waters. Another vessel of this line, the Scot, was the subject of a marvellous piece of engineering. In 1895 she was cut in two amidships by Harland and Wolff, and lengthened by 54 feet: the operation added about one thousand tons to her carrying power, and increased her passenger accommodation. The Union line has a fortnightly mail service to the Cape and Natal; an intermediate service from Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Southampton to the South African ports and Delagoa Bay; and a third intermediate from Southampton to South African ports, and as far north as Beira.

The Castle line was formed by Sir Donald Currie in 1872. The mail contract has been shared equally between this line and the Union Company since 1876. When the Castle steamers commenced running, postage to the Cape was one shilling, and the duration of the voyage was more than double what it is now. There are eighteen 'Castles,' and two others in course of construction. Once a month a Castle liner starts for Madagascar and Mauritius. These ships call at Lisbon, Madeira, Las Palmas, St. Helena, Ascension, the Cape ports, Natal, and Delagoa Bay. Connexion is made through the British India Company's steamships with Arabian ports, India, and the Eastern Archipelago; and through the Messageries Maritimes with Australian and other waters.

Among the routes which are frequented less by travellers than by traders are those which go to the West Indies and South America. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, incorporated sixty years ago, has a fleet of thirty-one vessels, which connect Southampton and the Portuguese ports with Madeira, Canary, the Cape Verd Islands, the West Indies, and South and Central America. The main route lies between Southampton, Cherbourg, and Barbadoes; but the outward and homeward courses are separated by several degrees of latitude. The service is an extensive one, since it collects and distributes the mails from the group of Leeward and Windward Islands, Jamaica, and the northern and eastern ports of South America, as far south as Buenos Ayres. The Company has also a service of steamers in the Pacific, between Panama and San Francisco, which call at many intermediate ports, the isthmus of Panama being crossed by railway.

Ocean transit has now come to embrace the by-ways of travel as well as the great trade routes. Places which half a century since were visited only at long intervals, by a few

travellers bolder and more curious than their fellows, are now included in the regular routes of the steamers of the great lines, or of their feeders. People go farther for their holidays than their fathers did; and the discomfort of long railway journeys renders it intelligible that the pleasure cruise should grow in favour. Ocean travel is also very cheap: on an average the cost of saloon accommodation on all the best lines does not exceed one penny per mile. Luxurious surroundings, choice fare, and ample attendance are thus provided for third-class railway rates. The development of extended pleasure cruises is a direct consequence of the improved accommodation in modern steamships. The 'grand tour' of a century ago sinks into insignificance beside the tours offered by the steamship lines. That embraced the classic scenes of a small continent: these the principal lands and cities of the globe. If we estimate distance by time, the world has been rapidly shrinking in dimensions since the beginning of steam navigation. One can put a girdle round the earth in less than eighty days by making railway travel alternate with that on the ocean. The choice of routes is continually extending. The world's steamship services are so numerous that there is scarcely a port or coast town, however obscure, at which the great liners or their tributary feeders do not call.

The liner of the present day—evolved by sixty years of the keenest competition—is an elaborate mechanism, a gorgeous and secure sea-palace. Her vast proportions and admirable equipment are dwarfed only by the amplitude of her ocean setting. A volume would fail to do justice to her marvels. Yet we must, in conclusion, glance at some of the more striking features of this triumph of the century.

On a modern liner the engineers' staff is the largest part of the crew. The men engaged in the sailing department number only about one-third of those under the charge of the chief engineer. In the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* these number 216 men, 180 being stokers and coal trimmers. This vessel has 68 engines of all kinds on board, with 124 cylinders. About 80 stokers are required on the *Oceanic*. These are attended to by 60 coal trimmers, and superintended by 10 or 12 leading firemen. There are from 20 to 24 engineers, including those who have to attend to the refrigerating plant for the cold storage of provisions; besides 10 or 12 electricians, and 18 or 20 greasers for the engines and machinery.

The engine power of the modern liner is gigantic. The biggest of these vessels now develop the energy of from 20,000 to 30,000 horses, the latter being the power of the *Lucania* and

the Campania. 30,000 horse-power is roughly equivalent to that of 180,000 strong men; this will permit of comparison with the ancient slave-propelled galleys. The power of 30,000 horses is equal to the lifting of 441,964 tons one foot high per minute, or one ton 83½ miles high in one minute. It would be represented by the combined efforts of about 40 of the largest locomotive engines. Its exertion would suffice to lift the whole weight of the Oceanic—28,500 tons—to a height of 15 feet in one minute.

Some idea of the capacity of the boilers which generate the steam required for the engines of a first-class liner may be gathered from the fact that those of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, when filled with the water they require, weigh 1850 tons. The empty boilers in the Oceanic weigh 1100 tons. To convey the smoke away from the furnaces the funnels have to be of enormous size. Their capacity is most impressive when they are seen lying in the shipbuilders' yard. A couple of tramway cars might be driven abreast through one of the funnels of the Oceanic. The two funnels of the Lucania are each 21 feet in diameter, and 120 feet high, about equal to the height of the Eddystone lighthouse, or considerably more than half the height of the monument on Fish Street Hill.

The safety of liners in the event of damage from without is guarded by water-tight compartments and double bottoms. The modern vessel is in fact two ships, one hull being contained from four to five feet within the other. In the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the double bottom is formed by an outer skin placed four feet away from the inner one, so that in the event of damage to the outer hull, the inner plates will in most cases remain intact. This space of four feet is filled with water ballast, used to replace the weight of the coal burnt during the voyage. Even if the inner skin should happen to become pierced, there are still the bulkheads left. These number eighteen in all, including the two engine rooms, and they extend through to the upper deck. Larger and smaller bulkheads alternate, so that no two large compartments are likely to be filled at one time. The bulkheads also are placed each in a water-tight compartment, and injury to one would not affect the others. The safety of this fine vessel is further guarded by an arrangement enabling the officer in command on the bridge to see whether the doors of the water-tight bulkheads are closed or not; an electric annunciator on the bridge indicates the open or closed condition of each of these doors. For the purpose of drill they are closed every day at a different hour, the work being performed in about fifteen seconds. In case of collision

or fire there are sufficient pumps on this vessel to deal with 3600 tons, or 126,000 cubic feet of water per hour.

The value of these great vessels, and the nature of the work involved in helping or saving them when they become temporarily disabled, is illustrated by the high sums paid to those who rescue them from positions of difficulty and danger. When in 1890 the Atlantic liner *Paris* was towed into port from the Irish coast after the breakdown of her engines, 5000*l.* were paid for that service. The sum paid for bringing home the *City of Boston* after the fracture of her screw shaft was 9300*l.*; and the towing of the *City of Richmond* into Halifax harbour cost 7000*l.* When the *New York* ran aground off Sandy Hook, the expense of floating her off was nearly 20,000*l.* The recent raising of the *Germanic* in New York Harbour cost 10,000*l.*

The provisioning of a liner is accomplished on a sumptuous scale. At no period has there been any stint in saloon fare on the good vessels; but with a large increase in the number of passengers carried, the aggregate volume of provisioning has assumed gigantic proportions. The adjuncts, too, of service and surroundings have become more luxurious. Yet, though the saloon has always been well catered for, the steerage has not. At an early period the steerage fare on the clipper ships was so bad that Government interfered, and insisted on the companies providing for each adult passenger a minimum weekly allowance of raw food. To make matters harder, steerage folk had to cook their own food, and provide cups, plates, spoons, &c.; for the companies provided nothing but the raw food and the bare berths. But this is all changed now, and the catering for the wants of a floating population of from one thousand to two thousand people is done so efficiently that there is nothing suggestive of the sea. The stale weevil-eaten biscuits and the salt junk of ancient mariners, the lack of fresh vegetables, fruit, meat, and bread, are no longer subjects of complaint. Cold storage and well-equipped cooking arrangements provide a variety of fresh food for every meal, alike for steerage and for first- and second-class saloons.

The modern liner is an important adjunct to the Royal Navy, the finest ocean steamships being now held in reserve for service in time of war. The utility of merchant ships as armed cruisers was ridiculed a few years since; but the measure has now commended itself to other nations, to France, Germany, Italy, and the United States, as well as to Great Britain. There are two classes of auxiliaries: those which are subsidised, and those which are simply held in reserve by their owners without subsidy. The first class includes the Cunarders *Lucania*

and Campania, the White Star Majestic and Teutonic, the P. and O. Himalaya, Australia, Victoria, and Arcadia, and the three Empresses of the Canadian Pacific Company. Eighteen other steamers are included in the second class, without subsidy.

The idea of armed mercantile cruisers originated with Mr. Ismay, of the White Star line. In 1885 he pointed out to the Government that in the event of the Suez Canal being closed, a vessel such as his firm proposed to build could land troops in India by way of the Cape almost within the same time that would be required to make the passage by the Canal. Mr. Ismay's proposal was accepted, and the Teutonic, the first of her class, was laid down. This vessel, typical of her successors, mounts twelve quick-firing Armstrong guns, eight on the upper and promenade decks, and two on each turtle-back. The Teutonic can reach Halifax in five days, and Cape Town in twelve and a half days: she can land troops at Bombay *via* Suez in fourteen days, at Calcutta in seventeen and a half days, at Hong Kong in twenty-one and a half days, and at Sydney in twenty two days.

During the recent war between the United States and Spain, four cruisers belonging to the American line were requisitioned for service. These were the Paris, New York, St. Louis, and St. Paul. The first two, as already mentioned, were the famous Cities of Paris and New York, originally Italian steamers. These vessels were engaged as cruisers from April until September, during which time they suffered no mishap or breakdown, and the owners received the thanks of the President of the United States.

Though our own armed cruisers and the Royal Naval Reserve have not been put to a practical test, yet the best results may be confidently anticipated from these allies. The smartness of the officers, engineers, and seamen on the great liners is largely due to the influence of the few months' discipline to which they have been subjected in Her Majesty's Navy. The reserves include officers and seamen, engineers and firemen. The two latter have never been popular services, and the great companies offer more attractions to these men than the Royal Navy, the engineers of which always feel that they occupy a position subordinate to their real value as combatants. The modern battleship is simply a huge machine, and on the engineer and his staff will devolve the gravest responsibility in time of trial—an excellent reason why the modern liners, which are the highest embodiments of marine engineering, should be the nurseries of reserve men. There

are now about twenty-seven thousand trained men of all classes—officers, engineers, seamen, and stokers—ready to take their places in the navy should a naval war break out.

It must be recorded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern naval science, that huge steamships are built to satisfy the requirements laid down for armed cruisers without any sacrifice of the accommodation and comfort of passengers. The ordinary observer would note little difference between the appearance of the armed cruiser and the common type of mail steamer. The chief difference, besides the gun arrangements, is that in the former the engines, boilers, and rudder are placed wholly below the water-line, and are thus well protected. Ample capacity and great steaming-power are essentials in an armed cruiser. The *Oceanic*, which is a cruiser, has nearly 3000 tons greater capacity than any other vessel in existence, and over 5000 tons more than any vessel of her speed. It was with difficulty that the early steamers could carry enough coal to last the Atlantic voyage. The *Oceanic* can store enough to take her round the world at a speed of twelve knots.

May we now attempt to forecast the future? The non-professional reader is inclined to believe that, since the speed of ocean-steamers has regularly increased, and records have constantly been broken in the past, the same process may be indefinitely continued. The early Atlantic vessels made passages of from thirteen to sixteen days: the voyage is now done in five and a half to six days. Having been thus reduced by more than one-half in the course of sixty years, why should it be supposed that finality has been reached? This seems sound reasoning. But sanguine persons who entertain the hope of a considerable future reduction in the speed of ocean transit do not, we venture to think, clearly realise the conditions, or the price which has to be paid for high speed.

Approximately, the power required to propel a vessel increases in the ratio of the cube of the speed. To double the speed, therefore, the power would have to be increased eight times. Any marked advance in this direction is evidently not to be anticipated in the present condition of marine engineering. Engineers admit the possibility of great advances through the application and improvement of the steam-turbine, but as yet these are only far-off dreams.

The torpedo-boat, which can travel half as fast again as a liner, is able to do so because everything is sacrificed to speed. The torpedo-boat is occupied almost wholly by machinery, and this is very light. The weight of its machinery will range from about thirty-five to seventy pounds for each indicated

unit of horse-power which is developed by the engines. But the machinery of a liner will weigh from three to five hundred-weights per indicated unit of horse-power. The first has neither cargo nor passengers to carry; the last is a commercial venture, depending on these for success. The magnitude of the venture may be estimated from the fact that a modern Atlantic liner must carry from 1000 to 1600 passengers and 2000 to 4000 tons of cargo, besides her 2000 to 3000 tons of coal, and must earn about 16,000*l.* clear per trip, before a penny of profit is made. At the same time, passengers demand more and more room. The *Lucania*, for example, is given up so much to passenger accommodation that only 1600 tons of cargo can be carried, with 2000 bags of mails.

Again, increased speed is accompanied by most unpleasant vibration. To avoid this, fast ships already have recourse to many expedients. For instance, the boiler-rooms of the *Campania* have double casings, the space enclosed being filled with a material which acts as a non-conductor of sound. A further increase of speed might easily render the vibration almost as intolerable as it is on a torpedo-boat.

Further, those who are sanguine respecting the probability of largely increased speeds fail to take account of the conditions which have facilitated the past increase in the rate of travelling. The reduction of speed by one half has occupied sixty years, which have been characterised by the most remarkable developments in the machinery of propulsion. Without such developments, these great advances in speed would not have been possible. There is good reason to believe that the sources of energy at present available, and the mechanical details of their transformation, have now and for several years past been utilised to the utmost degree. Therefore, unless some further radical improvements in the machinery of propulsion occur, no important increase of speed can be obtained. The truth lies in a nutshell: energy cannot be created, it can only be transformed. To produce a given speed, a corresponding amount of energy must be stored up and utilised in the vessel. Coal contains the latent force, while the machinery forms the agency of utilisation. To gain a little more speed would involve storing much more coal; and this would mean a demand on space so disproportionate that there would not be enough room left for passengers and cargo to render a vessel a paying venture. It would mean turning a liner into a sort of magnified torpedo-boat. Already the consumption of coal is enormous on a liner; it amounts to 350 or even 500 tons a day. And yet, though the aggregate is so large, the actual proportion of coal consumed to the energy or

horse-power developed is now so extremely small that it seems impossible to reduce it further. The best liners do not burn quite $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coal per unit of horse-power developed per hour. The earlier steamers burnt 5 and 6 lb. per unit per hour; so that, though the energy necessary for propulsion at the present speeds is, say, eight times that developed in the early steamers, the coal required is only about one third or one fourth of what would have been required for an equivalent energy in earlier days. The *Great Eastern* failed, not because she was a big ship—for she was not so heavy as the latest liner—but by reason of the vast dead-weight of coal which she had to carry. At that period the marine engine was a weakling in comparison with its successor of the present day, and the boiler pressure was very low. The result was that the *Great Eastern* required more than three times as much coal as a modern liner requires, in order to produce a given degree of power. It is, therefore, we think, safe to predict that no important advance in the speeds of liners will be made by existing types of boilers and engines.

But though no great improvement may be in store, we may well be content with what we have. A wonderful advance in the art of building and equipping steamships has been made, and the story of this advance has an interest, an excitement of its own. Machinery, steam, and steel are not without their poetry. Romance has not disappeared from the seas with the white-winged clippers, nor will it disappear while the great steamships plough their courses, regardless of the trades, doldrums, and calms, of hurricanes and tempests, of icebergs and all the other perils of the sea. Safer and more comfortable than their predecessors, both for passengers and crew, they are one of the most marvellous mechanical products of the nineteenth century. They are the crown of ages of navigation, carrying our thoughts far back through thirty centuries to the youth of the world—to the daring mariners of Norway and Phœnicia, to the triremes of Carthage and of Athens, to the 'hollow ships' which were beached before Troy, and to the mythical heroes who sailed on the quest of the Golden Fleece.

- ART V.—1. *The Wild Garden*. By W. Robinson. Fourth edition. London: John Murray, 1894.
 2. *Garden Craft, Old and New*. By John D. Sedding. London: Hegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1895.
 3. *Wood and Garden*. By Gertrude Jekyll. London: Longmans, 1899.

THE dictum, 'it is all a matter of taste,' has in it that *soupeçon* of truth which may be found in many an accepted saying. It is true so far as it goes, but that is only a very little way. The canons of taste are the verdict of centuries of cultivated thought devoted to a given subject; and, though no one can be denied the right of private judgment, the balance of truth will generally incline towards the experts. Their opinions have already been sifted and over-ruled or modified, and to set aside their garnered wisdom is an enterprise not lightly to be undertaken.

Our love of flowers has a long pedigree, for though the gardens of the Romans were laid waste during the barbarism which followed their departure, the gardener's art was revived by the Church. War and rapine—with the necessity of protecting rather than embellishing the narrow precincts of a stronghold—were the employment of the laity. But within the peaceful walls of the monastery the gentler arts found a retreat; and the work of acclimatisation was carried on with zeal and intelligence. It was not until Tudor times that they could emerge into the world once more. It is to the stately decorum of those days that the school of art appeals. But if Bacon discourses rapturously of 'prince-like gardens,' Linnæus wept with delight at the first field of gorse which he saw in bloom. If the creation of a garden be an attempt to enhance the beauty of the world, there is room for all sorts of gardening; and if there be any spot from which the turmoil of controversy should be excluded, it is here. When Epicurus planted a garden, his design was not to provide an incentive to disputation, but a needful sedative.

How completely this principle may be overlooked is manifested by the first two of the books before us. Possibly it were unreasonable to expect an architect and a landscape gardener to see with the same eyes; yet there should be an intimate sympathy. The finished picture should lie before the mind's eye of the architect; but years before the first stone is laid, the trees and shrubs, which are to be the main features of the garden, should be started on their career. The quarrel might well have been avoided had each author known better how to

entrench himself within his position and recognise his limitations. The 'garden enclosed,' with its ordered grace and sweetness, is not necessarily a 'stone yard,' a mechanic's playground, a Dutchman's fad; nor, on the other hand, does freedom from the trammels of art imply a wilderness. On one side there is the disciple of Nature, to whom the plumb-line the shears, and the foot-rule are anathema; on the other there is the trained artist, with his quick sensibility and reverence for the antique beauty of a statelier time, to whom a garden represents Nature glorified by its passage through man's mind—the living memorial of a dead past. To one the 'immortal Brown' is the apostle of a nobler and a living creed. To the other he is a barbarian, who would wheel away the very gods of Greece.

Happily the dispute is none of ours. We are not called upon to walk with Bacon and Temple and Evelyn among their pleached alleys, dappled with tender gloom, nor to appraise the motives of those who swept away their work. It is to Nature, a more exacting mistress than either, that we are called upon to do homage. The true gardener must possess the attributes of both the poet and the artist; and accordingly both factions have laid claim to their advocacy. Milton, Herrick, Herbert, and Donne are suffused with garden imagery. But before we descend to Thomson, as the propounder of a naturalistic style, it must be remembered that it was among the woods and by the streams that Chaucer and many another English bard loved to go a-maying. Gainsborough's school undoubtedly had its influence; but the landscape gardeners—pioneers of the Wild Garden—cannot boast of having infected the national taste with their love of scenery. For, co-existing with the extreme of artificiality in garden craft, there ever lingered in the English character the love of woodland, flower, and field. Our climate may be *toujours affreux*, but it is favourable to scenic effect. 'There are lofter scenes,' as Hawthorne says, 'in many countries than the best that England can show; but for the picturesqueness of the smallest object that lies under its gentle gloom and sunshine there is no scenery like it anywhere.'

Before passing to the general consideration of our subject we must notice one of the latest contributions to the swelling tide of garden literature. The pleasant scenes which the author of 'Wood and Garden' conjures up before her readers' eyes have the merit of realism, being a record of work achieved. The catalogue of failures, of which works of this nature too often consist, may provide amusement to some and afford a warning

to others. But they suggest the inquiry, Why not subordinate your hopes to the conditions under which you have to work? Success is, on the whole, a healthier diet than disappointment. Miss Jekyll pays a just tribute to the influence which Mr. Robinson's publications have exercised upon the art of gardening; yet, while disclaiming any desire to rival the plant-lore collected in his works, she gives horticultural hints which the tyro will welcome and the expert will not despise.

The assumption that we have seen the last of the dreary formalism of the interregnum is to bury the dead past too summarily. It ignores the caprice of fashion, against which even a thing of beauty cannot strive successfully. The value of varieties is in no way called in question by suggesting that a novelty is not necessarily more beautiful than the type, while it is very commonly inferior in hardihood. There is true enthusiasm for the beautiful in Miss Jekyll's work, and there is a clear perception of the fact that in proportion as the gardener makes this his aim, he will contribute to the world's happiness and to the restfulness of his own spirit. 'Sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight' need not be grown prosaically between rows of sticks; and if 'the ruling grace' that tended Shelley's garden was too ethereal for mortal imitation, her spirit still haunts the gardener's ideal.

The reaction against the traditional formal garden set in during the early part of the eighteenth century. Increased formality—and that often of a vulgar and puerile character—had come in the train of the Dutch dynasty. The work of the great masters of their craft had been debased in its passage through feeble hands, and fell a ready prey to the destructive criticism which was the fashion of the hour. Horace Walpole had little difficulty in bringing ridicule upon the taste which condescended to embellish our gardens with 'giants, animals, monsters, coats of arms, mottoes in yew, box, and holly.' These were the stock-in-trade of the London gardeners of the day, who dealt in 'fine-cut greens and clipped yews in the shape of birds, dogs, men, and ships.' Pope lent the aid of his raillery, and the tribe of critics and essayists extolled the charms of Nature, which were not powerful enough, however, to entice them from their congenial coffee-houses. The world seems to have grown captious and to have outlived its enthusiasms as we contrast the well-poised phrases of Addison with the joyous outburst of Gerard: 'Go forward in the name of God; graffe, set, plant, nourishe up trees in every corner of your ground.'

Revolution was in the air. There was a craving for deliverance from dogmatic laws. Had the apostles of freedom been

prepared with a new and positive faith to take the place of that from which they emancipated themselves, all might have been well. But so intent were they upon destruction that irretrievable mischief had been wrought before the task of reconstruction could be undertaken. Opening out, pulling down, and levelling were their watchwords; and the result was the bare even surface which taxed all the ingenuity of those who undertook to repair their errors. It is curious to note the enthusiasm with which the new ideas were hailed. Brown—acclaimed 'the immortal' by his contemporaries—was their chief exponent. To him and his coadjutor Kent is due the destruction of many of the most finished specimens of formal garden craft which ever adorned a country.

A little more Nature might have been admissible, but not the drastic remedy of wheeling away terraces and walls, and laying open the 'garden enclosed' as a foreground to the distant landscape. When this change had been effected it was found too often that the landscape was not Nature. It bore the mark of man's handicraft—the only difference being that it was of a coarser character. It needs the kindly *Heimweh* of an American to find sanctity, as Hawthorne did, in an English turnip-field. It was quickly discovered that our forefathers valued a screen for other reasons besides the peaceful seclusion which it afforded. Hence arose the necessity of making Nature. Rocks, mounds, and lakes had to be improvised, which failed of their effect because they were not in keeping with the surroundings. Expenditure the most lavish, and taste the most consummate, can never cure what we term Nature's defects.

That our gardens were not more entirely wrecked in their transition from Art to that parody of Nature which was substituted for it, is due to the genius and perseverance of Humphrey Repton. It is indicative of his liberal mind that having begun by blessing he came near to cursing. He inveighs bitterly against the puerilities perpetrated by Brown, whose habit it was to destroy the natural contour of the ground by lowering every hillock and filling every hollow, and who—such was his penchant for what in this sense may be properly termed 'artificial water'—ventured to excavate his lakes without any regard to the naturalness of the situation. Repton's philosophic mind divined that the old must be blended with the new. Instead of trying to teach Nature better ways, he took her into partnership. His catholic taste appeals to us from his pages. His drawings, in which a plan of the new grounds fits over the old—with spaces cut out to show such

portions as were to be retained—prove that, like every true gardener, he had a picture of the future in his mind's eye.

How difficult was his task may be gathered from the frequent references to the obstacles which he encountered. It must be remembered, too, in appreciating his work, that his best designs were often marred by the mischievous intervention of his patrons. Not unnaturally he demurs to the dictum that one who is always on the spot must know best. If so, a constant attendant is, in time of need, a better adviser than a physician. In the Advertisement, which explains the scope of his treatise, published in 1803, he says:—

'So difficult is the application of any rules of Art to the works of Nature that I do not presume to give this Book any higher title than "Observations tending to establish fixed Principles, in the Art of Landscape Gardening."'

And he adds:—

'In every other polite art there are certain established rules or general principles to which the professor may appeal in support of his opinion; but in Landscape Gardening every one delivers his sentiments or displays his taste, as whim or caprice may dictate, without having studied the subject.'

To prove that Art and Nature are not irreconcilable, it may suffice to summon one typical witness, of whose inborn sensitiveness to every phase and mood of Nature it were superfluous to speak. Read Wordsworth's idea of a garden, and mark how fairly he, who in garden craft was the equal of Bacon and Evelyn, could hold the balance between the rival schools. In a letter to Sir George Beaumont, quoted by Mr. Myers, he says:—

'Laying out grounds, as it is called, may be considered as a liberal Art, in some sort like poetry and painting, and its object is or ought to be to move the affections under the control of good sense, that is, of the best and wisest; but, speaking with more precision, it is to assist Nature in moving the affections of those who have the deepest perception of the beauties of Nature.'

We have noted the disestablishment which overtook the old English garden—reform degenerating into iconoclasm; the attempts, always unavailing, to reconstitute the past; the chaos which ensued. We are still in the transition state, but that is the fashion of the day. Good may come of evil, but it behoves us to remember that the break-up of a system leaves us the difficult task of reconstruction without the aid of rules. The wondrous enthusiasm which shed its glamour over the garden in

Elizabethan days has not spent itself. In our sober English fashion we still love flowers, though our praise takes something of that saddened tone which is appropriate to a disillusioned era. In the garden at least there is no room for despondency. The world's floral treasures which have been poured so lavishly upon us are not yet exhausted. The horticulturist, at any rate, may view with complacency the opening up of China and the dark places of the earth.

The man of the world will see in all this nothing but the swing of fashion's pendulum. But there are epidemics of sentiment as well as of disease, which have to be reckoned with. The weariness of life, which is affected by many, is felt in all its reality by the few. Man carries with him a double nature: the civilisation of centuries coexists with primitive savagery. The stronger the character, the greater the impulse towards reversion. Minds of a primitive type decline to be 'lulled by the singer of an empty day'; the trim paths of life irritate them. Such men as Rousseau, Gautier, and Thoreau might well be credited with this 'yearning towards wildness.' But Cowley spoke for others besides himself when he desired that his garden should be—

'Painted o'er with Nature's hand, not Art's.'

In the polished and decorous Addison we find an even more unexpected advocate:

'I have often,' he says, 'looked upon it as a piece of happiness that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed anything the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres.'

This is, however, no disparagement of a garden. Burns took his walk to see the linnet's nest and the rosebud bending its thorny stalk. We would not outrage his artistic sense by turning his wild rose into a standard budded with different varieties of the flower; nor would we affront Addison's cultured taste by overlaying Nature with Art. Who would not sympathise with Juvenal's lament over Egeria's fountain 'prisoned in marble,' or with Byron's delight at seeing the flowers and ivy once more asserting their claim? If Nature is at times coerced, she revenges herself with a sweet wilfulness. Many a ruin looks fairer in its decay than when it left the builder's hands. The Colosseum, before the archaeologists intervened, harboured four hundred and twenty species of plants. Shelley

tells us how he found the inspiration of 'Prometheus Unbound' 'among the flowering glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming shrubs and trees' which had taken possession of the Baths of Caracalla. This is Nature's method, and man, if he is wise, will enter into partnership with her rather than competition.

Those who sigh for primitive wildness must seek it elsewhere than in cultivated England. The very aspect of our woods has changed. The forests among which our British ancestors wandered were of oak, birch, alder, and mountain-ash. The plane, elm, poplar, and chestnut were unknown to them; and they never heard the bees drowsing among the lime blossom. Addison would have found the pleasure of his walk enhanced if, besides the cowslips and daffodils, which were the object of his quest, he had found the indigenous plants of some other country, or the flowers of another clime. The Scotchman in his exile loved his thistle, though it was not indigenous; and Cromwell was indebted to the American forest for his bergamots. Along the shores of the Mediterranean many a little clearing will be met with which recalls Virgil's exquisite picture of the wild garden, and its lilies, under the rocky heights of *Cæbalia*. The twice-flowering roses of *Pæstum* would not have bloomed among the violets unless some hand had placed them there. All that the fastidious eye demands is that Nature should not be made ridiculous by the introduction of incongruous elements or by inharmonious juxtaposition. In her own domain she must reign supreme, under condition that she finds room for the beauty of other lands.

It would be too much to assume that the Wild Garden is dictated by our present phase of ennui. We may seek its origin more reasonably in our leaning towards freedom, accentuated by a revulsion from the uniformity of the day. The creation of a Wild Garden is an undertaking which may satisfy the ambition of the most adventurous. Here there are no standing rules, no handbooks, which, carefully adhered to, will ensure success. With a very moderate amount of knowledge and skill, many square feet of cuttings and seedlings may be counted on. They will come in their appointed season. There is no question to be settled as to finding room in a crowded bed, or ousting less worthy occupants. Your plants can go at once into the home prepared for them and provided with every comfort. He was a reverent man who said: 'God Almighty is my gardener. I merely put the things in. He makes them grow.' When we come into the august presence of Nature we instinctively put aside the lofty talk about 'flowering' a plant and then transferring it to the rubbish

heap. Nature must be reverently wooed if she is to be won. When we note the perfection of her picture, we may well turn pupil instead of teacher. A well furnished bed of bloom rising out of the stark earth has as sorry an appearance as a room without a carpet. It is in the setting of her flowers that Nature chiefly distances the Art of man. To provide that delicate network of fern and grass and herb is a task of infinite difficulty. Where possible the original growth may be left undisturbed. Many of the sturdier bulbs may be dibbled in the turf, and praeonies make a grand show in the tall grass; but too often the indigenous vegetation would starve or overrun the exotics. Before we lay our favourites in Nature's lap, we must first ask Nature if she would care to grow them.

In our flower-beds each specimen is surrounded by its quota of bare earth; but in Nature's garden there should be no waste land—save under the deep shadow of an evergreen. The leafless season of the deciduous trees allows time for a crop of bulbs. Each spot should be a calendar of the seasons. By forecasting the blooming period it is possible to maintain an unbroken succession of blossom throughout the year. There will not be the brilliant outburst of the bedding-out system; but the result will please the fancy of those who subscribe to the old-world adage: 'Use pleasure gently, and it will last the longer.'

Grouping is another 'riddle of the painful earth,' which must be studied thoughtfully. There are no unmeaning lines, no specimens dotted aimlessly here and there. Each species collects itself into a colony, whose form is dictated by the exigencies of the position. The colony is compact, but of irregular shape. The approach to it is often marked by outlying sentries—seeds carried by the wind or dropped by birds. But be the form what it may, it will be found worthy of imitation.

To attempt a catalogue of such plants as are suitable to the Wild Garden would be less serviceable than to indicate the general conditions which must be borne in mind. Nature cultivates the hedgerow and the ditch, the coppice and the meadow, the brookside and the arid bank. What then are the limits of the Wild Garden? It begins where the last flower-bed spreads its trim beauty on the greensward, and it ends where the practised eye and well-stored mind can find no further point of vantage whereon to place a flower. This will not be reached till many a year has slipped into oblivion. The time is gone, but the work remains, and the world is thereby enriched. It may be said that this is mere naturalisation. But to admit the imputation is to cast no slur on an art which tests the gardener's skill

in the solution of problems unknown to the ordinary garden. His highest capacities are called forth by the effort to domesticate in the different parts of his domain plants and flowers of the most different provenance; and the variety of foreign plants is always on the increase. The Elizabethan gardener boasted of the many strange herbs which were 'daily brought from the Indies, America, Taprobane, Canary Isles, and all parts of the world.' Read Bacon's modest list and then compare it with Loudon's, then carry the catalogue up to date, and we shall see the advantage at which we stand as to raw material. As England is an epitome of the world, so the Wild Garden is a miniature presentment of many lands. The unpremeditated art of Nature must be the workman's ideal; but, though no trace of the hand remain, it should bear the impress of man's mind. It is Nature's truce with man. She has condescended to heighten her beauty by a richer dress.

Beyond the fact that each is engaged in growing flowers, there is little in common between the horticulturist and the gardener—two terms which are often treated as synonymous. It is by the composition of the picture that the true artist is known. The eye of the artist and the mind of the poet must inspire the technical skill of the gardener if his work is to rise above the level of mediocrity. It is not the palette dotted over with patches of brilliant colour that we admire, but the ordered harmony of effects. Naturalisation, if we accept for awhile the limitation, is not the haphazard introduction of exotics among our native flora. As to technical knowledge, it necessitates an intimate acquaintance with every flower we handle, its preference for sunshine or shade, drought or moisture, its favourite soil, and its capacity for holding its own among indigenous rivals. This much may be acquired; but the æsthetic qualities which can weave a parti-coloured mass into harmonious union are gifts, and beyond the teaching of books.

To begin with, we must discard the dogmatic laws of the garden; but such rebellion need not lead us astray. The character and variety of the flora within our reach will be mainly determined by the configuration of the land and its geological formation. Where a hanging coppice or a low ridge of rock—preferably limestone—falls gently to a river or marsh, nooks will be found which the practised hand will people with congenial plant life. Each rill which adds its tribute to the river may have its own flora, while by the alluvial soil which it carries down it prepares a bed for another group. The various exposures to sun and wind, which a broken outline affords, give climates so various that the vegetation of many

latitudes may be collected within a limited area. There are spots in our southern and western counties where, among bay, ilex, laurustinus, myrtle, and arbutus, no unworthy reminiscence may be obtained of the natural gardens which clothe the Mediterranean coast. Landor hated evergreens because they seemed to have no sympathy with Nature; but Emerson loved them for their snug seclusion. A holly glinting against the russet oak-leaves needs no apology. It is no disparagement of our English woodland to say that it has an unkempt look after the finished beauty of more southern lands. The patriarchal husbandry of the Moor leaves a plentiful crop of iris and other bulbs to gem his fields, while the rocky background is covered with cistus. The meadows and corn fields of Greece and Asia Minor are ablaze with colour. The thistles of the South American pampas, taller than a man on horseback, spread a mass of bloom like a heathery moor. These and like effects may be ours in miniature. The northern latitudes of the American and our own continent will supply all that we need for the bleaker spots.

The traveller will turn with a wistful sigh from scenes which can live only in memory. No human hand can reproduce the gardens with which Nature decks her lordly domain—the gorgeous colour which lights up the sombre depths of a tropical forest, the modest beauty of the verbenas and fuchsias of a cooler latitude, the brilliant bulbs of the Cape, or the tender bloom of oleanders filling a Spanish valley—yet these scenes will supply a picture-lesson of the way in which Nature works. ‘*Ab uno disce omnes.*’ Let the wayfarer in one of the forest States of North America emerge from a ‘pine barren’ on to a cranberry moss. It is one of Nature’s Water Gardens, laid out on a scale and with surroundings worthy of her. The yellow sand, redeemed from barrenness by the dark fir-trees, fringes the marsh. Beyond it, far as the eye can reach, stretches a waving sea of green—the stately heads of elm-trees and maples older than the Republic. The mass of vegetation which crowds every inch of the oozy soil is bewildering at first sight, but a detailed examination soon reveals many of our acclimatised favourites. It is from the marshy meadows and forest pools of the Eastern States and from the dank woods of the lake region that we have obtained the stately swamp lily and the golden club, the large yellow and the white water lily, pitcher plants, water arums, and varieties of lady’s slipper—among them the lovely *morassini* flower. Nowhere does the incomparable tint of the cardinal flower, beautiful alike in sunshine and shade, show to better effect than among the tussocks which fringe some wood-

land stream—surroundings which are also only too well suited to the requirements of the rattlesnake.

The peat mosses and marshes of the northern and temperate latitudes have added much to our choice of subjects. Yet so rich is our native flora that, except for such exotics as the water-loving irises, we need not travel beyond our own border. There is often more difficulty in collecting on one spot our indigenous plants, scattered irregularly over the kingdom. Yet the result will repay the effort. It is not the paucity of plants, but the difficulty of selecting the worthiest, that embarrasses us. Among those which should find a place are the great water dock, the bullrush, *cladium mariscus*, and the *equisetum* known as giant horse-tail; some of the sedges, such as *carex pendula*, which are of a very graceful habit; the flowering rush, arrow-head, loosestrife, willow herb, monkshood, yarrow, meadow-sweet, water lilies, with their dwarf likeness, *villarsia*; bog arum and bog bean; marsh marigold, that 'shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey'; water violet, our native globe flower, and water ranunculuses, especially the indigenous *ranunculus lingua*, with its large handsome yellow flowers and bold habit. A rich drapery of ferns, notably *osmunda*, and such distinct grasses as *poa aquatica*, will suffice to complete the picture.

To pause here, however, will be to fail in doing justice to our opportunities. We have amplified with some detail the characteristics of the Water Garden; but space will not permit to carry this principle into other portions of the garden. The secret of success lies in noting the native flora which abound in a locality and associating with them the exotics of the same species. With the meadow-sweets, for example, may be grouped the many beautiful varieties of herbaceous spiræas; with the yellow water-flag several of the foreign irises. Many of our garden plants would thrive much better in the cool soil which borders a lake or river. Some prefer the brink, while the water itself is the natural home of others. To meet their respective wants three zones should be provided—an arrangement which will promote the growth of individual plants and aid in the general mass of bloom. The beautiful Nile lily—*calla althayana*—is hardy in the south of England; so, too, is the Cape pond weed. The saxifrage known as 'petata,' from its shield-like leaves, and the pondweed of North America are useful plants. *Gunnera*, with its handsome rhubarb-like leaves, starwort, and many another plant will make an ample return for the consideration which gives them the opportunity they lack under the ordinary methods of cultivation.

It is inevitable that the lover of the picturesque should give his sympathies to the live fence, for which wire and iron railings are being so largely substituted. The enemies of the latter decry them, not unjustly, as forming a ladder to climb over, a lattice to look through, and as destitute of the prime essential of shelter. It is the disappointment due to the introduction into our hedges of such unsuitable shrubs as privet and elder, together with neglect in maintaining them, which has brought live fences into disrepute. But if properly formed in the first place of blackthorn, quick, or holly, they will justify the trouble by their utility, economy, and beauty. It is the infatuation of rabbits for the bark of the holly which has deterred many from planting this—the best and most ornamental of fencing plants. Our hedgerows and banks form a garden which may be rendered more attractive than any artificial fence. They afford, too, a shelter which is invaluable. Here there will be a congenial home for coloured primroses, polyanthus, cyclamens, Solomon's seal, the hardy gladioli, pyrola, narcissus, snowflakes, fritillary, and many another. The wild rose and the sweet brier flourish on the top, while our native climbers take possession of the bank. No training can ever give to them the artless grace with which they arrange their drapery when free from restraint. In the company of traveller's joy and honeysuckle we may place several varieties of clematis, honeysuckles of other hues but in sweetness equal to our own, jasmynes, vines, roses, and Virginian creeper. The difference between their beauty in such a spot and that of their garden rivals may be tested by comparing a well-trained vineyard with an old vine wedded to an elm tree in primæval fashion.

A glimpse at a New England wood will show how we may enliven our own coppice. The ground is brightened in spring by dog's-tooth violets, hepaticas, Solomon's seal, blood-root, gold-thread—so named from its yellow roots—and the lovely wood-lily. If these plants can endure the climate of Massachusetts, what may not we accomplish? It is true that in their own country the heavy mantle of snow preserves them from the alternate coaxing and freezing which is the vice of an English winter: we must therefore remedy the drawback by allowing Nature to take care of her children in her own untidy way. 'Tidiness' is the bane of plant life. To remove the leaves from a bed at the approach of winter is to shear a sheep at Christmas. From the artistic point of view it may be doubted whether the bare soil, dotted over with frost-bitten plants, is a more cheerful sight than a carpet of dead leaves; but even if it be so, let consideration for the flowers, which need

our best help in their season of distress, incline the balance in their favour. There would be something ludicrous, were it not painful, in the annual digging-over to which shrubberies are subjected. The 'rough pruners' go before to clear the way, and the diggers follow. Behind them is a desolation like the track of a whirlwind. The wasted effort bestowed on this destruction should be given to encouraging the many dwarf and creeping things which cover the nakedness of the land.

Happily, in the Wild Garden we may defy conventionality unproved. In our capricious climate cover is needed long after the calendar proclaims the advent of spring; and if March delays to sweep away the last of the litter, Nature will soon draw a mask of green over her untidiness. It is under these conditions, in the half-shade and shelter of a deciduous coppice, that the *lilium auratum*, the panther, with some of the other lilies, and not a few of the most beautiful irises, develop to perfection. Here, too, should it not be indigenous, we may naturalise the lily of the valley and Solomon's seal—seen at its best when lifting its graceful head out of a carpet of wild hyacinth.

Forest trees are beneficial to some flowers from the partial shade they afford; but, speaking generally, they are inimical to plant life. They exhaust the soil, and deprive it alike of sun and rain. The air, however, of antiquity which they lend should atone for these evils; the inconvenience should not be removed by cutting them down. 'Thank goodness it takes three centuries to grow an avenue of oaks,' was the consolation of the guests who drove home down the newly planted avenue of a plutocrat, who had entertained them at dinner, and had overdone the ostentation. Evelyn regrets that men are more prone to cut down than to plant, and relates with approval the anecdote of Ulysses, who, returning from his wanderings, found his father planting a tree. Being asked why he did so, at his age, the old man replied to his unknown visitor: 'I plant against the day when my son Ulysses comes home.' The author of '*Silva*' might well turn his delightful pages with increased pleasure when he remembered the millions of trees which its advice had called into being.

Where planting is necessary, the configuration of the ground should be accentuated, not minimised. The taller trees should be placed on the high ground, and those of more moderate growth be reserved for the valleys. The contrary method is productive of tameness by equalising the level. It was the belief of Kent and Brown that the 'works of Nature were well executed, but in a bad taste.' Their mania was for levelling,

for producing a smooth bare surface, whereon to reconstruct Nature; our effort should be to reverse their process. The essence of the Wild Garden is that it leaves Nature intact in all its essential features. Nature should not be forced, says Sir William Temple; 'great sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense.' Nor should the eye be forced, for, as Repton points out, 'The eye of taste or experience hates compulsion, and turns away with disgust from every artificial means of attracting its notice.' We are bidden to believe that every ornament of a woman's dress is a survival of some article of use. A bridge should be so placed as to cross the water; and roads should follow the lie of the land, and not meander from sheer imbecility. So, too, everything should be congruous to the scene. A Chinese shoe will not fit an English foot, and a pagoda is an anomaly in an English landscape.

An eye for form as well as colour is indispensable for successful planting. A bold effect, ably conceived, will be lost if the site be chosen without judgment. The little bays formed by trees and shrubs should not be blocked by a mass of tall flowers. The intrinsic beauty of their form will not, however, be marred by a carpet of dwarf vegetation. Erect stiff plants should not occupy the ridge of a bank while the shrubs which would have drooped over it are relegated to positions where their tendency becomes an eyesore. Nature loves mystery, and a glimpse of colour through the brushwood is often more attractive than an unobstructed vista. Plants lose by repetition, especially if they recur at measured distances. The habit of the eye is to take in one object at a time, and it should not be distracted. A group of lilies against the dark foliage of an evergreen needs no adjunct. The sum of the matter is that the eye unconsciously searches out points of vantage. It should be the effort of forethought to see that it has a pleasing object whereon to rest.

If it be true that every woman who puts a ribbon in her bonnet incurs a responsibility to society, a similar remark may be made of the world of flowers. The laws of colour must remain a sealed book to those who are afflicted with colour blindness. There are others who in dress, in furniture, and even in the arrangement of a bowl of flowers, show a nice discrimination, but who seem to leave their taste behind them when they close the front door. A pattern-bed might be made much more effectively in any other material than flowers; and in that case its designers would produce a work of art. Yet a violent contrast of crude colour seems to cause them no pain; and because it is consecrated by custom, the regulation red, blue, and yellow

of geranium, lobelia, and calceolaria is held to be a pleasant relief to the eye. But when did Nature ever grow a formal mass of scarlet or crimson and fence it in with a thin blue line, and then in sheer wilfulness balance it by an equal quantity of yellow? 'God Almighty planted the first garden,' and somehow in her painting of coppice or moor or meadow Nature never goes wrong. Here we shall obtain lessons in colour more easy of appreciation than the laws laid down by art. Nature employs a bold contrast at times, but her rule is harmony; and much of the secret of her success lies in the abundant drapery of green by which she veils and softens her colours.

The association of such flowers as tritoma and the rose-coloured Japanese anemone, and a delicate harmony chosen from the perennial phloxes, make a pleasing blend as summer wanes. Then pass from the sunlight to some cool glade in the coppice or shrubbery, and mark the effect of 'Honorine Jobert,' the white-flowered Japanese anemone, gleaming against the dusky shadows, the appropriate home, throughout the changing seasons, of lilies of the valley, monkshood, columbine, and larkspurs, of white lilies, ferns, and saxifrage—not one of which seems out of tone. Here it must be remarked that not every flower which a delicate sense of colour would place in the half light is patient of this treatment. The tender yellow of some of the evening primroses is beautiful as they open in the twilight; but the plant loves to bask in the sunshine. As the low-toned flowers suit the shade, the warm yellows, scarlet, crimson, and orange, are enhanced by the sun's rays. In a climate such as ours, masses of dead white should be sparingly used. As a relief to the darker purples and lilac their employment is desirable. Simplicity and broad effects should be the object aimed at, a result attainable by the massing of kindred tints.

'I like your essays,' said Henry III to Montaigne. 'Then, sire, you will like me—I am my essays.' And what is gardening but a series of essays written in the book of art and nature? Here, as elsewhere, the style is the man. When Bacon pauses in laying out his artificial garden to ordain that there should be 'mounts' whence to look out on the distant country, and a 'desert or heath' planted 'not in any order,' he proves that the world had not been able to kill all the wild joy of Nature. But it is where man is left alone with Nature that the impress of his individuality is chiefly apparent. Here the eye for form and colour must make good its claim under new conditions, and bold effects must take the place of

the niggler's puny scroll-work. It is the test of a man's intimacy with the lore of Nature and of the accord which subsists between them. And—so the *genius loci* be not disturbed—the man who grows two flowers where one grew before is a benefactor to his kind.

We need not fear the development of that bucolic mind which is said to come of turnips and fat cattle. Diocletian could wield the Empire of Rome, and Cromwell a kingdom which was somewhat akin to it; but both loved their flowers. As the Laureate said recently of Burns: 'One hand on the plough and the other on the harp, that is the ideal life.' The busy hand that plants in hope or succours some sufferer, leaves the mind free. From Bacon's stately eulogy to the last essay on gardening—commendable for its spirit, if not always for its literary merit—there is evidence of the same constraining impulse to give thanks for an indwelling source of happiness. We may feel with Renan that the task is not a thankless one: 'La fleur, c'est l'acte d'adoration que fait la terre à un amant invisible, selon un rite toujours le même.' In the Wild Garden there is no room for ostentation and that desire to distance one's neighbours which is beginning to take the zest out of honest enjoyment. The varying conditions which dictate and make possible a Wild Garden scarce invite comparison. Here there are no carnation clubs, nor the latest rose, restricted by a fancy price, so that the wealthy may boast for a year or two of its exclusive possession. Here we need fear 'no enemy but winter and rough weather'—no competitor but Nature; and we may disarm her by turning pupil. * Nature is commanded by obeying her.'

That a garden is the last retreat of the solitary and the sad is only a fraction of the truth. To the motley crew of her worshippers* the Court of Flora is always open, and, best of all, to the poor. The man who feels that his 'craving for the ideal has grown to a fine lunacy,' may plead that he gardens for something to do; but in truth he only obeys the law of his birth. Those on whom the sweet compulsion is laid must needs comply. And if it be true that no bad man loves flowers, may we not learn a whole sermon full of charity when

* The devoted gardener, who wishes to know what has been said or sung by a multitude of authors—ancient, mediæval and modern—about his favourite pursuit, will find ample encouragement in Mr A. F. Steveling's book, 'The Praise of Gardens' (Dent and Co.), a second edition of which, recently published, has come into our hands since this article was put in type. The new edition contains so much fresh matter (including especially an historical 'Épilogue,' with many illustrations of 'formal gardens') as to be almost a new book.

we see that Puritan and Cavalier, Tory and Radical, meet here in the truce of God?

There is an underlying meaning in the saying that flowers grow only for those who love them. We will not press the thought beyond the point to which anyone would wish to carry it. If we deny humanity to what we call the inanimate world, we may translate it into our dealings with what some deem the only creatures of God's hand. The blessing is on him that considereth the poor; and the poor are the weak. The eye that is quick to note, and the hand to aid, will carry the habit beyond the precincts of the garden. Where compulsion hardens or sours, the sunshine of sympathy will develope. It may be said this needs much knowledge. So does knowledge of character; and how few of us are really developed. What was destined for a goodly plant too often grows dwarfed or awry. Consult their tastes; for tastes, to those who have them, are the requirements of healthy life. Place them where they are 'happy,' i.e. where Nature designed them to be, and, having marked the result, apply the same treatment to the human plant. Take some clytie from its gloomy corner and place it where it can turn lovingly to the Sun God, and let some modest flower that droops beneath the glare of day seek its congenial retirement. Of those which were killed by misapprehension of their needs, or which never knew what it was to live, we can only say in hope:—

‘In Eden every flower is blown.’

For ourselves, if we are wise, the mournful song of Horace will be often in our ears, ‘*Linquenda tellus.*’ We must leave our earthly home; and if none of the trees we tended so lovingly follow us to the grave except the cypress, what of that? The heir may not be ungrateful. Some sap of the old stock may flow through the branches, and he may have noted that we cherished with especial care some tree that a dead hand had planted. We need not be greedy of statues; our memory is a living one. The seed we have sown will not perish from the earth; for when Nature, half reluctantly, resumes her wonted course, she will gather in her nosegay the flowers we brought her. ‘Now they are dead,’ says Victor Hugo, ‘they are dead, but the flowers last always.’

- ART. VI.—1. *The London Commissariat*. Quarterly Review: London: John Murray, September 1854.
2. *Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions, 1898* (C. 9300: 1899).
3. *Life and Labour of the People in London*. By Charles Booth. Vol. VII, part ii (Food and Drink). London: Macmillan and Co., 1896.
4. *The Production and Consumption of Milk and Milk Products in Great Britain*. By R. H. Rew. Journal of the Royal Statistical Society. London: Stanford, June 1892.
5. *Report of the Departmental Committee on Beer Materials* (C. 9172: 1899).
6. *Reports on the Metropolitan Water Supply*. By Major-General Scott. Annual Reports of Local Government Board, 1897-8 and 1898-9 (C. 8978: 1898; and C. 9444: 1899).
7. *Family Budgets*. Compiled by the Economic Club. London: King and Son, 1896.
- And other reports and documents.

ARTICLE II.

IN the article on 'The Food of London' which appeared in the last number of the Quarterly Review, a description was attempted of the character and sources of supply of some of the chief staple articles which enter into the diet of Londoners. We there endeavoured to estimate, so far as the available data permit, the quantity of each article which is annually brought into London, and the proportions which are drawn from the United Kingdom, from the rest of the British Empire, and from foreign countries respectively. We also noted some of the changes which have come over the London food supply in recent years, both as regards the form in which the food materials arrive and the countries from which they are drawn; and we compared, so far as possible, the present conditions with those prevailing in 1854, which were described in an article in the Quarterly Review of that year.

In this way we passed under review the annual London supply of wheat and flour, of cattle and meat, of fish, vegetables, and fruit. In the following pages it is proposed to complete the account by treating in a similar way the chief remaining classes of food and drink, such as milk and other dairy products, tea, coffee, sugar, and cocoa, water, beer, and wine. Some observations will be added on certain aspects of the London food problem as a whole, especially as regards the

relation between the volume of stocks and that of annual supply.

Milk is one of the few articles of food which to any considerable extent are still produced in London itself, but, though the London cowkeepers still furnish their customers with some 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 gallons of milk per annum, or enough to supply the wants of a city of 500,000 inhabitants, the supply from this source is now small compared with the quantity of milk poured into London from the country. Exact statistics of milk consumption are not to be obtained, but by the aid of returns from the railway companies, and a calculation of the estimated yield of the cows in London, some rough idea may be formed of the London consumption. A few years ago Mr. Rew* obtained returns from the railway companies showing that rather more than 40,000,000 gallons were brought by them to London in the course of a year. Adding 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 gallons for the output of London cowsheds, and 1,000,000 more for milk reaching London by road or in other ways, we get about 49,000,000 gallons as the consumption of milk in London in 1892, or about $11\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per head.

This allowance is considerably less than that usually made for the consumption per head of the whole population of the country, which is roughly 15 gallons. But on the one hand Londoners almost certainly drink less milk than country folk, and on the other hand they consume more 'condensed' milk. Mr. Rew thinks that London takes about one third of the condensed milk consumed, which, in the year to which his calculations relate, would be equivalent altogether to about 19,000,000 gallons of fresh milk. If Londoners consume condensed milk to the extent of the equivalent of 6,000,000 gallons, we have to add $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per head to the *per capita* consumption stated above, thus giving a total of 13 gallons per head. We dare not guess how much is to be added to this total on account of adulteration by water, but without any such allowance the average consumption would appear to amount to between a quarter and a third of a pint per day for every man, woman, and child in London.

This estimate is supported by such figures as are available from the consumers' point of view, though, as may be expected, consumption of milk varies very greatly, according to the social status and income of the family. Thus, Mr. Rew found that the average consumption of a number of West-end families was about three-quarters of a pint per head per day. On the

* *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, June 1892, p. 263.

other hand, the budgets of expenditure collected by the Economic Club show for thirty-eight persons of all ages in London an average expenditure of $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ per head per week for milk, giving an average consumption of a pint and three quarters per week, or a quarter of a pint per day. If, in default of better data, we assume that these widely differing figures represent the average consumption of the middle and upper classes and of the working classes respectively, and take about one fifth of the London population as belonging to the former, we arrive at an average consumption of one third of a pint per head per day for the whole London population. At the present time the annual consumption of fresh milk in London must be over 50,000,000 gallons, and of this probably six sevenths come from the country by rail or road, chiefly from the home and midland counties, where the farmers have almost entirely renounced butter-making for the more lucrative business of supplying the vast demand of the capital for milk.

The supply of London with milk from the country is a growth of comparatively recent years. Before the advent of railways London was practically self-sufficing in this respect. Every dairyman was a cowkeeper, and in the middle of the century from 20,000 to 30,000 cows are said to have been kept in London. In 1854 the Quarterly Review estimated the number at 20,000, yielding 60,000 gallons of milk a day, and furnishing two thirds of the total milk supply of London. Even at that date railway-borne milk was a considerable element in the London supply, though subordinate to the produce of the London cows; but the secret of carrying the milk without deterioration through jolting had not yet been discovered. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention; and when the ravages of the rinderpest, which swept through the London cowsheds in the two next decades, compelled the London dairymen to look to the country for their supplies, the pressure of the growing demand caused the railway companies to improve their service and led to the invention of the milk-cooler. Since then the supply of country milk to the London market has increased with gigantic strides, far more than keeping pace with population. Instead of being, as formerly, inferior to the produce of London sheds, country milk has long been recognised as superior in quality. Unable to compete with a superior article from the country, and hampered by the rising standard of sanitation in London, which increases the stringency of the County Council regulations for cowsheds, the London cowkeeper seems destined to disappear, except perhaps in the East-end of London, where he owes his continued

existence to the presence of the Jews. 'Kosher' milk must be milked direct into a jug or vessel and not mixed with other milk, so that the local cowkeeper will probably long be a familiar figure in Whitechapel. According to Mr. Baxter,* he is generally a Welshman; and members of this thrifty race seem to be the only dairymen who can still make cowkeeping pay. Usually he is a son or near relation of a small Welsh farmer, and, as in so many other dwindling trades, he has to work extremely hard for a very small return. Everywhere out of Whitechapel the cowkeeper seems doomed to extinction. Between 1891 and 1898 the number of licences granted for cowhouses was reduced from 597 to 375.

London having been beaten by the country districts as regards its milk supply, it remains to be seen if the country in turn has anything to fear from our over-sea competitors. Condensed milk, chiefly from Switzerland, has long been an important article of import, but, though a certain amount of 'raw' milk has been imported from France, the quantity is at present insignificant as an element in the London supply. Whether fresh milk can be profitably imported in the future depends largely on the much-debated question of preservatives. A great part of the country milk drunk in London is already 'doctored' with boracic acid or other chemicals to ensure its keeping, and experts are divided as to the danger or harmlessness of this treatment. There was some talk recently of the use of a secret preservative by an exporter in the north of France, and the matter actually gave rise to questions in Parliament. At present, however, there is no sign of any likelihood of serious competition from the Continent in the supply of fresh milk to London, though with recent developments in one's mind he would be a bold man who would affirm its permanent impossibility.

The distribution of milk in London tends more and more to fall into the hands of large firms with several branches. Thus in Kelly's Directory for 1898, 1450 dairymen were enumerated, compared with 1408 in 1878, when the population was much smaller. Over a third of the total number—mainly the smaller numbers—are Welsh, the larger firms being almost all English. For many reasons there appear to be no Scotch or Irish in this trade.

The rapidly increasing part played in recent years by the foreign districts in the supply of London with milk, has been accompanied by a corresponding decline in the proportion of

* *Life and Labour of the People*, vol. vii, p. 18.

Butter which they furnish to the London market. Epping and Cambridge butters, once so famous, are known no more, and even Devonshire and Dorset are far less important as sources of supply than Normandy and Denmark. As regards the United Kingdom as a whole, the foreign butter consumed now outweighs the home production probably by two to one, but in London the proportions are still more striking. A large butter dealer estimates that 95 per cent. of the butter consumed in London is of foreign origin.

Normandy has a very large market for butter in London, where it is known commercially as 'Brittany butter'; and a large quantity of Danish butter comes over, chiefly in the winter months. The great advantage of these foreign butters over their English rivals is their uniformity of quality. This is secured in Denmark by the system of huge 'co-operative' dairies, to which the neighbouring farmers send their milk. In Normandy the factor buys the butter ready made from the dairymen twice or thrice a week, after which it is roughly sorted, and the best qualities are ground up together in a butter mill into one uniform article. The large butter dealers complain that English and Irish dairymen do not take trouble to make butter uniform in quality, colour, and saltiness, so that, with the increasing concentration of the London trade in the hands of large dealers the home produce has practically been beaten out of the field. It remains to be seen how far the co-operative dairies which are springing up in various parts of Ireland will succeed in removing the reproach which formerly attached to Irish butter.

But, as hinted above, the causes which have curtailed the supply of butter from the home and midland counties to London are too deep-seated to be wholly removed by any improvement in the quality of the article or even by any scheme of wholesale butter factories. The itinerant butter-schools sent round the rural districts under the auspices of the Technical Education Committees of the various County Councils have probably more effect on the quality of the butter consumed locally than on the food supply of London and the large towns. The fact is that the operations of supplying milk and butter to London are, to a large extent, mutually exclusive industries, and that, for districts within a certain radius from London and within reasonable distance of a railway, it is, at present, more profitable to send fresh milk than butter. Such home-made butter as is consumed in London comes chiefly from districts outside that radius—*e.g.* Devonshire or Ireland; and Normandy commands as easy access to the London market as either of these districts.

The introduction of so-called 'Brittany' butter to London furnishes an interesting case of the indirect economic results of political events. Formerly Paris was the great market for the butter of north-west France. But in 1870-71 the German armies separated the capital from the farmers of Normandy and Brittany, and the eyes of the latter were therefore turned elsewhere. Shipment after shipment was sent to London, at first with no favourable results, although the butter was offered wholesale at 1s. 1d. per lb., while 2s. was the retail price of the best English butter. At last it came under the notice of Mr. Hudson, now known as the 'butter king,' who tasted it and bought up all the French butter in the market. Had it not been for the accidental dislocation of industry by the Franco-German war, Normandy butter might have had to wait some time longer for its opportunity to invade the English market, but the economic advantages on its side would have brought it to our doors sooner or later. At present three-quarters of the Brittany butter which comes to London is said to be exported by two large French firms. But, with the perfecting of arrangements for cold storage in transit, other countries more distant than Normandy and Denmark, or even than Sweden and Finland, have begun to contribute to the London butter supply. In winter a quantity of frozen Australian butter comes over, especially about Christmas, and much of it is kept in cold stores at the docks or at the private stores of large dealers, to be distributed daily to customers as required. If, as is estimated, half the Australian butter imported is consumed in London and the neighbourhood, the contribution of Australia to the London butter supply last year was nearly 6000 tons. Canada and the United States also send some butter to the London market, and during the last three or four years a considerable and promising trade has sprung up with the Argentine Republic.

As to the average consumption of butter per head we are dependent upon estimates, for there are no direct statistics of butter production. Following, however, the usual calculations of the average amount of milk produced from a milch cow, we find that the home production of milk in the United Kingdom averages about 37 gallons per head of population, which, after deducting 15 gallons for the milk consumption, leaves 22 gallons for the home production of butter and cheese. For the division of this milk between butter and cheese we are dependent on the conjectures of experts, and these are well summarised in Mr. Rew's paper to which reference has already been made. On the whole we shall probably not be far wrong in assuming that of the milk used in making butter and cheese about

16 gallons per head go to make butter and 6 to make cheese. If this be so, about 6 lb. of butter per head of the population are produced annually in the United Kingdom, which, added to imports of $8\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per head, gives a total consumption of, say, 15 lb. per head, exclusive of butter substitutes. Whether the butter consumption of London is above or below this average it is difficult to say, though London certainly surpasses the country in the use of margarine. In the 'Family Budgets' published by the Economic Club the weekly expenditure on butter of eight families in London, comprising thirty-eight individuals, amounted to 11s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., representing a consumption of, say, 10 lb. weekly, or an annual consumption per head of 14 lb.

It is notorious that butter substitutes, under the name of 'Margarine,' form an increasing element in popular consumption, especially in poorer districts. How far they find a genuine market under their own name, and how far they are fraudulently sold in place of butter, are at present matters of keen controversy. The Food and Drugs Amendment Act of 1899 is intended to discriminate between the so-called legitimate and illegitimate uses of margarine. It provides additional machinery for the detection and punishment of adulteration, requires all margarine to be conspicuously labelled as such, and absolutely prohibits the sale of any mixture of butter and margarine containing more than 10 per cent. of butter, on the ground that these mixtures are difficult to detect by analysis. Attempts were made without success to induce the Government to forbid the colouring of margarine to imitate butter. It seems, however, that the consumer would not stand white, red, or blue margarine. He likes to know what he is buying, but perhaps he also likes the imitation to have sufficient resemblance to the real article to deceive his friends if not himself.

The bulk of margarine consumed in this country is imported from abroad, chiefly from Holland, which in its turn derives the raw material or half finished product from America, to be mixed with a certain percentage of Danish butter and exported as 'butterine.' A considerable amount of margarine consumed in London is, however, made close at hand. There are six factories registered under the Margarine Act of 1887 at work in or near London, and of these a single great margarine factory in the suburbs is said to turn out between one and two hundred tons weekly, most of which finds its way to the East-end and the suburbs of London. The chief raw material—animal fat—is obtained largely from Deptford, but a considerable amount of milk is drawn daily from the surrounding

districts to be used in the manufacture. The price of margarine varies from 4d. to 10d. per pound, according to the proportion of butter-fat contained, and it is claimed by the manufacturers that the best compares favourably with all but the best butter as regards flavour and wholesomeness.

Taking the United Kingdom altogether, we find that about 2.5 lb. per head of margarine is annually imported for home consumption, compared with 3.8 lb. so lately as 1892. The decline is almost certainly to be associated with the establishment of margarine factories in the United Kingdom, of which two alone (belonging to the same company) have an annual output of nearly 1 lb. per head of the whole population. Thus we may safely assume that, whether they know it or not, the people of this country consume not less than 4 lb. per head of margarine per annum. The London consumption is, no doubt, chiefly derived from home sources. It would be an interesting, if unexpected, result of the 'Diseases of Animals Act' if the slaughtering of huge numbers of foreign cattle on arrival in the Thames and Mersey were to have the indirect effect of building up the margarine industry, which depends on large supplies of cheap animal fat.

From butter and its substitutes it is an easy step to Cheese. The cheapening of meat to the consumer has probably somewhat contracted the demand for the commoner kinds of cheese, and the increase in the importation of foreign and Canadian cheese may have been more than counterbalanced by the decline in home production. This decline is partly attributable to the same causes which have curtailed the home production of butter, viz., the opening up of more profitable uses for milk in the direct supply of the large towns. If we may rely on the conjecture made above, as to the relative amounts of home-produced milk used in butter and cheese production respectively, about 6 gallons of milk per head of the population are annually turned into cheese, yielding 6 lb. of home-made cheese per head, which, added to 6 lb. of imported cheese, gives a total annual consumption of 12 lb. per head. Canada is by far the most important source of our foreign cheese supply, accounting last year for nearly two thirds of the total quantity imported. The United States came next with about one fifth, followed by Holland, Belgium, New Zealand, and France.

In recent years London has become dependent on sources outside the United Kingdom for a large and increasing proportion of its supply of Eggs. In 1898, 3,220,000 'great hundreds' of eggs were imported into London. The 'great

hundred,' a curious old-fashioned unit which still prevails in the trade, is equivalent to 120, so that the above annual importation amounts to over 80 eggs per head of the London population. We cannot directly compare this figure with the imports of eggs into London in 1853; but, for the United Kingdom as a whole, we find that the imports last year were over 14,000,000 'great hundreds' (or 4⁵ eggs per head), compared with about 1,000,000 (or 5 eggs per head) in 1853, when eggs were still subject to a small import duty. The trade accounts show that the great majority of imported eggs come from European countries—chiefly Russia, Germany, Belgium, France, and Denmark, but a considerable and growing quantity now crosses the Atlantic from Canada. In 1853 almost the whole of the imports came from France, but Russia has now taken the lead and is increasing it year by year.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the average consumption of Sugar has risen largely in recent years. The fall in price and the removal of duties, to which this increase of consumption is largely due, have caused sugar to be utilised largely as a raw material in various manufactures as well as directly as an article of diet. The use of sugar as a substitute for malt in brewing will be noted below. Another large and growing industry into which sugar enters is the manufacture of jams, biscuits, and confectionery. It was estimated ten years ago that 34,000 tons of sugar were used by seven leading firms in London in these industries alone; and the quantity so employed has doubtless largely increased since that date.

London has, of course, always been dependent on the over-sea colonies or foreign countries for its sugar supply, but formerly a large proportion of the sugar arrived in a raw state from tropical countries, and was refined in the capital, chiefly in the East-end. In recent years, however, through the application of chemical science and the fostering influence of foreign bounties, beetroot grown on the European continent has become a formidable competitor of the sugar-cane; and at the present time beetroot at least equals cane as an element in the total sugar production of the world, and far exceeds it in importance as a source of supply for London and the United Kingdom generally. Twenty-five years ago the imports of sugar into this country were divided between cane and beet in the proportion of three to one. Ten years ago the proportions derived from the two sources of supply were roughly equal; last year they were as one to five. Such cane sugar as still arrives in this country comes mainly to Liverpool, so that practically it may be stated that the whole of the sugar

imported into London and the vast bulk of that consumed there are the produce of the beet. Besides the change from cane to beet, we have to note another change, which harmonises with the general tendency already observed as regards several other branches of the London commissariat—namely, the great increase in the proportion of sugar which reaches London in a state fit for consumption, as compared with that which needs to be subjected to a refining process. In 1898, of the 490,000 tons of sugar imported into London, over 200,000 tons were described as refined. Twenty-five years ago, of 280,000 tons which came to the port of London, all but 30,000 were raw. London sugar-refining has fallen on evil days, while, owing to the improvement of processes, the number of persons employed in refining has fallen off in greater proportion than the output, and several refineries in London have closed their doors in recent years.

The tendency of sugar to arrive in London already refined has undoubtedly been stimulated by the differential bounties accorded by several European countries on the export of refined, as compared with raw sugar. Whether the removal of those differential bounties would permanently restore the London refining industry, or not, is a question which admits of two opinions, in view of the forces working in the other direction. Cane sugar grown in tropical countries, ill supplied either with fuel or with skilled labour, is naturally sent to Europe to be refined, but there is no corresponding reason why beet sugar grown in Europe should not be rendered fit for consumption in the place of manufacture; and this in the long run may prove the most economical system, apart from any question of earning a higher rate of bounty. It, however, the abolition of all European bounties both on raw and on refined sugar should lead to the resuscitation of the sugar-cane as a source of the London supply, the London refiner, though not the London consumer, would stand to benefit accordingly.

After the contemplation of such mountainous piles of food, it may be with some feeling of relief that we turn our thoughts to drink. And first a word or two about the liquid which holds unchallenged its place as the staple drink of man, whether consumed in its native purity or disguised in the form of one of the innumerable beverages of which it is the chief constituent.

The London Water supply has in recent years become the centre of fierce controversies; it has been the subject of Committees and Commissions, of Parliamentary debates and legal disputes, and it is credited with the overthrow of a

Government. The heat of these contests is by no means abated, and an account of the London water question would require an article to itself at least as long as the present and a good deal more polemical. A few words and figures must suffice, and for the latter we are largely indebted to the late Major-General Scott's reports to the Local Government Board.

The first thing to be noted about London water supply is that it is local in its origin. London is not supplied from distant sources, as Manchester is supplied from Thirlmere and Birmingham from Wales, but draws its water exclusively from the two rivers—the Thames and its tributary the Lea—on which it is situated, and from a certain number of local springs and wells. The water drawn from these sources is supplied to Londoners by eight water Companies, which parcel out among themselves an area of 620 square miles known as the Metropolitan Water-Area, an area which is co-terminous neither with the County of London nor with so-called 'Greater London,' and which includes a population of over 5,750,000 human beings. In 1898 the quantity of water supplied by the Companies to this vast population reached the stupendous amount of 74,479,693,644 gallons, of which it is estimated that 80 per cent was used for domestic purposes. This is equivalent to an average daily supply for all purposes of 35 gallons per head. Of course, only a very small percentage of this water is actually used for drinking purposes.

All but two of the Companies (the exceptions being the New River and the Kent Companies) draw a certain amount of water from the Thames, the intakes being at Hampton, West Molesey, and Sunbury. Two Companies (the New River and the East London) draw supplies from the Lea, at Ware and Chingford Mill respectively. Thirty-two wells in the chalk formation also contribute to the total supply, seventeen being north and fifteen south of the Thames. Four Companies are more or less dependent on these wells, but most of them are in the area of two of the Companies, viz., the New River on the north and the Kent Company on the south, the latter being entirely dependent on well water. Roughly speaking, 57 per cent. of the total water supply of London came in 1898 from the Thames, 22 per cent. from the Lea, and 21 per cent. from wells and springs. The percentage drawn from wells and springs has very largely increased in recent years, the corresponding proportion in 1885 being only 11 per cent.

The volume of flow both of the Thames and of the Lea varies enormously according to the season of the year. Thus the average daily discharge of the Thames over Teddington

Weir (i.e. the amount which but for withdrawals would have passed the Weir) in September 1898 was only 212,000,000 gallons, compared with 1,648,000,000 gallons in January; while in the case of the Lea the average daily flow at Field's Weir varied from 24,000,000 gallons in September to 70,000,000 gallons in January. In 1897 the variation of the flow of both rivers was even more marked. Conversely the daily demands of London are greater in summer than in winter, the average daily supply ranging in 1898 from 230,000,000 gallons in July to 180,000,000 in March. Though in September 1898 about three-fifths of the flow of the Thames was abstracted by the water companies, as a general rule the quantity drawn from the Thames amounts only to a comparatively small proportion of the total discharge. On the other hand, the volume of water supplied from the Lea is actually greater in the summer months than the total flow of the river, the excess being of course drawn from the reservoirs.

The official report referred to above comments on the fact that the 'volume of discharge of the River Lea during periods of drought falls far short of the requirements of the population of East London,' and notes 'how steadily the pressure on the existing sources of supply in the valley of the Lea has increased.' The repeated water famines in East London in recent summers will be fresh in everyone's memory.

In the aggregate the capacity of the reservoirs of the London water companies seems immense, amounting altogether to about 2,250,000,000 gallons, but when it is remembered that 'two and a half millions of people in the north and east of the metropolis depend, as to nine tenths of their water supply, on the River Lea and the underground water stored in its basin,' it will readily be understood why General Scott considered that even the recently completed works, which have increased the storage capacity of the East London Company's reservoirs from twenty to thirty days' supply, are insufficient to provide for the immediate future.

Between June 20th, 1898, when the reservoirs of the East London Company were full, and August 22nd, when the daily supply was restricted to two periods of three hours each, the store of water fell from 1,200,000,000 to 308,000,000 gallons. From September 3rd to November 23rd the supply was further restricted to two periods of two hours. After that date the periods of supply were gradually increased, until by December 14th constant supply had been resumed over the whole district. During the water famine the company received assistance not only from the New River, but from the Southwark and Vaux-

hall, and the Kent Companies, water being pumped through the Tower Subway and the Blackwall Tunnel; but in spite of these efforts the supply during the five months of restriction is estimated by General Scott to have fallen short of the demand by about 1,700,000,000 to 1,800,000,000 gallons.

It is satisfactory to learn from the last official report of the late Sir E. Frankland that the Thames water delivered in London has, as regards organic impurity, greatly improved since 1860: and that as regards the same point the Lea water is of excellent quality, while the organic matter in the deep-well water supplied to London is much smaller in amount than in river waters.

It is impossible here to describe even in outline the various schemes that have been put forward for improving the water supply of London in the future. Several of the Companies are increasing their storage, and a general system of inter-communication has been introduced, to enable one Company to go to the assistance of another in case of some local failure such as took place on a huge scale in East London in 1898. It has also been proposed to make more elastic the statutory limit placed on the amount of water that may be taken from the Thames; and it has been suggested that the supply of fresh water might be supplemented by the use of salt water for watering the streets and other purposes. On the other hand there are many who are convinced that nothing short of opening up new and more distant sources of supply, such as tapping a lake in Wales, will permanently remove the danger of a recurring deficiency, as the demands of a rapidly increasing population in the Thames Valley tend to press more and more on the capacity of the existing sources. The question of improvement of water-supply is largely complicated and to some extent prejudiced by controversies between the advocates of private and of public control.

From water we naturally pass to the various liquors, alcoholic and other, in the composition of which water plays the chief part. Of these Tea may be taken first. The port of London is the point of entry for almost the whole of the tea imported into the United Kingdom. Last year, out of a gross total of 271,000,000 lb., 270,000,000 lb. came to London. In the same year 36,000,000 lb. were exported, leaving 235,000,000 lb. for home consumption; and as the stocks of tea in bonded warehouses at the end of the year showed little change compared with the previous year, we may assume that this represents roughly the annual consumption of the whole population, amounting to about 6 lb. per head. Londoners, in common

with the general mass of the population of the United Kingdom, have long been great tea drinkers, but the tea supply has undergone a revolution of a twofold character in recent years. In the first place the great reduction in duty has enormously increased consumption, and in the second place the development of the tea industry in India and Ceylon has practically driven Chinese tea from the English market.

In 1854, the year with which we are making many of our comparisons, the Customs duty on tea was 1s. 10d. per lb., and the total consumption in the United Kingdom was about 62,000,000 lb., or 2½ lb. per head of the population. In 1898 the duty was 4d. per lb., and the consumption per head had risen to 6 lb. The change which has meanwhile taken place in the sources of supply may be seen from the following figures, which, though they refer generally to the United Kingdom and not specifically to London, may be safely applied to the London trade, seeing that over 99 per cent. of the tea which enters or leaves the United Kingdom passes through that port.

Fifty years ago practically the whole of the tea imported was Chinese. Of a gross total of 86,000,000 lb., over 83,000,000 lb. are credited in the trade accounts to China, and only 500,000 lb. to India; and of the Chinese tea which reached this country over 60,000,000 lb. were retained for home consumption. In 1898 China (including Hong Kong) only sent 27,000,000 lb. of tea to this country—about a tenth of the total import, and less than a third of her contribution at the earlier date; and of this dwindling amount more than half (16,000,000 lb.) was re-exported, leaving only 11,000,000 lb. for home consumption.

It may be remarked in passing that this enormous diminution of the use of Chinese tea in the United Kingdom, in face of the vast expansion of our population and the great increase of tea drinking, deserves to be borne in mind in relation to the general question of the development of trade with China, of which so much has lately been heard. Of course the total export of Chinese tea has not shrunk in anything like the above proportion, but it has diminished absolutely, as well as relatively to the world's demand; and this falling off has naturally had a depressing effect on the capacity of the Chinese population to purchase foreign manufactures.

The gap left by the shrinkage of Chinese teas in the London market has been much more than filled by the enormous development of the import from India and Ceylon. Last year no less than 131,000,000 lb. of Indian tea and 86,000,000 lb. of Ceylon tea were retained for consumption in the United Kingdom. Indian tea has been in the market since the sixties,

but the import of Ceylon tea is a newer development. Ten years ago the quantity of that tea consumed in this country was less than a quarter of the present amount; twenty years ago it had not found its way to the London market. There are not a few lovers of tea who regret the change, and who find small compensation for the loss of the mild and delicately flavoured teas of China in the stronger but coarser and more nerve-destroying beverage which now fills our teapots. But there is no doubt that as regards mere strength the tea from India and Ceylon gives the poorer consumer more for his money. Fewer teaspoonfuls in the pot, combined with a lower price per lb., give relief to his pocket, while the subtle aroma of the old-fashioned tea is lost upon the class that allows its tea to stew on the hob.

There is not much to be said about Coffee, which does not appear to grow in favour as a national beverage, possibly because so few persons in England know how to prepare it. Roughly two-thirds of a pound per head represents the average consumption of coffee throughout the country—less than one fourteenth part of the average rate of consumption in the United States. London, however, is an *entrepôt* for a considerable coffee trade, the re-exports from this port alone last year being more than double the amount consumed in the whole of the United Kingdom. Central and South America are the chief sources of the coffee supply of this country, but over 100,000 cwt. came last year from India. Cocoa is an article the consumption of which has grown a good deal in recent years: it now exceeds that of coffee, amounting to nearly a pound per head of the population. The greater part both of the import and of the export of cocoa and chocolate takes place through London.

The staple alcoholic drink of Londoners is Beer; and, as regards both the production and the consumption of this article, the London district stands probably above the general level of the country. According to the latest returns, the average annual consumption of beer in the United Kingdom is about 32 gallons per head; but the average is reduced by Scotland and Ireland, where spirits are more largely consumed, and it would be well within the mark to say that more than a barrel of beer, containing 36 gallons, is consumed every year in London per head of the population. The production of beer in London and the neighbourhood exceeds even this high figure, for it may interest beer drinkers to know that as regards the actual process of brewing London is practically independent of the outside world, though of course it draws its materials from elsewhere.

Needless to say, Burton and Edinburgh beers, Dublin stout and German 'lager,' are not unknown in London; but the quantity imported from outside is insignificant compared with the total volume of consumption, and is more than balanced by the London-brewed beer exported to the country or abroad.

Almost the whole of the beer produced in London is brewed by the so-called 'Common Brewers,' of whom in 1898 there were 106, viz., 9 in Central London, 15 in East London, 31 in North London, 29 in South London, and 22 in West London. Altogether these brewers used no less than 11,022,859 bushels of malt, 64,086 bushels of unmalted corn, 259,402 cwts. of rice, maize, and similar articles, and 715,691 cwts. of sugar and its equivalents—calculated to produce over 7,000,000 standard barrels of beer.

The London revenue collection district however to which these figures relate is somewhat greater than London proper, in which, according to information supplied by the Inland Revenue to Mr. Charles Booth, rather more than 6,000,000 'standard' barrels of beer were brewed in the year 1894-5. This total again requires to be somewhat reduced in the case of London in order to reach the actual volume of production, inasmuch as the 'standard' barrel is an artificial unit, being the quantity supposed to be yielded by the use of two bushels of malt or its equivalents. London beer is somewhat stronger than the average, so that the number of actual barrels of 36 gallons is less, perhaps by as much as 15 per cent.,* than the number of 'standard' barrels. Even after making all deductions, however, the annual production of beer in London proper must be well over 5,000,000 barrels, or 180,000,000 gallons. The figure quoted in the Quarterly Review for the London production of beer in 1853 was 1,614,675 barrels, and although this may have been somewhat below the mark—it only pretended to cover the seventeen largest brewers—it is evident that the production of beer has at least trebled in London since that date.

A striking feature of the brewing industry in recent years has been the growth of the use of sugar, syrups, and glucose, as substitutes for malt. This change, which has been largely stimulated by the fall in the price of sugar, has given rise to much debate, and there is a 'pure beer' party who wish to treat the use of substitutes as adulteration, partly in order to protect the consumer, partly perhaps to protect the growers of barley. This controversy is outside the scope of this article. It may,

* *Quarterly Review*, quoted by Mr. Booth, vol. vii, p. 116, note.

however, be of interest to note that London—especially South London—stands above the average of the country in the use of sugar. The proportion of sugar (reduced to its equivalent in bushels) to malt and corn used by brewers in London was in 1896, 18·7 to 81·3; in South London 23·3 to 76·7; whereas in the United Kingdom as a whole it was only 14·92 to 85·08. Ten years earlier the percentage of sugar used by London brewers was only 12·14.

London of course derives its whole Wine supply from abroad. How much wine is consumed in London annually it is impossible to state. If the average consumption were the same as that for the whole United Kingdom, viz., about two fifths of a gallon per head, the total consumption would be about 1,800,000 gallons. But it is certain that Londoners as a whole are greater wine drinkers than the country population, though the amount of wine they drink is small compared with that drunk in most Continental countries.

Of Spirits of all kinds rather more than a gallon of 'proof spirit' is drunk per head of the total population, and of this about four fifths are produced in this country and a fifth is imported. As the average is raised by Scotland and Ireland, it may be that London's spirit consumption is below rather than above this average.

Lengthy as this account of London's commissariat has been, it has only been possible to refer to a comparatively few of the more important elements which enter into the ordinary diet of the Londoner—a diet which even for the mass of the poorer population is far more varied than that which the purses of the wealthy classes could command a few generations ago. We have moreover dealt with the provisioning of London almost entirely from the point of view of the magnitude of its annual requirements. Our attention has been directed to the volume of the inflow, and to its excess over the outflow. But we might have looked at the matter in another way. To borrow the language of modern economic theory, we might have treated it as a question not of a 'flow' but of a 'fund,' and asked, not how much London absorbs in a given period, but how much it contains at a given moment. Though under normal conditions, so long as the channels of supply remain open, this latter question may be of no very great practical importance, it would obviously become supremely important if London were a beleaguered city—a contingency, however, which, it may be hoped, is impossible so long as our fleets retain command of the sea.

It is not possible, with the materials at our command or within the space of this article, to deal at length with the question of stocks. One general statement, however, may safely be made, viz., that the tendency of modern trade, in almost all departments, is towards a diminution of the quantity of a commodity held at a given time in proportion to the volume of annual supply. As, in the development of finance, a larger and larger amount of monetary transactions is supported by a given gold reserve, so, in the evolution of commerce, a larger and larger flow of commodities is possible with a given stock. The growing number of sources, and hence the increasing regularity of supply, cause a relative diminution in the bulk of the reserves required. While the country depended on English wheat, enough for a year's consumption must have been stored after harvest. Now that we draw our supplies all the year round from America and Russia, from India and Australia, the quantity stored never exceeds a few months' consumption; and every year sees a decline in this amount.

The corn trade, in fact, presents a conspicuous case of the almost startling decline in stocks of food which has characterised the past few years. Taking London alone, we find, from the figures given in the 'Corn Trade Circular,' that the average* of the stocks of wheat, and its equivalent of flour, held at the railway and riverside warehouses in London on any given date in 1898 was 318,000 quarters. In the previous year the amount was 426,000 quarters, and in 1892 it was 852,000 quarters. The stocks held by millers, bakers, and consumers cannot be precisely estimated, but an average of about 200,000 quarters (or three weeks' consumption) would probably be ample to allow under this head. Thus it would appear that the total available supply of wheat and flour in London in 1898 averaged about 500,000 quarters—less than half the average stock held six years ago, in spite of the increase of population. To put the same facts in another way, London contained on the average about seventeen weeks' supply of wheat and flour in 1892. By 1897 the average stock had fallen to ten weeks' consumption, and in 1898 it would only suffice for two months.

While it is not likely that the stocks of other articles of food have fallen in a similar proportion, there is little doubt that the tendency has been generally towards a diminution, except, perhaps, in the case of a few articles which were formerly perish-

* The average of stocks on four dates at the beginning of each quarter of the year has been taken.

able but by means of modern inventions have been rendered capable of storage—*e.g.* cooled and frozen meat and butter. On the other hand, it is to be noted in the case of datable articles like tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruit, wine, and spirits, which are retained in bonded warehouses until required for consumption, London, as the principal port of entry, holds far more than its proportionate share of the stocks destined for consumption throughout the country. Thus, in relation to local requirements the stocks of such articles in London are very large. There is usually enough tea in London bonded warehouses to supply London tea-pots for at least three years, and enough coffee for double that period, while over two years' wine supply at the normal rate of consumption lies in the vaults at the Docks. These, however, are exceptional cases. As regards such perishable commodities as fresh meat, fish, milk, butter, and vegetables, the amount in London at any given time cannot suffice for more than a few days, or, in some cases, a few hours. In short, the dependence of London on the outside world for its food is steadily increasing, whether we regard the magnitude of its annual needs or the scantiness of its reserves.

The feeding of London's millions is one of those phenomena which arouse our wonder by reason of their scale alone. Taken singly, the details may be unimpressive, but the combined effect is overwhelming. It is a familiar truism that men buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and that in obeying the law of their own interest they are impelled to supply each other's necessities. But to see the process at work on a colossal scale, to see a community of five millions of human beings supplied day by day and hour by hour, with the regularity of a machine, with all the necessities and luxuries known to man, by the willing labour of countless thousands of men and women utterly unknown to them, many of them dwelling thousands of miles away, bound to them by no ties of compulsion, joined to them by no relations of friendship or of race, and all this not by any elaborate process of conscious organisation, but by the continual and automatic working of elementary economic forces—this is a spectacle which appeals forcibly to our imagination.

In what, we may ask, consists the mysterious power which enables London thus to hold the world in fee? All trade is an exchange, and in the economic world nothing is obtained for nothing. It is not only nations that are affected by the law, so familiar though so often misunderstood in discussions of imports and exports, that the value of services rendered to the

outside world must in the long run balance that of the services received: of every province, every city, every hamlet, the same law is true. What then are the services with which London pays the world for the mighty tribute of material goods which it draws to itself year by year? The question is natural, for the outgoing stream of London's visible exports, large as it is in the aggregate, is but a dribble compared with the flood of imports which the metropolis receives.

To understand the economic strength of London as an industrial centre, we must rid our minds of the popular but misleading idea which draws a sharp distinction between production and distribution, and only regards the former as a true source of wealth. London is the great 'middleman' of the world. She produces little or no raw material, and but a small proportion of her activity is occupied with working up the product in its earlier stages. More and more London tends to devote her energies to the later stages of that long series of industrial processes which convert the raw material into the finished article of consumption; and in a special degree she has concentrated attention on those final processes of transport, warehousing, buying, and selling which serve to place the products of manufacture within the reach of the final purchaser. Vast quantities of commodities are constantly passing through London, made elsewhere and destined for consumption elsewhere, on which London levies a toll. They are brought to port in London ships, insured in London offices, marketed by London dealers, stored in London warehouses.

But London is not only a vast distributing centre: she is the financial and banking centre of the world. She is, moreover, perhaps the greatest creditor community of the world, drawing annually a vast tribute of interest on capital invested in this country and abroad. A considerable part of this interest is paid in the shape of food. Again, London is the political and judicial centre of the Empire, and the work done for the whole country by the public services may be said, without undue straining of language, to constitute an 'invisible export' for which the capital must receive a return.

When we review the varied elements of the account between London and the outside world, we cannot fail to be struck with the precarious tenure on which the capital retains much of its power of supplying itself with food. Some have thought that there is a danger in the distance and variety of the sources on which it depends, and have counted the days for which its population would subsist if hostile fleet or army should intercept its usual supplies. But such fears are exaggerated,

if not entirely idle. Given a powerful navy in command of the seas, nothing can prevent an adequate supply of food from reaching London—so long as the attraction of its purchasing power continues. The prices may rise, but the food will come, unless the whole of our coasts be subjected to a strict blockade, which could not be established until our fleet were driven from the seas, and a condition of affairs reached in which our only course would be to sue for peace. Not this way does the danger lie.

But what if the magnet should begin to lose its power? What if the services which London can render should no longer balance those which she claims? If the tide of fortune should turn against her port, and the vessels which still frequent it should fly another flag; if the financial centre of the world should shift from London to New York, Paris, or Berlin; if the economic forces which have expelled into the provinces so many forms of London's productive enterprise should extend their pressure to those industries of buying and selling which as yet are peculiarly her own; if the development of growing tendencies towards direct trading, aided perchance by some ill-advised return to a restrictive fiscal policy, should give the death-blow to London's position as an *entrepôt* of the world's trade; finally, if the British Empire should itself decay, and its capital, from being the organic centre of a vast political and commercial administration, should be resolved into a mere amorphous aggregation of human beings—then, indeed, the problem of the feeding of five millions of mouths would assume a shape which could not be contemplated without dismay. But that day we may hope is yet far off.

ART. VII.—1. *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray.* By Lewis Melville. Two vols. London: Hutchinson and Co., 1899.

2. *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray, with Biographical Introductions* by his daughter, Anne Ritchie. Thirteen vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1898-99.

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE, who has just published a 'Life' of Thackeray in two thick volumes, has not presented the public with a living portrait, but he has done several other things. He has, for instance, put a rather doubtful word to heroic use. 'Though,' he begins his preface, 'it is more than five and thirty years since his death, until now there has never been published a Life of Thackeray which has had any pretensions to finality.' Are we to interpret this as meaning that the last word about Thackeray had not been spoken before Mr. Melville published his 'Life,' and that Mr. Melville has at length spoken it? If so, we have only the author's own testimony that his work is final, and it remains to be seen whether it has anything more than the 'pretensions' to finality which, according to him, have as yet been unknown.

It is courageous of this new writer to challenge comparisons by publishing his book whilst the reading world is still enjoying Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's biographical introductions to the last edition of her father's works. Her knowledge of every intimate or important fact, not to speak of her enchanted pen, might have daunted men more talented than Mr. Melville. Not so, he is without fear—if not without reproach—for, while gleaning much from Mrs. Ritchie's pages, he claims to have produced a work of a higher order. He brushes away his obligations with the somewhat contemptuous remark: 'Mrs. Ritchie's interesting biographical introductions are little else than material for a full Life.'

What then, we must ask, is Biography? Is it a picture which conveys the living presence of a man, or is it a discursive collection of remarks and facts? And what are the qualities necessary to a biographer? Not only courage: of this, as we have pointed out, Mr. Melville has enough. Not only industry and hero-worship, for of these virtues also he possesses full measure; and if they sufficed to create a work of art he might found an artistic reputation. But these qualities are not enough, though many recent examples seem to show a widespread opinion that industry and hero-worship are sufficient capital to begin writing upon, and some recent 'Lives' are little more than bundles of excellent testimonials tendered to

posterity. These are not the biographies that live, that possess 'finality.' Yet there have been, in comparatively recent times, not a few biographies which, if not 'final,' are at least permanent—not merely chronicles of a man's life, but literary achievements, sometimes literary monuments. To confine ourselves to our own century, we can quote such different examples as Scott's '*Life of Swift*,' Lockhart's of Scott, Stanley's of Arnold, and Mrs. Gaskell's of Charlotte Brontë, besides Carlyle's '*Sterling*,' Froude's '*Carlyle*,' Trevelyan's '*Macaulay*,' Canon Ainger's '*Lamb*,' and Mrs. Oliphant's '*Edward Irving*.' All of these books leave us with a vital impression of their subjects, not because of the actual facts that they contribute—for interior works may contain as many or more—but because the facts are stamped with the biographer's personality; and art may be said to consist in this impress of an individual mind upon its material. It is obvious, too, that the biographer must be in strong sympathy with the man whose life he is recording; and, for this purpose—though proximity is not without its disadvantages—the closer they have actually stood to one another in life the better. Nearly all the books we have just cited were the result of long friendship; and the three exceptions (Scott's '*Life of Swift*' and the two last-mentioned works) are inspired by the only valuable substitute for personal knowledge—a strong sympathetic imagination, which gains in a flash the insight that months of intercourse may fail to produce. There are, if we may so express ourselves, friendships of the soul, independent of time and space. They are the most enduring of relationships; and great men remain magnetic after death. Canon Ainger, we feel, knew Charles Lamb as intimately as did Coleridge, and more intimately than Wordsworth.

Imagination, delicacy, and vigour, such are the qualities which go to make good biography and good style; and personal acquaintance or, if that is impossible, a rare intellectual and moral sympathy, are indispensable to the biographer. It cannot be said that these qualifications belong to Mr. Melville. Personally unacquainted with Thackeray, he appears to know as little of those who were near to him. This, if his misfortune, is not his fault; but, instead of being content to write from the outside point of view, with warmth for the writer and respect for the man, he has endeavoured to make up for the want of intimacy by adopting an air of familiarity and a tone of hearty assurance which is sometimes apparent in persons new to the society in which they find themselves. His authorities, when not the books of others, seem to be of the

mysterious kind whose friends have known friends of the great, as, for example, the daughter of a doctor who at one time saw Thackeray at Boulogne.

This is a pity—the more so after the recent appearance of so much new and authentic information in Mrs. Ritchie's work. Literary traditions are within everybody's reach; they are indeed the business of a biographer; yet our writer can hardly be familiar with the memoirs concerning the circle he is describing. Nor, when he touches on that circle, can his observations be described as happy. 'When, a little before the end,' he writes, 'one of his daughters asked Thackeray which of his friends he had loved the best, he replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, of course, and Brookfield."' 'It is a singular fact,' adds Mr. Melville,* in a note to the word 'Fitz,' 'that Tennyson also regarded "dear old Fitz"—after the death of Arthur Hallam—as "his best-loved friend," though, like Thackeray, he saw but little of the Recluse of Woodbridge in later life.' We are at a loss to discover why it is 'a singular fact' that three men of genius, who have been warm friends at Cambridge, should remain true and sympathetic to each other through life, especially as the 'Recluse of Woodbridge' (who would have been the first to laugh at such a pompous title) was in every way made to be the crony of the two others. It seems also unnecessary to announce to 'Sir Walter Besant and many others' that Thackeray did not owe his knowledge 'of the manner of the Upper Ten' to the position brought him by 'Vanity Fair,' and that there were other reasons; his University friends, 'Edward Fitzgerald, Monckton Milnes, W. H. Thompson, R. C. Trench, John Sterling, Alfred Tennyson, James Spedding, John Allen, William Brookfield, . . . were all gentlemen of good social standing.'

The imagination which is a substitute for personal knowledge has evidently not been vouchsafed to Mr. Melville, but, even apart from this, there is another and an excellent way. The best moments of biography are when a great man speaks for himself, and there are plenty of Thackeray's delightful letters in print. As Mr. Melville's book is made up of extracts, some acknowledged and some unacknowledged, as well from other volumes as from the countless articles he enumerates at the end

* Vol. ii. p. 71. Mrs. Ritchie thus recounts the incident in her Introduction to the 'Christmas Books': 'In the autumn of 1863 some impulse one day made me ask my father which of his old friends he cared for most. He was standing near the window in the dining-room at Palace Green. He paused a moment, then he said in a gentle sort of way that of all his friends he had best loved "Old Fitz"—"and Brookfield," he added.'

of his work, the reprinting of Thackeray's correspondence would hardly have been objectionable to him. Yet he has given us the fewest possible letters in the largest possible space.

Mr. Melville's passion for scissors and paste is astonishing: he not only gives us his own cuttings, but those of other people—scissors and paste to the second and third generation. We do not mean to be ungrateful, far from it. Good extracts are excellent in their place, and scissors are an instrument which Mr. Melville wields more skilfully than his pen, and for much of his work in this line we are truly thankful. His quotations from Thackeray are remarkably well chosen, and we owe him a debt for collecting the novelist's art criticisms and putting them all together in one interesting chapter. We owe him another debt for his model bibliography, a monument of patient research. And when his hero-worship gets the better of him, he can write simply enough.

'He was a man!' he says of Thackeray in his second volume. 'There have been great men who, for goodness (in the right sense of the word), for kindness and tenderness and thoughtfulness, can be compared with him; there have been some men of genius as good, as kind, as tender, and as thoughtful; but, as far as I know, there have been none who have possessed these qualities in a greater degree.'

So far, so good; these remarks show a capacity for admiration, the lack of which has been well said to be a sure sign of a dull man. But the quality is also found in connexion with a tendency to platitudes, and is not necessarily an accompaniment of literary gifts. The want of these is only too apparent in the primitive clumsiness of such chapters as 'Thackeray and his Friends,' 'Thackeray and the Theatre,' 'Club-life,' and others; and if a young adventurer in letters should ever wish to make an *Anthologia of Platitudes*, he would find good material in these pages. Our readers will be pleased with a few specimens. 'Thackeray had a fine instinct for high art.' 'Thackeray's sense of humour seems to have been very early developed' (which does not appear to have been the case with his biographer). 'To take a mean view of Thackeray because he could so thoroughly understand Becky Sharp is as though we were to denounce Shakespeare as a treacherous dissimulator because in *Iago* he has portrayed that type of character with marvellous fidelity.' 'The profound admiration of Thackeray has always been a tradition in the late Poet-Laureate's family. Not long ago the present Lord Tennyson remarked to a friend that "he always regarded Thackeray as the head of English literature of the Victorian Era."' "

From what has been said it will be evident that Mr. Melville has taken great pains. His is a new and conscientious departure—Suburban Biography we may perhaps call it—and in this genre he has succeeded. Still, it is to be regretted that Mr. Melville did not consult Thackeray's relations before bringing out his book; had he done so he would have avoided several blunders about family matters. In other cases a closer study of already printed material would have sufficed to set him right. In Vol. I, for instance, he states that Thackeray's eldest daughter was born in Albion Street, but, as Mr. Merivale tells us, the event took place in Great Coram Street. Later we learn that Thackeray's wife is buried at Kensal Green, instead of near Southend, where her grave really is. In his second volume Mr. Melville alludes to the marriage of Miss Amy Crowe with Colonel Edward Thackeray, V.C., and their departure for India, 'where' (he informs us) 'the gallant soldier succumbed to the tropical climate.' But, fortunately for his friends, 'the gallant soldier' (who lost his wife in India) survived all vicissitudes and is still in the full possession of his strength. We are also bidden to lament that Thackeray was not alive 'to smile approval' upon the authoress of the 'Story of Elizabeth'; yet all of it, except the last instalment, came out in the 'Cornhill' before his death and rejoiced him by its success. Five pages further on we hear that when Thackeray resigned his editorship of the 'Cornhill,' 'Leslie Stephen reigned in his stead'; but for eight years after Thackeray's retirement the magazine was managed by Mr. Greenwood and others, and Mr. Leslie Stephen only became editor in 1871. Again Mr. Melville says that soon after Thackeray left Cambridge he went abroad and 'spent several months at Dresden and Rome and Paris and Weimar.' To Weimar he certainly went—it was in the year 1830—but he did not go to Rome till fourteen years later, in 1844.

Taking everything into consideration, we find ourselves wondering why Mr. Melville undertook to give us a 'Life of Thackeray,' especially when we remember the great author's well-known wishes to the contrary. It might have been because he had found something new to tell us; but, excepting a few stray anecdotes of little importance, he has told us nothing new. No, we must seek the reason elsewhere, and Mr. Melville himself enlightens us. We are to understand that he has 'endeavoured to fill a void in the literary history of the century.' He may be allowed to regret the void, and, like *Quantus Curtius*, he has leaped into it; but then it must also be acknowledged that once there he has failed to fill it. Nor

can be be congratulated on his answer to the above-mentioned objection. Of Thackeray's wishes he is fully aware, but some private inspiration teaches him that the tradition is only founded on 'a popular rumour'—that his daughters 'interpreted this remark' too 'literally'—that, 'even assuming the story to be true,' Mr. Melville 'cannot think Thackeray wished the story of his life to remain unwritten.' We can hardly accept all this on Mr. Melville's *ipse dixit*, when we have before our eyes no mere 'popular rumour,' but a plain sentence in the little preface to Mrs. Ritchie's Introductions, 'My father,' she says, 'did not wish a biography of himself to be written.'

It is certainly refreshing to turn to these Introductions, and we wish they were not inseparable from the new edition of Thackeray's works. They are not a biography—in the circumstances they could not be one—but they are a Life. We must not expect from them a history of events in chronological order: the scheme of the edition precludes this, each novel being prefaced by an account of the associations belonging to it, and of the circumstances in which it was written. But we get something better than chronology—a breathing picture. The freshness of Mrs. Ritchie's portraiture obliterates the thirty-six years since her father's death; he is in the next room the whole time she is writing. And she conveys this impression of him by those little touches at once delicate and vivid which are her special gift; by that loving insight which belongs as much to her genius as to her relationship.

Mrs. Ritchie possesses—it is almost trite to say it—that mysterious thing called Style. This is not surprising, for with her we have something of her father still among us. The breadth and tenderness of judgment which distinguished him are hers also, by nature and not by imitation. The tenderness in him made the woman in the man—an attribute of all great imaginative writers; the breadth in her strengthens the woman. Besides, she has inherited his humour, a quality rare among her sex. There is a passage of Mrs. Ritchie's own about different kinds of people, which seems almost as applicable to different kinds of style. 'Besides people's being and appearance,' she says in her Introduction to the 'Christmas Books,' 'there is also the difference of impression which they create. Some people come into a room with a rustling and a sound of footsteps, of opening doors; their names are announced, their entrance is an event more or less agreeable. There are others who seem to be there, or to have been there always, . . . and I think these are perhaps among the best-loved companions of life.' It may surely be said that many of Mrs. Ritchie's books are like these

sweet and beloved presences; and the passage in which she describes them is characteristic of her style.

Among her most life-like sketches are those of her father when he was writing. In 1853 he was travelling abroad and working at the 'Newcomes' all the time.

'On one occasion,' she says, 'he was at work in some room in which he slept, high up in a hotel—the windows looked out upon a wide and pleasant prospect, but I cannot put a name to my remembrance; and then he walked up and down; he paused, and then he paced the room again stopping at last at the foot of the bed, where he stood rolling his hand over the brass ball at the end of the bedstead. He was at the moment dictating that scene in which poor Jack Belaise pours out his story to Olive and J. J. at Baden. "Yes," my father said, with a sort of laugh, looking down at his own hand (he was very much excited at the moment); "this is just the sort of thing a man might do at such a time."'

And again later on:

'I remember writing . . . to my father's dictation. I wrote on as he dictated, more and more slowly until he stopped short altogether, in the account of Colonel Newcome's last illness, when he said that he must now take the pen into his own hand, and he sent me away.'

Equally vivid is the impression of Thackeray at a performance of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' which his daughter remembers seeing with him—

'in the front row of the stalls. . . . And as the scenes succeeded one another, and as one after another of the actors stood by the footlights, droning their parts in turn, suddenly he lost all heart and patience. "Don't murder it; oh, don't murder it!" he cried aloud to one of the poor astonished fairies, who stared in amazement.'

With children and with the humble folk of life he was always at his best—at his gayest and his tenderest. He used to say that perhaps on the whole the most charming thing in the world was a little girl of two years old. Of a little boy he wrote: 'Your heart would have melted over a little boy of two last night, strolling round the Christmas tree. He looked like a little cherub just peeping into heaven; and he didn't like even to take away his own share of toys from the general splendour.' 'Pray God'! he exclaims elsewhere, 'I may be able some day to write something good for children. That will be better than glory or Parliament.' Mrs. Ritchie tells us how this something good was written.

'It was,' she says, 'for a children's party in Rome that the pictures of "The Rose and the Ring" were drawn. It was just after the New Year. We wanted Twelfth Night characters, and we asked

my father to draw them. The pictures were to be shaken up in a lottery. We had prizes and cream-tarts from Spillman's, the pastry-cook down below—those cream-tarts for which Lockhart had so great a fancy. My father drew the King for us, the Queen, Prince Gagli, the Prime Minister, Madam Gruffanuff. The little painted figures remained lying on the table after the children were gone, and as he came up and looked at them, he began placing them in order and making a story to fit them. One or two other sketches which he had already made were added; among them was a picture of a lovely Miss Balicl going to a ball, who was now turned into a princess. Then the gold pen began writing down the history of this fairy-court.

As we turn over Mrs. Ritchie's pages the number we should like to transcribe becomes tantalising. One more, from the introduction to the 'Roundabout Papers,' seems to come naturally after the last, for it is about 'an old school-girl of ninety':

'One of the last "Roundabouts" is called "On some Carp at Sans Souci," but all the same it is dated from Kensington. My father had taken a fancy to a little old woman who used to come sometimes to tea at Palace Green, and he made her the heroine of this particular paper. A friend who discovered her in a workhouse used to carry her some occasional tokens of good-will. "Ah, you rich people" says the old lady, "you are never without a screw of snuff in your pockets." The old woman used to come to tea and chatter away to my father when she met him in the hall, she curtsied with equal deference to the page-boy, who treated her with more haughtiness perhaps. Our page-boy had serious views and doubts about her way of life. "John," says the Roundabout Paper, "when Goody-Two-Shoes comes next Friday, I desire she may not be disturbed by theological controversies. . . . Make her comfortable by our kitchen hearth, set that old kettle to sing by our hob, warm her old stomach with nut-brown ale and a toast in the fire. Be kind to the poor old school-girl of ninety, who has had leave to come out for a day of Christmas holiday."

The whole of Thackeray—the Thackeray we love—school-boy, philosopher, fellow-man and humorist, seems to lie in that last sentence.

Besides giving us her own charming descriptions, Mrs. Ritchie lets her father tell his story himself in his journals and letters—a real addition to the moral as well as the literary wealth of the world. It is almost impossible for any biography of a great man to be written without some statement concerning his religious views, and Mr. Melville's chapter on 'Thackeray as a Man' contains some well-felt writing, besides some beautiful quotations from Thackeray on the subject. But, like other

biographers of other men, he makes the mistake of trying to smooth the picture and turn it into the portrait of a bishop, instead of a Thackeray. He seems to be constantly asking himself 'What will clergymen think?' instead of 'What did Thackeray think?' The desire to prove that leading minds believe a great deal, and thus to give fresh confidence to a tired and vacillating world, is a natural and even a lovable one; but it is unsafe and misleading, and, in a case like Thackeray's, superfluous, for his manly, hopeful letters tell us all that can honestly be told. Whoever will read these in his daughter's Introductions to 'The Newcomes' and 'Esmond' will get a pretty complete notion of Thackeray's inner life, and there are others of a like nature scattered throughout the prefaces. The publication of these letters is, we feel, a charity to daily life, and the more they are known the better, especially as, strangely enough, this deeper side of him has been little dwelt on by those who have written about him.

Reverence, humility, charity were the watchwords of Thackeray's creed—the only dogmas he inculcated. It was naturally to his children that he preached most tenderly about them; and the following letter was written to the elder of the two, when they were living in Paris with their grandmother, who held Evangelical views—

'MY DEAREST A——,

' . . . I should read all the books that granny wishes, if I were you; and you must come to your own deductions about them, as every honest man and woman must and does. . . . I have not looked into half-a-dozen books of the French modern reformed Churchmen, but those I have seen are odious to me. D'Aubigne, I believe, is the best man of the modern French Reformers, and a worse guide to historical truth (for one who has a reputation) I don't know. If M. Gossaint argues that, because our Lord quoted the Hebrew Scriptures, therefore the Scriptures are of direct Divine composition, you may make yourself quite easy; and the works of a reasoner who would maintain an argument so monstrous need not, I should think, occupy a great portion of your time. Our Lord not only quoted the Hebrew writings (drawing illustrations from everything familiar to the people among whom He taught, from their books poetic and historic, from the landscape round about, from the flowers, the children, and the beautiful works of God), but He contradicted the Old Scriptures flatly; told the people that He brought them a new commandment—and that new commandment was not a complement, but a contradiction of the old—a repeal of a bad unjust law in their statute-books, which He would suffer to remain there no more. . . . And if such and such a commandment delivered by Moses was wrong, depend on it, it was not delivered by God, and

the whole question of complete inspiration goes at once. . . . To my mind Scripture only means a writing, and Bible means a book. It contains Divine truths, and the history of a Divine Character; but imperfect, but not containing a thousandth part of Him, and it would be an untruth before God were I to hide my feelings from my dearest children, as it would be a sin if, having other opinions, and believing literally in the Mosaic writings, in the six days' cosmogony, in the serpent and apple and consequent damnation of the human race, I should hide them and not try to make those I loved best adopt opinions of such immense importance to them. And so God bless my darlings, and teach us the truth. Every one of us in every fact, book, circumstance of life sees a different meaning and moral, and so it must be about religion. But we can all love each other, and say, "Our Father." *

A kind of loving good sense is characteristic of all Thackeray's religion. It illuminates his letters to his mother—and never surely did anyone contrive as he did to agree in spirit, and to disagree in opinion with one so close to him. Towards the end of his life he wrote to her :

'A brick may have knocked a just man's brains out, a beam fallen so as to protect a scoundrel who happened to be standing under. The bricks and beams fell according to the laws which regulate bricks in tumbling. So with our diseases—we die because we are born, we decay because we grow. I have a right to say, "O Father, give me submission to bear cheerfully (if possible) and patiently my sufferings"; but I can't request any special change in my behalf from the ordinary processes, or see any special Divine *animus* superintending my illnesses and wellnesses. Those people seem to me presumptuous who are for ever dragging the Awful Divinity into a participation with their private concerns. . . . Yonder on my table in the next room is a number of the "Earthen Vessel." Brother Jones writes of Brother Brown how precious he has been dealt with. Brown has been blessed by an illness; he has had the blessing of getting better; he has relapsed, and finally has the blessing of being called out of the world altogether. I don't differ with Brown essentially—only in the compliments, as it were, which he thinks it is proper to be for ever paying. I am well: Amen. I am ill: Amen. I die: Amen always. I can't say that having a tooth out is a blessing—is a punishment for my sins. I say it's having a tooth out.'

After letters like these, nothing further need be said of Thackeray's gentleness towards other beliefs than his own. The Roman Catholic faith alone excited his anger. He thought its symbols puerile and its spirit false, and could not bear the notion of asceticism—or indeed any idea which tended to make

* Introduction to 'Esmond,' p. xxiv

the world 'a timid ascetic place, in which many of the finest faculties of the soul would not dare to exercise themselves.'

The attitude of a man towards death is a fair test of his attitude towards life. For himself, as he often reiterates, Thackeray had no fear of dying; and, as for the death of others, we will go straight to his own words and make one more quotation from his correspondence.

'I thought when I read the news,' he writes to Mrs. Procter in '56, 'how very lately I had tried to give courage to my own mother, who lacked it, with an account of Mrs. Montagu's wonderful endurance and self-abnegation. It was so kind of her to be courageous at that time, and spare grief to you all. . . . Little children step off this earth into the infinite, and we tear our hearts out over their sweet cold hands and smiling faces, that drop indifferent when you cease holding them, and smile as the lid is closing over them. I don't think we deplore the old, who have had enough of living and striving, . . . where's the pleasure of staying when the feast is over, and the flowers withered, and the guests gone? Isn't it better to blow the light out than to sit on among the broken meats and collapsed jellies and vapid heel taps? I go to what I don't know—but to God's next world, which is His and He made it. One paces up and down the shore yet awhile, and looks towards the unknown ocean, and thinks of the traveller whose boat sailed yesterday. Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us—the voyage we must make alone.'

Few correspondents have been as abundant as Thackeray, few have kept at such an equal level of excellence. We have chosen to cite the letters from the Introductions, because they are new to the public, and there are amongst them more of the deeper sort; but several of the same order are to be found in Mrs. Brookfield's collection, along with those brilliant descriptions of society which are more familiar to the world.

It is difficult, even now, to define Thackeray's place in the domain of art. He has been compared to Sterne, to Hogarth, and to Fielding. To the first he bears, no doubt, some resemblance in form, and some in what may be called his sentimental method—but then how different the sentiment! To the second he has a more real likeness—a likeness of spirit—but how much more of grace and tenderness besides! As for the comparison to Fielding, it is perhaps too obvious to dwell on; again there are affinities in style, and the generous kindness and mercy towards their fellow-men are alike in both; but Thackeray's refinement and sense of beauty are not only those of his century—they are his own. Trollope, in his 'Life of Thackeray,' classes him with the realists. 'His manner,' he says, 'was mainly realistic.' But for Trollope the term realistic

had a different sense from that in which it is now used, and only implied a natural as opposed to an artificial style—the manly description of sordid facts as compared with the high-flown romance of a Bulwer. ‘Society will not tolerate the natural in our art,’ says Thackeray in his preface to the ‘Yellowplush Papers’; ‘many ladies have remonstrated and subscribers left me, because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation.’ This is certainly not the reason why ladies would remonstrate at present. There has been an enormous change in the last five and forty years. We cannot, for instance, have a greater or more characteristic contrast than a novel of Tolstoi’s and one of Thackeray’s: the big canvas of the first filled to overflowing with all sorts and conditions of men, each character taken from its own point of view; Thackeray’s brush on the other hand working in a limited area, on certain chosen groups of people, seen through a Thackeray atmosphere—a delicious compound of all the fine shades of feeling.

Perhaps the restricted nature of his art has something to do with the decrease of his readers amongst the rising generation; they like striking effects and massive subjects—from other hands than Tolstoi’s, alas!—or pages of elaborate self-analysis which would have seemed unintelligible in the forties. It is natural, too, that each successive age should demand its own heroes and heroines. The ‘sweet woman’ beloved of our grandfathers is not at all to the liking of the present time, and the earlier Victorian types have never been less in vogue. The popular heroine of to-day is the lady in panther-skins, whether literally on the stage, where she holds heavy and improper conversations with illegitimate relatives on a Scandinavian Olympus, or figuratively in print, where she lives cramped by the duties of a country parish and visits her cramps upon her family. As for the fashionable hero, he has a wide and flabby mind, and spends the best hours of his day in speculating about himself or his religion. Thackeray would have had none of him: wild oats and the crude selfishness of youth he could sympathise with, but he would have had no patience with emotional egoisms and oscillations—or ought we to call them self-development? It would be a great calamity for the world if it always liked the same thing—if new views and new ideals did not constantly press forward; but the old is bound to get temporarily displaced in the process, and just at this moment it has been rather rudely pushed aside. Sentiment is considered an old-fashioned quality, and the delineation of passion or romantic adventure is much more attractive to the writers and readers of the moment.

Prose writers of sentiment—we use the word in its largest and deepest sense—are few and far between. The great ones may be counted on our fingers: Rousseau, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Thackeray—perhaps we should add Richard Steele and Charles Lamb, though the scale and digressive nature of their writings rather separate them from the rest. So strange do the names of Rousseau and Thackeray look in juxtaposition, and so opposed are they in aim, in spirit, in the whole scope of their work, that we hesitate to put them together. Yet Rousseau—the Rousseau of the ‘*Confessions*’—regarded apart from his philosophy and purely from the literary side, is the Prophet of the Sentimental School, the first who really looked at life from a sentimental standpoint. As such, if only by way of antithesis, his name must stand with Thackeray’s, although so much in the one was antipathetic to the other. The same may also be said of Sterne and Thackeray, in spite of the resemblance in form which we have already pointed out. Who can imagine Sterne loving a child, unless it were a little girl and he thinking what she would be like when she grew to be a woman? His mind is much more akin to Rousseau’s than to Thackeray’s. Goldsmith, Steele, and Lamb, on the other hand, each in his own way, have strong sympathies with the mind of Thackeray. If we read Steele’s recollections of his childhood—of his father’s death, when he beat with his battledore on the shut coffin and his mother caught him in her arms—or Thackeray’s description of the baby’s death in ‘*The Hoggarty Diamond*,’ we are moved in the same way. ‘O Death, thou hast a right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty, but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless?’ Thackeray might well have written that sentence, and the likeness between the two only serves to set off their originality. It is a likeness in style, but in something deeper, too—the something that endeared Lamb to Thackeray, and that he himself expresses for us.

‘That precious natural quality of love,’ he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, speaking of some friends, ‘which is awarded to some lucky minds such as these Charles Lamb, and one or two more in our trade; to many amongst the parsons, I think; to a friend of yours by the name of Makepeace, perhaps, but not unalloyed to this one.’

‘The precious natural quality of love’ is a gift transformed by the nature of him who receives it. In the case of Jean Jacques it became hardly a precious, and certainly an unnatural, quality. Nothing so forcibly marks the contrast between the two men as the way in which they express this faculty. There

is no need to descant upon it: Jean Jacques has spoken for himself. 'It was necessary,' he says in the 'Confessions,' 'that the sweetness of an intimate domestic life should make up to me for the brilliant lot I was renouncing. When I was absolutely alone my heart was empty; but I only needed one creature to fill it; . . . for me there never existed a mean betwixt all and nothing.' This is characteristic Rousseau, a superb demand for the life of the heart if it could be exactly as he wished it—a mirage of false sentiment which, when we approach it, proves to be made of nothing better than the arid sand of the desert. There was but one person to fill Jean Jacques' heart, and that was Jean Jacques. Neither one nor two people would have satisfied Thackeray; children, friends and family—his fellow-creatures—he wanted them all. Real love can only satisfy itself by loving, and he needed to give as much as he received.

A large and devout view of love distinguishes all that he wrote on the subject—this letter, for instance, which he sent to his mother when he was working at 'Vanity Fair':—

'What I want is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin and poor Briggs are the only two people with real humility as yet; Amelia's is to come when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead with a ball in his odious bowels, when she has had sufferings, a child, and a religion. But she has at present a quality above most people, whizz—Love—by which she shall be saved. . . . I wasn't going to write in this way when I began. But these thoughts pursue me plentifully. Will they ever come to a good end? I should doubt God who gave them if I doubted them.'

The same spirit is in the following letter to his wife:

' . . . Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness?) our hope is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without; and, as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that He might not be led into temptation . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture, you see only a little bit of it when you are close to the canvas; go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is.'

This is true sentiment as opposed to false—no mirage, but a rock upon which to build a house. The heart of Rousseau is capable enough of sacrifice, but it is incapable of austerity, which is, after all, one of the essentials of all profound feeling.

Again, let us take each man's attitude towards himself and his work; can anything be more significant of their respective natures?

'Let the Last Trump sound when it will,' cries Rousseau, 'I shall come with this book in my hand, to present myself before the Sovereign Judge. I shall say aloud, "Here is what I have done, what I have thought, what I have been. I have told the good and the evil with the same frankness. . . . I have shown myself as I was—vile and contemptible, when I was so; good, generous, sublime, when I was so. I have revealed my inner self as Thou hast seen it. Eternal Being! call around me the innumerable throng of my fellow-creatures, let them hear my confessions, groan at my unworthiness, blush for my meanness. Let each one of them uncover his heart at the foot of Thy throne with the same sincerity—and then let one single individual say, if he dare, "I was better than that man there."'

What a sublime testing he treats us to! Even at the Last Day he must have an audience, and the rest of the world must be occupied about him. His sins he will confess, but only on condition that everybody thinks at his frankness; and, weeping over himself, he never loses confidence that his eloquence will overpersuade even the Deity. There is an immeasurable difference between his boastful self-abasement and Thackeray's unassuming humility. It was not with his works in his hand that the latter proposed to approach his Creator; and there is surely no humbler prayer upon record than that with which, within two years of his death, he entered his new house in Palace Green—blessed them the precursors of his books:

'I pray Almighty God that the words I write in this house may be pure and honest, that they be dictated by no personal spite, malicious animosity or unjust ground for pain, that they may tell the truth as far as I know it, and tend to promote love and peace amongst men, for the sake of Christ our Lord.'

As he wrote so he lived, and when we read 'Denis Duval' and the 'Reminiscences of Henry', we know that his prayer was granted. To all the world, as far as I know it, might have been revealed some other page he created, from first to last. I think, when he died his only sincere wish accomplished and no less sincere intention to be remembered, we do not enough know all that Thackeray did for us. We must look back at

the fiction of the thirties and the forties, re-read Bulwer, and remember the public enthusiasm for his novels; we must call to mind all the charade-acting there was in art and in literature, and then we shall be better able to gauge the power of the pen that gave us '*Vanity Fair*.'

'Since' (it wrote elsewhere) 'the author of "*Tom Jones*" was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. . . . You will not hear—it is best to know it—what moves in the real world . . .'

It is this that he told us in his incomparable way; he set the pendulum going to a new—perhaps we should say a renewed—measure, and, however wide the temporary oscillations, it will remain true to it. The classical is out of favour for the moment, but Thackeray remains a classic, read by the lovers of literature in all ages. What, after all, is a classic? The question has been answered for us by one of the people best qualified to do so—Sainte-Beuve—and his words on the subject seem to make a fit ending to any discussion of Thackeray:

'A true classic, as I should like to hear the word defined, is an author who has enriched the spirit of man, who has really increased its treasure, who has made him take a step forward, who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or re-discovered some eternal passion in that heart every corner of which seemed to be known and explored, who has embodied his own thought, observation, or invention in some form, no matter what, so long as it is broad and great, delicate and reasonable, healthy and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in a style that belongs to himself and happens also to be that of everybody else, a style which is new without "neologism"—new and old—without an effort the contemporary of all times.'

Sainte-Beuve would have been satisfied with Thackeray as an illustration of his meaning. 'Broad and great, delicate and reasonable, healthy and beautiful'—these seem epithets made for the man, as Mrs. Ritchie has painted him. He explored the human heart to good purpose, and believed in it while he explored it. The truth that he has preached is unequivocal; and with the help of his hand we have made a step forward, a step towards true feeling and the knowledge of realities divested of conventional trappings. 'If Truth were again a goddess,' said Charlotte Brontë, 'I would make Thackeray her High Priest.'

- ART. VIII.—1. *History of the English Poor Law*. Vol. III: From 1834 to the Present Time. By T. Mackay. London: King and Son, 1899.
2. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor*, 1893. (C. 7684.)
3. *Report of the Select Committee on Distress from Want of Employment*, 1896. (321: 1896.)
4. *Report of the Departmental Committee on Poor Law Schools*, 1896. (C. 8027.)
5. *Report of the Committee on Old Age Pensions*, 1898. (C. 8911.)
6. *Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Local Government Board*, 1898-9. (C. 9444.)
7. *Report from the Select Committee on the Cottage Homes Bill*, 1899. (271: 1899.)
8. *Report from the Select Committee on Aged Deserving Poor*, 1899. (296: 1899.)

IN accordance with time-honoured custom we have placed at the head of this article some of the more important works of reference which have recently been published on pauperism and cognate subjects. With one exception these are official publications, but that one exception needs more than the passing tribute which a citation here and there in the following pages would give to its merits. Mr. Mackay has produced a remarkable book, written in a popular style, which will appeal to a wider circle of readers than either official publications or purely scientific works can hope for. We have no hesitation in saying that it is one which nobody interested in the Poor Law can afford to pass by; and that it will amply repay careful study on the part of those who are familiar, not only with Blue-book literature, but with the purely scientific treatises written by English and German authors on the English Poor Law. It is, as the title-page tells us, a supplementary volume to the great work on the history of the English Poor Law by Sir George Nicholls, and continues that history from 1844 to the present day. There are, no doubt, many who will disagree with Mr. Mackay's conclusions, but the keenest critic will admit that there are not many weak places in the defence which he makes of the great reform of 1834. It is the work of an author who has himself lived and laboured among the poor, and to whom their independence is as priceless as his own.

We wish we could pay a similar compliment to the last of the Blue books which we have placed upon our list. The

Committee which is responsible for it was described by Mr. John Morley, a little unkindly, as the weakest which had been appointed since the days of Simon de Montfort. It will, we think, be a sufficient criticism of its proceedings if we say that, after an enquiry of a few weeks, it has undertaken to reverse the verdict of all previous official enquiries, on the strength of a few small schemes devised by the Charity Commissioners and of the alleged success of the Danish system—a success which, we may observe, has been warmly disputed both in and out of that country. Even if this success were an established fact, a system applicable to a small State, with only one considerable town and a stationary population of prosperous peasant proprietors, would not necessarily be good for this country, with its great cities and its vast migratory population of artisans. If we add that the Committee was appointed to devise a scheme for better provision for the aged poor, and that they reported in favour of an old age pension scheme without attempting to ascertain the number of beneficiaries and the consequent cost, it will be seen that this Report is one that will not add to the reputation, hitherto a high one, which Select Committees of the House of Commons have enjoyed, for the thoroughness of their investigations, among English and foreign statesmen and students.

The subject with which the recent Select Committee has dealt is, however, only a portion of the far larger subject of Poor Law reform, with which, it has been rumoured, the Government intend to deal comprehensively in the coming session. We do not know if the truce which the Transvaal war has brought into politics is likely to be of long duration, but in the interests of the poor above all it would indeed be well if the discussion of the new proposals could be conducted with that absence of party feeling which characterised the debate on the great reform of 1834. We do not fear party spirit so much where the problems connected with the infant, the sick, or the imbecile poor are concerned. Their fate will not probably be made the subject of such appeals to the working man as are likely to win votes at the next General Election. No; it is in connexion with the solution of the questions of the unemployed and of the aged poor that party strife is to be feared; it is with regard to these that the most dangerous proposals are likely to be made in view of the approach of the General Election; and it is therefore to these difficult questions that we shall devote most of our space. Neither party is entitled to any special credit for their treatment of these branches of Poor Law Reform, but perhaps the wildest pro-

posals with regard to the unemployed have been made by the Home Rule party, while the most dangerous schemes for old age pensions have been advocated by Unionists.

The very term 'old age pensions,' as Mr. Lecky has pointed out,* tends to accredit a fundamental and most dangerous misconception.

'The pensions, largely of the nature of deferred pay, given by the State and private employers for specific services duly rendered to those who have been in their employment or under their control, have no real analogy to the proposed State endowment of all old persons, or at least of all respectable old persons, who at the close of a life of independent industry find themselves insufficiently provided with the means of livelihood. Such an endowment, drawn from the taxation of the country, would be essentially of the same nature as Poor Law relief. . . . There is no real ground for the assertion that because an industrious man has failed to earn a sufficiency, he has a moral right to be rewarded for his industry out of the proceeds of a tax levied upon his neighbours, to whom he has rendered no service, or none which has not been paid for in wages.'

But accepting the term for a moment, and assuming, as we may, that every one desires to find a remedy for old age pauperism, would it not be an advantage to do what the Select Committee has failed to do, namely, to try to ascertain the extent and causes of old age pauperism, so that we may judge whether a simple or complex remedy is required?

Mr. Charles Booth has calculated from Mr. Burt's return that 30 per cent. of the population of England and Wales who reach the age of 65 are in receipt of Poor Law relief; and, subtracting one-third to represent the well-to-do, he arrives at the conclusion that one person in every two and a half of the poorer classes who reach the age of 65 is a pauper. These figures are based on a count made on a single day, which is a doubtful method, from the point of view of accuracy, in Poor Law matters, and are on that ground disputed by Mr. C. S. Loch, who points out that the number of paupers would, on a year's count, be diminished by one-third. We have further to recollect that in these figures there are included persons in receipt of medical relief, which means food and stimulants as well as drugs, and that medical relief is received as implying no stigma of pauperism. Since 1885 the receipt of medical relief no longer disqualifies persons receiving it for certain Local Government offices; and medical relief is given in some parishes to a number exceeding the whole of

* 'Minority Report from the Select Committee, 1899.'

the indoor and outdoor paupers. A large proportion of the recipients of medical relief would be aged persons. It should be further borne in mind that, as Mr. Knollys has pointed out in his evidence before the Select Committee on the Aged Deserving Poor, there has been an enormous decrease in pauperism since 1849. In that year the pauperism of the country amounted to 62·7 per 1,000; it has been reduced to 26·2 per 1,000 in the present year, if lunatics and vagrants are included, or, if we take it without the lunatics and vagrants, to 22·8 per 1,000. This decrease is largely in outdoor pauperism, but there has been a decrease in indoor pauperism also. This is, according to Mr. Knollys, mainly the result of the administration of the reformed Poor Law of 1834; but, no doubt, the prosperity of the country and the growth of thrift, temperance, and education have largely contributed to this improving condition of affairs. Mr. Loch has shown that the not able-bodied poor above the age of 60 numbered, in 1871, 21 per cent., but in 1891 only 13 per cent., of the total number above that age. Evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor showed that in the Manchester Union the aged paupers had diminished from 2,130 in 1872 to 941 in 1892; and it further appeared that the number of deserving cases in Manchester was exceedingly small—between 90 and 100. When these figures are borne in mind, and when it is further recollected that, according to Mr. Knollys, deserving cases are generally relieved by the Guardians, if possible, outside the workhouse, it will be seen that the problem is very different from what it has been represented to be. In fact the aged and deserving poor are relatively few and are decreasing in number. Of their number, some it is not possible to relieve outside the workhouse, owing to sickness and infirmity; others are unwilling to leave the workhouse, as evidence given before the Committee on Cottage Homes showed; but by far the greater number of the aged and deserving poor are already receiving, outside the workhouse, old age pensions in the shape of outdoor relief.

The question next arises, would a State pension cure the evil of old age pauperism as a whole? Would it remedy the causes which were shown in the evidence before the Aged Poor Commission to be moral, economic, and local, but chiefly moral. Witness after witness, and amongst them the most experienced administrators of the Poor Law, testified that want of thrift and want of backbone were the principal causes which brought the poor to the workhouse in their old age. Mr. Knollys, Mr. Davy, and Mr. Hedley on behalf of the Local

Government Board, Mr. Vallance on behalf of Whitechapel, Mr. Allen on behalf of St. Pancras, and Mr. McDougall on behalf of Manchester, gave the same report. Miss Octavia Hill, who told the Commission that she had been at work amongst the poor in London since she was eleven years old, emphatically stated that she did not believe that those who are really thrifty ever come upon the rates. Debt and want of character are the causes, in her judgment, first of general pauperism and then of old age pauperism. It may be added that sailors of the Royal Navy are hardly ever to be found in a workhouse, and this is equally true of teetotallers. In both of these classes a strong character can generally be assumed.

With economic causes the case is different. These are, first and foremost, insufficient wages, and secondly, the stress of industrial competition, which throws men out of work at an earlier age than formerly. About 76 per cent. of the adult working men of the country are earning over 20s. a week; and of these it is not too much to say that they can make provision if they will. But with the rest, including the bulk of the agricultural and casual labourers, it is different. The late Mr. William Little showed, in his masterly report to the Labour Commission, that the difficulty of saving had been much exaggerated in the case of the agricultural labourer; and persons acquainted with country life are well aware on what a scanty wage a man will provide for his old age. It should be recollected that a contribution of 2½d. a week from 16 to 65 will provide a pension of 5s. a week at the latter age. The casual labourer presents special difficulties and trenches on the problem of the unemployed, which will be dealt with later. A still greater difficulty has to be faced economically in considering women workers, who stand in a proportion of 140 to every 100 males of the aged poor. Not only are their wages excessively low and the period during which they earn money short, but women never look upon the working period of their lives in the same way as men. With them work is generally done in order to obtain pocket-money or to contribute to the expenses of their home during the period before marriage. At the outside they contribute to some club assurance against sickness or death, but hardly ever do they attempt to make any provision for old age. In the words of a witness before the Old Age Commission (1895), 'It is impossible for them to do it.'

Further, it must be remarked that recent economic legislation has not always proved an unmixed good to the class which it was intended to benefit. Even before the Workmen's Compensation Act (1897), the industrial strain was pressing more

and more heavily on the worker ; and evidence was given before the Labour Commission of the difficulty in getting work experienced by men who were gray-haired or appeared to be aged. This difficulty has been increased in the last few years by the Compensation Act, which is often alleged to prevent the engagement and to cause the early dismissal of older workmen.

Over and above this, there are the diseases of occupations, which often deprive a man of his powers long before the period when the earliest pension yet proposed would be likely to come to his assistance. For instance, the decline of tin and copper mining in Devon and Cornwall has led to the development of another industry, the manufacture of arsenic. The arsenical poisoning due to this industrial change has caused a great increase of pauperism. According to a report presented to the Tavistock Board of Guardians by their medical officers, the average age at which the workers in the parish of Calstock became disabled was forty years, while there were some who had become wrecks at the early age of thirty-two. These, no doubt, are extreme cases, and no doubt much can be done by introducing proper protection for the workers at such dangerous trades ; but the problem is not one which any pension scheme is likely to solve. Further, there is the question of overcrowding, on which Lord Aberdare, the chairman of the Aged Poor Commission, was inclined to lay great stress as a most fruitful cause of pauperism as well as of vice and crime.

Lastly, there are local causes which present special difficulties. Comfortable infirmaries attract a class of persons who would otherwise never have thought of coming on the rates, and who, indeed, have no right to do so. Mr. Lockwood, in his report to the Local Government Board for the year 1899, observes :—

‘ With regard to the annually increasing numbers in the infirmaries, the dress and general appearance in many instances of the relatives and friends of the patients . . . suggest the inference that not a few among the latter are recruited from a class far removed from destitution, the status which was understood to be the condition entitling to relief from the rates in this or any other form when separate Poor Law infirmaries were first established.’

This holds good of comfortable workhouses, for the same inspector reports a little lower down that—

‘ not long since, a London Board of Guardians, in order to relieve the overcrowding in their workhouse, directed a call over, with a view to giving out-relief to some of the female inmates, but with one consent they besought the Guardians to allow them to remain in the house.’

Besides comfortable workhouse infirmaries, the circumstances of a town like Brighton lend themselves to an increase both of general and aged pauperism, because the rich visitors attract the idle and loafing poor from London and elsewhere. The consequence is that these people are continually going in and out of the workhouse, their children grow up to learn similar habits, and pauperism is handed on from generation to generation. In February 1893 there were no less than three generations of one family in the Brighton workhouse at the same time.

Unsound friendly societies, which are more prevalent in rural than in urban districts, have often caused an increase of pauperism. A glance at the report of the Local Government Board for the year 1899 will show the pauperising effect of careless administration, in the South-west of England, for instance, even without a study of the reports which careful administrators, like Mr. Vallance of the Whitechapel Union, issue with regard to their districts.

If the causes of old age pauperism are so complex, it seems obvious that no pension scheme is likely to cure the evil with which we have to deal. It appears almost a waste of time to deal with the various pension schemes which have one by one been abandoned by their Parliamentary advocates. To the popular mind there is only one, that of Mr. Booth, which in its latest form promises a pension of seven shillings a week to all persons who reach the age of 70, whether deserving or not, without any contribution on their part; and it should not be forgotten that this is the ultimate goal of all less ambitious systems. The age-limit is, as we have said, too high, and the amount even now too low for the complete independent existence of a man and his family, if he has one. But the other difficulties are even greater. First, from an administrative point of view, a system of registration is necessary to avoid fraud, and to identify claimants. This would be extremely unpopular with working men; it would be extremely difficult to carry out, especially if it involved any reference to the past career of the individual, as any one connected with Poor Law administration is well aware; it would require a very large staff of officials; and there would probably be a great many appeals from their decisions. The tendency would undoubtedly be to induce working men to remain in one district in order to have less difficulty in proving their claims; and, if so, we should have all the evils of the old law of settlement repeated at a time when the mobility of labour is more important than ever in our industrial history. We should constantly be confronted with

difficulties as to the misuse of the pension money by its recipients, who would fall back on the Poor Law; and the enquiry which the New Zealand law requires to be made annually as to its pensioners and their condition might have to be repeated. There would also be difficulties as to the right to earn wages in addition to the pension. On the one hand it would seem tyrannical to forbid a man to earn money if he could—and, as is well known, agricultural labourers can earn fairly good wages up to a good old age; on the other hand there is no doubt that, if pensioners were allowed to work for hire, wages would be affected.

From a financial point of view there is nothing to show that the Poor Law expenses would diminish; and the financial burden of such a pension scheme would be probably some 15,000,000*l.* annually. Where such a sum is to come from Mr. Booth does not specify. But the financial difficulties do not end there. The withdrawal of such a large sum from productive enterprise would be attended by serious dangers, nor can we contemplate without grave misgiving the State embarking on such a large banking enterprise, seeing that its present undertakings in connexion with the Post Office and other savings-banks involve it in difficulties owing to the fall in the rate of interest. Any such scheme would be a great blow to thrift: in fact the existence of such schemes has long prevented the friendly societies from making way with the provision for old age. Lastly, when all has been said and done for England and Wales, we should have to face the cost of a similar scheme for Scotland and Ireland.

We have dealt with this scheme at some length because it is the scheme which alone has any real support in the country and which will always be brought up. Contributory schemes have one by one been given up, whether they are compulsory, like that of Germany, or voluntary, like those which were before the House of Commons last session. We are left face to face with the old alternatives of self-help, charity, and the Poor Law; and it is by a combination of these three that we shall be able eventually to solve most of the difficulties connected with this and the other branches of the question.

The savings of the working classes at the present time amount, according to Mr. Brabrook, to no less a sum than 278,000,000*l.* sterling.* Of this no less than 25,500,000*l.* is claimed by friendly societies, which still have a great future before them. When it is considered that within a period of ten

* 'Wages and Savings of Working Men.' (*Quarterly Review*, April 1899.)
Vol. 191.—No. 381. M

years (1886-96) the funds of ten of the principal societies have increased from 11,000,000*l.* to 16,700,000*l.*, and their membership from 1,600,000 to 2,200,000, it will be seen that we have a vast movement still increasing at a great rate. These societies are making great progress with their female and their juvenile lodges, and any experienced officer will tell you that the promise of State old age pensions has been the chief obstacle hitherto to the adoption of their own pension scheme. In the Manchester Unity the contribution is only 2½*d.* a week, from 16 to 65, in order to obtain a 5*s.* pension at the latter age; and this sum is within the reach of a very large proportion of working men and women. But there are many reforms which such societies will have to make. A fixed age for the commencement of an old age pension is unpopular and, as we have seen, undesirable. A society should be able, acting on medical and actuarial advice, to make earlier payments when a man is not likely to live long; or the money might be made returnable to him. Eventually it will probably be found best to cease sick pay when superannuation begins. In addition to friendly societies, provision is also made for superannuation by some of the older trade unions; and it should be observed that some of the warmest advocates of old age pensions belong to those unions which find the superannuation benefit a heavy burden on their funds. Mr. Drummond, in his evidence before the Aged Poor Commission, stated that by far the largest part of the skilled labour of the country can by trade unions or by some other means make its own provision for old age. So far as such provision is made by trade unions, the whole fund is liable to absorption during a strike; but in the meantime they are making a very substantial contribution to the solution of the problem, for the registered societies pay no less than 132,000*l.* a year to this object.

The State has contributed to the solution of the question by establishing Government annuities and Government savings-banks. But, oddly enough, the Post Office Old Age Pensions are not popular with the working man. They are said not to provide so good terms as the friendly societies, which is reasonable enough, for the Government gives far better security than any private society could do. But no form of Government institution will ever be so popular with the working classes as the societies which they have formed themselves. These are simple, economical, and flexible, and, besides their social advantages, they have given our working classes, even in country districts, lessons in business and self-government which

have been and will continue to be of the greatest value. Subsidies to these societies, in any form whatever, will never be popular with their members, involving as they must do a great increase of State inspection and State control. The pecuniary advantages which State subsidies would confer on these societies would also be a great injustice to those many other forms of thrift which have been the means of accumulating such large sums for the working classes.

Let us now turn to the English Poor Law, recollecting that none of the schemes hitherto propounded are expected, even by their promoters, to remove old age poverty within the next thirty or forty years, and that we shall therefore, on the most favourable estimate, have the poor with us for a long time to come. The English Poor Law, according to Dr. Aschrott,* is based upon three principles:—

'1) The right to receive relief must be assured. The public must know that every one, whatever the cause of destitution, is secure against starvation. (2) Poor-Law relief must be restricted to the minimum required for the support of life. It is necessary to exclude the possibility that the condition of the pauper shall be in any respect better than that of the independent poor. (3) It is essential to associate with the receipt of relief such drawbacks as will induce the poor, so far as lies in their power, to make provision for the future.'

It is often asserted that a law framed upon these principles may indeed be salutary in its effect on young and able bodied paupers, but will involve harshness if not cruelty in the case of the aged. A careful examination of the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor shows, however, that these objections apply not to the terms of the law but to the manner in which it is administered. The actual law and the orders of the Local Government Board only lay down general principles, leaving absolute discretion to the Guardians in dealing with a particular case. They can decide whether relief shall be given, and to what extent, whether in food or money. As a matter of fact, as the evidence before the last Select Committee shows, they generally elect to give outdoor relief to the deserving aged poor; and it was well observed by Lord Rothschild in the proceedings before the Departmental Committee of 1896, that the stigma, if there is any, in the receipt of such relief lies, not in the fact of receiving, but in the causes which led the recipient to need it. Further, it is open to the Guardians to classify the poor in workhouses. The Report of

* *Das englische Armenwesen.* Leipzig, 1886.

the Select Committee on the Cottage Homes Bill (Paragraph 5) observes that :—

‘One of the subjects expressly mentioned in the Act of 1834 as proper to be dealt with by regulations is the classification of the poor in workhouses. The Consolidated Order accordingly contains the following regulations :—

“Article 98. The paupers, so far as the workhouse admits thereof, shall be classed as follows :—

“Class 1.—Men infirm through age or other cause.

“Class 2.—Able-bodied men and youths above the age of fifteen years.

“Class 3.—Boys above the age of seven years and under that of fifteen.

“Class 4.—Women infirm through age or any other cause.

“Class 5.—Able-bodied women and girls above the age of fifteen years.

“Class 6.—Girls above the age of seven years and under that of fifteen.

“Class 7.—Children under seven years of age.”

Paragraph 6 of the same Report continues thus :—

‘The regulation immediately following this authorises a further subdivision of the inmates of workhouses. It contains the following provisions :—

“Article 99. Provide], firstly, that the Guardians shall from time to time, after consulting the medical officer, make such arrangements as they may deem necessary with regard to persons labouring under any disease of body or mind.

“Secondly, the Guardians shall, so far as circumstances will permit, further subdivide any of the classes enumerated in Article 98 with reference to the moral character or behaviour or the previous habits of the inmates, or to such other grounds as may seem expedient.

“Thirdly, that nothing in this Order shall compel the Guardians to separate any married couple, being both paupers of the first and fourth classes respectively, provided that the Guardians shall set apart for the exclusive use of every such couple a sleeping apartment separate from that of the other paupers.”

The Guardians have in some cases made use of their power. At Liverpool a house has been set apart for well-behaved old women. At West Derby, Portsmouth, and Sheffield cottages have been erected in connexion with the workhouses for married couples and the aged deserving poor. At Falmouth a wing entirely separated from the rest of the workhouse has just been provided for the aged deserving poor, and provision of a similar character has been made at Gt. Grimsby, Hull, and Nottingham.

Less has no doubt been done in smaller country workhouses ;

but, as the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor suggested, the difficulty might be met by the grouping of workhouses in connexion with section 8 of the Poor Law Act of 1879, a provision which might well be utilised in connexion with the treatment of the adult and able-bodied and infant poor. Imbeciles and epileptics are already removed from workhouses in London to special institutions provided by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. In the country this example might be followed, as indeed the Cottage Homes Committee recommends.

But what, it will be asked, are the grievances of the aged pauper? Much evidence was given with regard to these before the Aged Poor Commission, but they can be summarised in a few words. The routine life in the workhouse, the monotony of the diet, the want of privacy, the want of liberty, unpleasant company, insufficient inspection, inadequate nursing, and, above all, the harshness and dictatorial tone of the relieving officers. All these are matters with which the Guardians can deal, and in all of them great reforms have been introduced in the last few years, partly at the instance of circulars from the Local Government Board, but most of all by the action of women Guardians, whose election has in many cases been attended with the most satisfactory results. The law as to the maintenance of the aged poor by their children or other relatives does not appear to be harshly enforced; the law of settlement involves occasional hardship, and might, so far as England and Wales are concerned, be abolished as to the aged poor.

What then remains, so far as the aged poor are concerned? It is to deal with those deserving aged poor who are to be found in workhouses, and whom it would be possible to relieve outside. It is admitted by the Cottage Homes Committee that these are but few in number, and in dealing with them the Committee recommended what has been recommended for years—the co-operation of local philanthropic and other agencies with the Guardians. To these we might add the local friendly societies and other associations of working men, who can in many cases furnish valuable information as to deserving cases. It is probable that local philanthropy would, with these agencies alone, more than suffice to deal, and deal generously, with hard cases. But there are in many cases local charities under the Charity Commissioners which would supplement this good work. Mr. Drage's return of last year shows that these funds throughout the country amount to nearly a million sterling per annum, of which something like one third is spent in doles, and two thirds in pensions. The evidence of Sir Henry Longley shows

that some progress has been made in converting the doles, which do harm, into pensions, which do not. Legislation might simplify the task. But it must never be forgotten that when the sum—which might, if our plan were adopted, always be adequate—has been paid, only a small part of the work has been done. What the poor, and above all the aged poor, want is sympathy and advice; and these a committee such as we advocate, appointed to represent the Guardians and the local organisations for thrift and charity, would be able to give. In this way all the difficulties connected with the aged poor might be met without recourse to anything like a national poor-rate, which would be at once demoralising to the poor and disastrous to the State.

Having dealt with the question of the aged poor, let us now turn to the almost equally difficult question of the adult poor, including the vagrants and the unemployed. It will probably be better to deal with the purely Poor Law questions affecting vagrants, both adults and children, before embarking on the wider question of the unemployed, which was handled by the Select Committee of 1896.

Here, again, so far at any rate as adult vagrants are concerned, it is not so much a question of amendments in the law as of continuity and uniformity of administration. The attention of Parliament has been repeatedly called to the increase of vagrants. In 1897 the number of vagrants was higher than it had been since 1858, and between two and three times as high as in 1890. From that year the rise was continuous till 1897, and, though there has been a slight diminution in the last two years, the number is still very formidable. The most modest estimate of the vagrant population is 50,000; there are competent judges who place it at 100,000, and others again who believe it to be not less than 165,000. A large proportion of vagrants—according to a Poor Law inspector, 20 per cent.—are old soldiers, while, as the same authority observes, a sailor of the Royal Navy has hardly been known amongst them. Regarded simply as a Poor Law question, it seems probable that the Casual Poor Act of 1882 would, if continuously and uniformly enforced over the whole country, prove an adequate remedy for this evil. Under that Act, as is well known, there is power to detain a vagrant till the second day from his admission, and to exact a certain task. This period can be extended to the fourth day, if he has been received before within the month into the casual ward of the same union. But the carrying out of this Act involves a very heavy burden on some poor unions which lie on the high road between large towns; and to enforce the law a fresh classification

of areas might be found necessary. As we have seen, some such reform may be required for a better administration of the Poor Law with regard to the aged. The only legal alteration that seems necessary is the removal of disabilities in deserving cases; but that is more closely connected with the question of the unemployed, to which we shall come shortly. Above all, it should be remembered that the hardened vagrant expects to find in the casual ward a club of habitual vagrants like himself, which is precisely what a respectable man in search of employment desires to avoid. For both a system of separate cells is the best. It should be added that when, as in Liverpool and Manchester, the separate treatment of vagrants in single cell workhouses has been uniformly tried it has been attended with the best results.

In this connexion we must not forget the close relation between vagrancy and the spread of disease. Dr. Long, in his report to the Metropolitan Asylums Board in 1893, mentions that out of 325 notifications of small-pox, 20 came from casual wards, 126 from charitable shelters, and 176 from common lodging-houses. He adds the pertinent observation: 'If it be true that we cannot control the disease generally until we have controlled it amongst the vagrants, our first effort should be to prevent its spreading amongst them.' A strict public inspection and control of charitable shelters is urgently required, and was demanded by a conference called by the London County Council in 1894 on the spread of disease by vagrants; and certainly the belief in the necessity of such a control will not be weakened by a perusal of the letters written to the 'Times' by the Rev. J. E. Hand, curate of St Jude's, Whitechapel, on the state of the Salvation Army shelters in the autumn of 1897.

Before passing to the subject of vagrant children we must gratefully acknowledge the reforms introduced with regard to pauper children by the present Government since the publication of the report of the Departmental Committee on Metropolitan Poor Law Schools in 1896. These reforms include not only the abolition of barrack schools, and the transfer to the Metropolitan Asylums Board of several classes of children with which the regular authorities were incapable of dealing, but also the extension of the powers of the Guardians, in an Act passed only last session for the better protection of children who have left the workhouse. Special praise should be given to the measures that have been taken for the better protection of Poor Law children emigrating to Canada, and to the encouragement given by Mr. Chaplin to the metropolitan training-ship 'Exmouth' to extend its work to country unions. In our

judgment there is hardly any limit to the good which might be done by promoting the emigration movement among Poor Law children, and by opening the training given by the 'Exmouth' to Poor Law unions all over the country. The figures which were given by Mr. Chaplin in June 1898, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, deserve a far wider and more careful notice than they seem to have obtained in view of the ever-increasing need of British sailors for British ships. According to that answer, the number of boys admitted to the training-ship since its establishment is 6,528, and there were then 550 boys remaining on the establishment. There were therefore 5,978 boys who had passed through the training of the 'Exmouth,' and of these 5,065 had gone either into the mercantile marine, the navy, or the army, in the following proportions—mercantile marine, 2,212; navy, 2,036; army, 817. It may be added that the report of the training-ship shows that those who have passed through the ship have almost invariably done her credit. The encouragement given by the present Government to such institutions, coupled with the order issued for improving the condition of the poor in workhouses, will be by no means the least important item to their credit. But the question to which we now turn—the treatment of the children of vagrants—is one of those which will require an alteration in the law in the direction indicated by a Bill introduced last year by Mr. Drage, Lord Percy, and Mr. John Burns.

The evil is one which is notorious. Every one is familiar with the sight of the tramp's family on our great high roads. The problem of dealing with the children is a far more important task, and, it may be added, its solution is far more hopeful, than that of reclaiming the parent. We believe that the children are generally, though not in all cases, the offspring of those whom they accompany; but if not, the case for the intervention of the Legislature would only be strengthened. It has been estimated by Colonel Carter Hayward, chairman of the Vagrancy Committee of the Gloucestershire County Council—who has made a special study of the subject—that the number of homeless children tramping the roads is 4,410, excluding gipsy and van children. The Parliamentary returns do not account for one tenth of this number in the casual wards, so that there is a large number with whom the Poor Law has little to do. It must further be recollected that the tramp children are distinct from another class—the 'ins and outs'—in so far as the latter remain long enough in one district to be sent to school. But the two classes melt insensibly the one into the other; and the terrible evidence

given before the Metropolitan Schools Committee with regard to the atmosphere of vice, disease, and crime in which the 'ins and outs' are brought up applies with equal force to vagrant children. The Vagrancy Act of 1824 has no provision applying to such cases, but the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act of 1894 enacts that persons over sixteen, having charge of any child under sixteen, may be arrested and summarily convicted for neglecting and exposing it, or for causing it to be neglected or exposed, in a manner likely to cause it unnecessary suffering or injury to health; and such persons are subject to fine or imprisonment for six months, or both. When any such person has been convicted, committed for trial, or bound over to keep the peace towards the child, the Court may order the child to be taken out of the custody of such person and commit it to the care of a relation or other fit person willing to receive it until it attains the age of sixteen years. The Board of Guardians are to provide for the reception of a child during the detention of its parents, either while under remand or during punishment. The Act provides rather for the punishment of cruelty on the part of the persons in charge of a child than for its removal from them; and although Boards of Guardians have the power to adopt the children of parents who have been convicted of cruelty towards them, yet few Boards are inclined to do this with regard to children not belonging to their district. The result is that, unless there is some relation or other person prepared to take charge of the child, the parents when released are not only able to resume control of it, but they are legally bound to do so. We must add to this the fact that the cost of such a prosecution is considerable: according to Colonel G. C. Clark—from whose excellent paper on the subject before the Poor Law Conference we quote—it often amounts to as much as 70*l.*; and although much good has been done by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in connexion with the Act, it seems, as Colonel Clark observes, a waste to spend so much money when the result might be reached at less cost. Finally, it should be remembered that it will be long before even this procedure would clear the roads of tramp children.

A more practical Act of Parliament, regarded from this point of view, is the Industrial Schools Act of 1866, under which any person may bring before two justices or a magistrate any child apparently under the age of fourteen years that is found wandering and not having any home or place of abode or proper guardianship or visible means of subsistence; and such a child may be committed to an industrial school. Under this section—thanks to the Children's Aid Society—a vagrant child

was in November 1896 brought before the magistrates at Bow Street; but, as he was too young for an industrial school, he was entrusted to the care of a lady, under section 9 of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act. Since then a considerable number of vagrant children have been sent by stipendiary magistrates to industrial schools, on the charge of being found wandering without any home or settled place of abode or proper guardianship or visible means of subsistence. There are, however, as Colonel Clark points out, certain defects in this Act. In the first place, it requires some individual, or the officer of some society, to set it in motion. In the second place, under its provisions children are often left idling about the remand ward of workhouses for weeks together. This last difficulty will soon be remedied, so far as London is concerned, by the action of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Thirdly, magistrates hesitate to send merely vagrant children to schools which, from their point of view, are somewhat penal. Lastly, there is no punishment for the persons in charge of vagrant children under the Act, however cruelly they may have acted towards them. The Bill which was introduced last year goes far to remedy some of these evils, and rightly, as we think, places the administration of the law on these matters in the hands of the police, though the power given to the police might with advantage be enlarged. But in any case the matter is one of sufficient importance for us to hope that the Government will adopt the Bill in question, and thus secure for it a fair prospect of becoming law. If some such measure could be passed, a step would have been taken in the direction of diminishing the supply not only of vagrants but also of the unemployed.

The Select Committee on the Unemployed was appointed in February 1895 'to consider and report as to (a) the extent to which distress arising from want of employment prevails; (b) the powers at present possessed by Local or Central Authorities in relation to such cases; (c) any steps which may be taken, whether by changes in legislation or administration, to deal with the evils arising therefrom; and (d) to make an interim report to the House, at the earliest possible date, on what steps should be taken either by Parliament, the Departments of State, or Local Authorities to meet the distress this winter.'

The Committee issued three reports, dated March 11th, May 7th, and July 2nd, respectively. In the first of these they give a brief account of their proceedings, and explain the reasons which rendered them unable to make any 'recommendation applicable to the present juncture.' Such recommendation

must, they considered, satisfy two conditions, viz., (a) it must be immediately applicable during the remaining weeks of the winter season; (b) it must be such that Parliament might be reasonably expected to accept it, or at least to take it into serious consideration, without further enquiry into the facts upon which it is based or the principles which it embodies. The Committee found that no plan which had been laid before them satisfied these conditions. The second report merely submitted the returns received from the local authorities in England and Wales in reply to a circular of enquiry sent to them. The third report was issued in consequence of the sudden dissolution of Parliament and did not profess to be complete. In it the Committee gave a brief account of their proceedings and made the following recommendations:—

1. That the Local Government Board should make rules for the use of Boards of Guardians under which they might set poor persons to work at wages. Sir Hugh Owen stated afterwards that the Local Government Board could not understand this recommendation.

‘It is to be remembered,’ he observes, ‘in the first place, that any rules that the Board might make would be rules not conferring powers upon the Guardians but regulating and restricting the exercise of those powers. Apart from that question, there is the fact that, until we know what the proposal is, we find it extremely difficult to suggest what rules should regulate the carrying out of the scheme. In the opinion of the Department the absence of rules does not in any way affect the carrying out by the Guardians of any scheme that they can carry out under that statute. The rules, as I say, would be for the purpose of diminishing rather than conferring additional powers; and further than that, until we know what the circumstances are which require rules to be made, we are not in a position to determine what those rules should be.’

2. That in case of exceptional distress deserving men who are compelled to seek for public assistance should not be disfranchised thereby.

3. That public bodies should, so far as is consistent with efficiency of execution and reasonable economy, give out orders for indoor repair work and new work during the slack months, generally January and February.

4. That the Guardians of any Metropolitan Union should be empowered, with the sanction of the London County Council, to agree with any Sanitary Authority within their Union that, in consideration of the latter employing such number of persons and during such period as may be agreed upon, the Guardians will make a contribution to the Sanitary Authority of an

amount not exceeding one-half of the cost incurred in the employment of such persons; such a contribution to be a charge on the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund.

In none of these reports was any attempt made to distinguish between the different causes which give rise to want of employment, or to classify or summarise the evidence in any way.

In the following year, 1896, after the General Election, a Select Committee was again appointed with the same terms of reference, with the exception of (d), for which was substituted a direction that the Committee should enquire and report as to the means of discriminating, in cases of exceptional distress, between the deserving man forced to become dependent upon public aid and the ordinary claimants for parish relief, in accordance with the second recommendation in the last report of the former Committee.

The new Committee sat and took further evidence, and reported in the month of July. Considering the amount of really valuable evidence which had been given, it is somewhat to be regretted that the Committee did not take pains to have some digest of it prepared and embodied in its final report. As it is, it is left embedded in many large volumes, and we shall no doubt have to wait until some careful German student or professor has analysed them before we can form any idea of the value of the materials which it cost so much time and expense to collect.

But we are not here concerned with the contents of the Blue-book, as a whole, so much as with the practical results of the work of the Committee as embodied in the final report. These, it must be confessed, are meagre. We will take the points in the order of the reference; and first, the extent to which distress arising from want of employment was found to prevail. The Committee could only say that it may be doubted whether the requisite materials for forming a judgment are forthcoming, and they recommended that more accurate information on the point should be collected in future through the Labour Correspondents of the Board of Trade, acting in concert with the local Poor Law and other authorities, the local charitable associations, local trade unions, friendly societies, and labour registries. The keynote of the whole report is co-operation of the central and local authorities with organised thrift and charity. The estimate of the unemployed ranged from that of Mr. Keir Hardie, who put the number at the time of the enquiry at 1,750,000, and in normal times at 1,000,000, apart from those dependent on them, down to that of the Rev. W. Tozer, who reckoned that in normal times there were 280,000 persons of

all classes unemployed, of whom 140,000 would be willing to work if they could.

Next, with regard to the powers at present possessed by local or central authorities in relation to the relief of distress arising from want of employment, the Committee reports that the powers enjoyed by Boards of Guardians at the present time are amply sufficient to enable them in their discretion to give such relief as may be necessary to meet the needs of an able-bodied man destitute from want of employment, and those dependent on him; and that they have also full power to raise sufficient funds. The Committee next deals with the claim which has been advanced that the respectable unemployed should be distinguished from ordinary applicants for parochial relief by giving them some form of work involving no stigma. The Committee, after considering the objections that had been raised against the Guardians' labour test, &c., came to the conclusion that nothing would be gained by transferring the administration of a labour test from the Board of Guardians to another authority, and pointed out that, so long as the work is supervised by competent officials, the only change to be introduced is to prevent, so far as possible, the casual and deserving poor from being brought into contact with the loafing class in the stone-yard. They observe that the experience of the St. Olave's Guardians, amongst others, indicates that the scale of relief must be so arranged that less should be obtainable from the Guardians in this form than can be earned by a worker for wages at independent employment of a similar kind. 'The conditions under which outdoor relief is given should be such that the recipients would have inducement to seek independent employment or to return to their ordinary occupation when opportunity offered.' Relief works are next dealt with, as an alternative to Poor Law relief, with the stigma it involves, for the better class of unemployed. Attention is drawn to the conditions necessary for successful relief works; to the great cost of such works, which is apt to be out of all proportion to the value of the work done, unless some system of piecework is adopted; and to the need of the closest supervision. The Committee further rejects the proposal of State grants in the form of dole, or in the form of grants for this purpose to local authorities, but advocates loans on favourable terms to local authorities for useful public works to be undertaken as relief works. Farm and labour colonies are passed in review and rejected; and the Committee then considers the possibility of discriminating between deserving and other recipients of parochial relief with a view to saving the franchise of the

former, recommending that a person should not be disfranchised unless he has received relief for a period exceeding one month during the qualifying year, and has also received relief at some period during the year immediately preceding the qualifying year. In conclusion, the Committee state that they have not found it possible to devise and recommend any scheme involving the compulsory provision of paid work for all applicants; they repeat that the Guardians have ample powers, and recommend once more the co-operation of the Guardians with the local organisations for thrift and charity as the best means of keeping the deserving unemployed free from the stigma of Poor Law relief.

We have dealt with the report of the Committee at a somewhat disproportionate length in order to indicate to our readers the task which was set to the Committee and the way in which it was carried out. We are not sure if it was wise, and it certainly was disappointing, that those responsible for drawing up the terms of reference to the Committee should have narrowed the issue so as to exclude any attempt at the classification of the unemployed, as well as any consideration of the causes of the evil and the remedies provided by self-help. We believe that the problem would have been made more intelligible if the Committee had first classified the unemployed, dividing them into the temporarily and the permanently unemployed, subdividing the first according as they have or have not a definite prospect of work, and the second according as they fall into the class of the casual labourer or the unemployable. Then it would have been possible to deal in detail with each class and to show how far its members can be absorbed in existing industries or provided for by farm colonies, and how far the recurrence of present evils may be avoided.

Failing this, the Committee might have taken the causes of want of employment, as summarised in Mr. Booth's evidence, namely, (1) termination of job; (2) change of weather; (3) seasonal periods; (4) changes in demand due to fashion, foreign tariffs, &c.; (5) general cyclical fluctuations of trade as a whole; and (6) capacity or character of workers. But although these were laid down by the most expert of the witnesses as leading categories for classification they were soon lost sight of.

Lastly, the Committee might have classified the remedies which have been tried according as they are designed to *find* work or to *make* work for the unemployed. Under the former head—that of agencies to find work for the unemployed—would have fallen trade unions and friendly societies, labour bureaux,

agencies for discharged seamen, soldiers, and prisoners, registries for women and girls, and newspaper advertisements. Under the head of agencies to make work for the unemployed we should have found the Salvation Army Social Scheme and other similar schemes in England, the Labour Colonies in Germany and Switzerland, and the English Poor Law system, not to mention such temporary efforts as those which the municipalities and Mansion House Committees have made. A great deal of interesting evidence is to be found in the report on all these heads, and if it had only been systematically arranged it would have thrown some further light upon the problem—which after all is sure sooner or later to come upon us again—how such crises as that of the winter of 1895 can be either avoided or mitigated.

We had intended to dwell in conclusion on some more purely Poor Law problems, such as the vast increase of pauper lunacy from 51,782 in 1859 to 95,462 in 1899, the overlapping of hospitals and Poor Law infirmaries, and, last but not least, the codification and consolidation of the Poor Law orders and statutes now in force, which would, if printed, cover something like 2,500 octavo pages, and as to which the greatest confusion prevails in the minds of the most experienced Poor Law officials. But we have perhaps said enough to show how great is the work with which the recently reorganised Local Government Board has had to deal in the past, and we hope we have also brought nearer home to our readers some of the extraordinarily interesting problems which that Department will be called upon to consider in the near future.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends.* Selected and Edited with Notes and Introductions by Sidney Colvin. Two vols. London: Methuen, 1899.
2. *The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Edinburgh edition. Twenty-eight vols. 1894-98.

WHAT is a biography? Is it a record of the external events producing and produced by a man's life and character—the things which affected him and the things by which and in which he affected others? or is it the picture of a personality, the history of an inward experience? Both perhaps, yet more essentially the latter. When the life to be written is that of a 'man of action' when the actions of his life have been large and conspicuous, actions in which the individual is only one of many forces at work, perhaps the directing force, yet acting, as a soldier or a statesman must, in concert with many others—the business of the biographer, as distinct from the historian, is to depict not the events but the man's share in the events, not the results but the motives; to show how the events were modified by the temperament under study, and how that temperament took a reflected colour from the events. Sir William Napier's 'Life' of his brother Sir Charles, one of the few masterpieces in this kind, is full indeed of battle-pictures and the story of political intrigues, but it never loses sight of its central purpose, and the events related are related to illustrate a character. To this end Napier the historian, turning biographer, relies chiefly upon the one sufficient source—the letters of the man whom he describes; and his success is mainly due to the fact that in this instance the man of action was also, potentially at least, a man of letters, possessing the literary gift of expression and the literary habit of self-scrutiny. Without that, there is no revelation. The men of past times whom we know best are not those about whom we know most; Horace is a real person to us, Augustus a great name. In other words, all biography that is vital and significant must be based on autobiography: the biographer can only work up to a central impression, where the man has written himself clear, as Scott did in his 'Journal.' Twice, indeed, in the history of literature biographical portraits have been created, in one case of a man who left no written expression of himself, in the other of a man whose writings did not adequately express him; but Plato and Hawthorne, though they did not rely upon first-hand writings, yet possessed a minute contemporary record in which the spoken words of two great talkers were from day to day jotted down.

So at least, arguing from the known fact about Boswell, we may perhaps infer as to Plato's method. But in the case of a personage like Horace or Montaigne, whose literary work is boldly autobiographical, biography becomes superfluous. We are grateful to Suetonius for a few details to supplement our knowledge, but we should have known Horace as well without them, although we have not Horace's private correspondence.

These considerations incline us to be extremely sorry for Mr. Graham Balfour. Stevenson in 1888 wrote and sealed a paper to be opened after his death; it contained a request that Mr. Sidney Colvin, his friend and counsellor of twenty years' standing, should prepare for publication 'a selection of his letters and a sketch of his life.' That wish has now up to a certain point been fulfilled; the selected letters are published in two large volumes uniform with the Edinburgh edition of the 'Works'; they are divided into periods, and before each period a brief outline of Stevenson's movements and actions in those years is given, with just as much comment as is needed to prevent any possible misunderstandings; each letter is headed with a note (where one is needed) to identify the personages mentioned or to explain allusions; and the whole is prefaced by an essay on the author's character, terse, subtle, and vivid, and full of the flavour that comes of long and intimate personal knowledge. In short all that an editor could do has been done. But unhappily Mr. Colvin has found himself unable to complete the 'separate introductory volume of narrative and critical memoir,' which he had originally designed; and so, by the wish of the family, Stevenson's cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, has undertaken to write a formal 'Life.' Now Mr. Colvin is a master of critical biography; his brief but highly wrought 'Introduction' shows his ability to give a clear and harmonious portraiture of his friend's mind, presence, and bearing, as they appeared to those who lived with him, and he was that friend's counsellor in many difficult passages of a changeful life. Mr. Balfour also was a friend, and a trusted friend, but in literature he is an amateur; and, whatever his skill may be, he can add little or nothing to the monument which Mr. Colvin with loving diligence has built up. The plain truth is that with Stevenson's works and the 'Letters' before us, any one can acquire to all intents and purposes a full knowledge of the man and his life. We propose here to give such a summary biographical sketch as may in some measure justify this assertion, allowing the literary criticism of Stevenson's works—already dealt with in a previous number of this Review—to fall for the time being into the background.

Of Stevenson's parentage it is needless to speak; everybody knows that his father and grandfather were members of a famous firm of engineers, the builders of many lighthouses. His mother's father, the Rev. Lewis Balfour, was minister of a Scottish parish. James Balfour, his great-grandfather on the same side, was a professor of moral philosophy and a well-known controversialist. From this ancestor, it is suggested, he inherited that 'something of the shorter catechist' which is the last ingredient named in Mr. Henley's well-known sonnet, however he came by it, ethical controversy was in his blood and bone. He was a delicate child, an imaginative child, an unusual child; all of this may be inferred from the 'Child's Garden of Verses'; it is directly stated, with many details of the child's clothing, in a recent memoir; but upon the whole the verses are more precise and more illuminating than Miss Black's reminiscences. Most important of all, he was an only child; the whole life of his parents was centred upon him. Even if they could have spared him from their sight, his delicacy forbade a boarding-school; and so he lived to an unusual degree in the very heart of his home. He was by nature prone to love, and he returned his parents' affection; and, it would seem, more fully even to his father than to his mother. 'My father, who was ever my dearest,' he writes in one of his latest letters, looking back from his lovely place of exile. Yet between these people, so closely bound together by love and by circumstance, Nature had set one of those barriers hardly passable even by love. The parents were deeply religious, and their religion was the religion of Calvin. The son, too, was truly their son, as resolute and unshakable in his faith as they in theirs; but unhappily the faiths which he held were irreconcilable with theirs. As Mr. Colvin says, 'An instinctive and inbred unwillingness to accept the accepted and conform to the conventional was of the essence of his character, whether in life or art, and was a source to him both of strength and weakness.' The beliefs of his parents were not merely impossible to him, they were hateful; long years after he likened his own youth to that of Ferguson, with whom, by a strange fancy, he claimed a spiritual kinship.

'We are three Robins,' he wrote long after, 'who have touched the Scots lyre this last century. Well, the one is the world's, he did it, he came off, he is for ever; but I and the other—ah! what bonds we have! born in the same city; both sickly; both posterred, one nearly to madness, one to the madhouse, with a damnatory creed.'

His own faiths were strong enough, and at least not erring on the side of laxity: one may infer something of them from a letter to Mr. Archer, in which he calls himself 'a back slidden communist'; and more still from the remarkable paper, 'Lay Morals,' drafted in 1879 (his thirtieth year), but only posthumously published. Here is a passage which illustrates the whole:—

'Take a few of Christ's sayings and compare them with our current doctrines. Ye cannot, he says, serve God and Mammon. Cannot? and our whole system is to teach how we can!

'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Are they? I have been led to understand the reverse: that the Christian merchant, for example, prospered exceedingly in his affairs, that honesty was the best policy; that an author of repute had written a conclusive treatise, "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds." Of both worlds, indeed? Which am I to believe, then—Christ or the author of repute?

'Take no thought for the morrow. Ask the Successful Merchant; interrogate your own heart. . . . All we believe, all we hope, all we honour in ourselves or our contemporaries stands condemned in this one sentence; or, if you take the other view, condemns th's sentence as unwise and inhumane. We are not, then, of "the same mind that was in Christ." We disagree with Christ. Either Christ meant nothing, or else he or we must be in the wrong.'

These were the opinions which Stevenson formed in his youth; and it would be truer to say that he conformed in practice to the world than that he modified his philosophy with advancing years. Yet, knowing as he knew that the parents who watched his health so anxiously would far sooner know him dead than spiritually lost—as he must seem in their eyes—he lacked the cruel courage openly to disavow their faith. But the root of dissension was there; he could not steer by their compass, he might not steer by his own, and morally he was adrift like a derelict. In other ways, however, he was steadfast to the chosen purpose of his life; through all his truantries both of school and college he was at work to make himself an artist in language. Mr. Stevenson naturally desired that his son should be apprenticed to the business which was the pride and the support of the family, and the son was not unwilling to be interested in it. Yet the letters to his mother, written at the age of eighteen—the first printed by Mr. Colvin—show rather a student of the picturesque than one concerned with engineering technicalities. As he became more and more engrossed in his own study he neglected more and more his appointed duty, and after three years his lack of inclination became apparent.

Mr. Stevenson was disappointed; he would not bear of literature, which was not in his eyes a profession; but he consented that his son should return to Edinburgh and read for the Scottish bar. Accordingly, from 1871 to 1875, Stevenson attended law classes in the University till he was called in the latter year. Regular society had no attraction for him, and he had none for it; details of his dress, which at this period was more than usually unconventional, and of his behaviour, which shocked the formalities of Edinburgh, may be found in another memoir by another acquaintance, Miss Margaret Armour. Irregular society pleased him and tempted him; like de Musset, he strayed in various forbidden paths. But the resemblance between the two men only extends to the quality of their imagination. There was in Stevenson that strong fibre for the lack of which de Musset went hopelessly to wreck; yet Stevenson's life at this time was irregular and undisciplined enough to bring sorrow to his parents. How much they knew does not appear; but the worst, in their eyes, was to come. Many a spendthrift and heartless ne'er-do-weel goes irreclaimable through life, and yet never hurts those who love him so deeply as this brilliant loving creature was forced by the very law of his being to wound those whom he loved. A letter written to one of his earliest and latest friends, Mr. Baxter—in after years his man of business—tells the story:—

Edinburgh, Feb. 2, 1873.

'The thunderbolt has fallen with a vengeance now. On Friday night after leaving you, in the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to beliefs, which I candidly answered. I really hate all lying so much now—a new-found honesty that has somehow come out of my late illness—that I could not so much as hesitate at the time; but if I had foreseen the real hell of everything since, I think I should have lied, as I have done so often before. I no far thought of my father but I had forgotten my mother. And now they are both ill, both silent, both as dumb in the mouth as if—I can find no simile. You may fancy how happy it is for me. If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late. And again, am I to live my whole life as one falsehood? Of course, it is neither more hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see either that my game is not the light-hearted swindle, that I am not (as they call me) a careless infidel. I believe as much as they do only generally in the inverse ratio. I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold. I have not come hastily to my views. I reverse (as I had then) many points until I acquire fuller information, and do not think I am thus justly to be called "boastful atheist."

'Now what is to take place? What a curse I am to my parents! O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have just caused the happiness

of (probably) the only two people who care a damn about you in the world. . . .

Here is a good heavy cross with a vengeance, and all rough with rusty nails that tear your fingers, only it is not I that have to carry it alone; I hold the light end, but the heavy burden falls on these two.'

It was not a cheerful opening for a life, and the shadow of this tragedy, though happily the life emerged from it, is over all the man's art. In 'The Wrecker' you find only indicated a father's disappointment when his son, the apple of his eye, runs after inconceivable and vagrant ambitions, rejecting those set before him. In 'Weir of Hermiston' the ethical conflict is depicted with a terrible force: yet in 'Weir' the tragedy is less than it was in the reality. Archie Weir recoiled from the hanging judge as Stevenson shrank from his father's 'damnatory creed'; but he was not tortured with the sense of stabbing to the heart those who loved him. The full bitterness of that thought is written only in one apologue among the posthumously published fables. In the 'House of Eld' you read of a youth brought up in a country where all the world wore a gyve on the right leg, except only when they cast it off in secret and danced. At last one day by magical aid, whether from God or devil the fable leaves uncertain, the youth arms himself with a bright sword and goes out to free the people. Shapes meet him bearing the likeness of those he loves, and in his zeal he cuts them down till at last the work is done, and he goes home to find all the world released from the gyve upon the right leg—and now wearing it on the left; and in his own house his father and his mother lying slain with a sword.

His was, therefore, on the whole a tragic youth; but there was another side to it, of whose brightness one does not seek in vain for a reflection. In 1881 Stevenson, then married and living at Davos, writes to the same friend, Mr. Baxter:—

'A little Edinburgh gossip, in Heaven's name! Ah! what would I not give to steal this evening with you through the big, echoing, college archway, and away south under the street lamps, and away to dear Brash's, now defunct! But the old time is dead also, never, never to revive. It was a sad time too, but so gay and so hopeful, and we had such sport, with all our low spirits and all our distresses, that it looks like a kind of lamp-lit fairyland behind me. O for ten Edinburgh minutes—airpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear mysterious Loth Walk! But here, a sheer bulk, lies poor Tom Bowling; here in this strange place, whose very strangeness would have been heaven to him then; and aspires, yes, C. B., with tears, after the past. See what comes of being left alone. Do you remember Brash? the sheet of glass that we followed along

George Street? Granton? the night at Bonnymainhead? the compass near the sign of the "Twinkling Eye"? the night I lay on the pavement in misery?

It was the seed-time of many thoughts and many qualities, as is contended in the 'Apology for Idlers,' especially for Stevenson:—

'If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphysema is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning.'

Above all, it was the seed-time of friendships, and to few men, as one may judge from the letters, has friendship meant more. Besides Mr. Baxter, there were among his Scotch familiars Professor Fleeming Jenkin, Mr. Walter Ferrier—whose personality is sketched in a very beautiful letter full of tenderness and regret—and especially his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, now well known as a critic, but then bent on art itself, whose influence was strong upon him. But the fullest and most invigorating sympathy came from outside his own country, in which he met with the tale, if not of all prophets, at least of all budding prophets. In the summer of 1873, at a country-house in Suffolk he met friends who were not slow to recognise in him at least the promise of genius, and to give what youth most needs, the stimulus of encouragement. These were Mrs. Sitwell, the lady who was his principal correspondent during the next period of his life, and Mr. Colvin. 'He went back to Edinburgh in the beginning of September,' writes Mr. Colvin, 'full of new hope and heart.' The troubles at home continued, but he faced them in a brighter spirit. Half a dozen or so of long personal letters, written in quick succession within the next two months to the lady who was his friend and counsellor, give unmistakably the picture of this strange brilliant youth who had so much more to give than he had yet found means to utter.

But the strain of the last year had told upon his weak body,

and in October 1873 doctors sent him to Mentone for rest and sun. The experiences and the thoughts of those days among the olives may be read in the rough in the letters, or crystallised into the essay, 'Ordered South'. Back in Scotland in the summer of 1874, he began literary work in serious earnest, and with a measure of acceptance, upon criticism and descriptive articles. Mr. Leslie Stephen, then editing the 'Cornhill,' welcomed the new recruit, and introduced him to another, Mr. W. E. Healey, then in an Edinburgh hospital; and so began one of the most remarkable intimacies of two remarkable lives. In the spring of 1875 Stevenson, accompanying his artist cousin, paid his first visit to a place always dear in his memory, the painters' colony in the forest of Fontainebleau; and later in the same year he returned thither after his call to the Scottish bar. A winter was spent or wasted in attendance at the Parliament House, but his parents now at length became definitely reconciled to his pursuit of the literary career.

In 1876 his 'Inland Voyage' was undertaken, and from that adventure he passed again to the forest life at Grez and Barbizon, where he settled down to write. There he met Mrs. Osbourne, the lady who afterwards became his wife; and so began the romance of his life—the one romance which found so reflection in his writings. The next two years were spent between Edinburgh, Fontainebleau, and the artists' quarter in Paris, and the letters of this time betray only one preoccupation—the pursuit of literary excellence and literary success. The 'Inland Voyage' was followed by the 'Travels with a Donkey'; but the critic and essayist began to add a new string to his bow. The story of the 'Sire de Malétroit's Door' appeared in 'Temple Bar,' and other tales were on the anvil, among them 'Will o' the Mill.' But in the autumn of 1878 Mrs. Osbourne returned with her children to America; in the next year Stevenson, learning that she proposed to seek a divorce from her husband, and also that she was in ill-health, determined to follow her to California.

Up to this point what more does one want in the way of biography? Stevenson's narratives of travel tell their own tale; the paper called 'Forest Notes' sketches his life at Barbizon as no one else could sketch it: 'The Wrecker' makes vivid enough his reminiscences of artist life in Paris; and these can be supplemented from the letters, though at this period his correspondence, as has been said, was concerned almost exclusively with books. What is not here is scarcely like to be in any authorised biography. Stevenson, so curiously frank in many things, never wore his heart upon his sleeve. His

opinions, his habits, the state of his finances, he was ready to proclaim to the world in print; his love-story he kept to himself, and, even if it could be, it is never likely to be divulged. Few marriages ever endured more grievous stress of affliction and discomfort without loss. One may find in the letters here and there such a statement as (for instance) that his marriage was recognised 'A 1 at Lloyd's'; one may read explicitly the praise of his life's companion, the vivid portrait of his wife, in the posthumously published 'Songs of Travel'—a volume which contains the best of his verses, those in which he finds a lyrical cry for the homeward thoughts of his exile, for the fascination of the open road, the wanderer's life, and the 'bright eyes of danger.' More than this no one has a right to desire to know. But the strange circumstances which immediately preceded his marriage are now, for the first time, made fully public. He well knew that the errand on which he set out when he left England in 1879 would not commend itself to his parents, and he would not ask them for help, but determined, as Mr. Colvin says, 'to test during this adventure his power of supporting himself, and eventually others, by his own labours in literature.' He travelled by steerage and emigrant train, as is told in the essay 'Across the Plains,' and during the journey was at work taking notes for a volume which should record his experiences, as the 'Inland Voyage,' and 'Travels with a Donkey' had done. But the trials of the journey told severely on him, and on reaching California he was so ill that he was forced to try his favourite open-air cure, not altogether successfully.

'Here is another curious start in my life,' he writes to Mr. Colvin in September. 'I am living at an Angora goat-rancho in the Coast Line Mountains, eighteen miles from Monterey. I was camping out, but got so sick that the two rancheros took me in and tended me. One is an old bear-hunter, seventy-two years old, and a captain from the Mexican war; the other a pilgrim, and one who was out with the bear flag and under Fremont when California was taken by the States.'

'Two nights,' he writes to Mr. Gosse, 'I lay out under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire, and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat bells ringing and the tree-frogs singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad. Then the bear-hunter came round, pronounced me "real sick," and ordered me up to the rancho. It was an odd, miserable piece of my life; and according to all rule it should have been my death; but after a while my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success.'

This was surely a long way from Edinburgh or Barbizon. The note to Mr. Gosse was written from Monterey, whither he migrated in October, and where he sat down to write with feverish energy. The 'Amateur Emigrant' experiences were still in hand; so was an essay on Thoreau; but the drift of his mind had changed or was changing. Fiction gained a larger and larger place in his thoughts; and even in the work that was not fiction his preoccupation was now different. On the steamer he had written 'The Story of a Lie'; from Monterey he sent to Mr. Henley 'The Pavilion on the Links,' one of his very best tales; he was at work on a novel, that never got finished, called 'A Vendetta of the West.' Moreover it was at Monterey that he conceived (as one may learn from the preface to it) that very curious and characteristic comedy in narrative, originally thrown into dramatic form, 'Prince Otto,' which was for a long time cherished in his brain as the future masterpiece. He knew well enough what was happening in his own mind, for in reply to a letter of Mr. Colvin's censuring the execution of the 'Amateur Emigrant' he wrote:—

'If the "Emigrant" was a failure, the "Pavilion," by your leave, was not; it was a story quite adequately and rightly done, I contend. . . . I know I shall do better work than ever I have done before; but, mind you, it will not be like it. My sympathies and interests are changed. There shall be no more books of travel for me. I care for nothing but the moral and the dramatic, not a jot for the picturesque or the beautiful, other than about people. It bored me hellishly to write the "Emigrant"; well, it's going to bore others to read it—that's only fair.'

That was written from San Francisco, whither he had gone in December 1879 with some notion of earning money by journalism—a scheme which found little success. The literary atmosphere of San Francisco, along with Stevenson's experiences there, may be gathered from many lively passages in 'The Wrecker'; the routine of his daily life (in which he had to drop from a fifty-cent to a twenty-five-cent dinner, and ultimately reduced his expenses on food and drink to 1s. 10½d. a day, in a country where food is dear) is described in a couple of very gay and amusing letters. But when he wrote that burst of almost aggressive self-confidence to Mr. Colvin, it was in no gay mood. His friend's censure had struck upon him when he was jaded and out of heart, and he put a bold face on the matter to himself and his critic, while at that very time he was sickening for a mortal bout of illness, the gravest that had befallen him since childhood. The accelerating cause was characteristic. There is a strange

passage in one of the letters to Mrs. Sitwell where this youth of five and twenty expresses an emotion very rare in men:—

'O, I have such a longing for children of my own; and yet I do not think I could bear it if I had one. I fancy I must feel more like a woman than like a man about that. I sometimes hate the children I see on the street—you know what I mean by hate—wish they were somewhere else, and not there to mock me, and sometimes, again, I don't know how to go by them for the love of them, especially the very wee ones.'

Now, in March 1880, he wrote:—

'My DEAR COLVIN,—My landlord and landlady's little four-year-old child is dying in the house; and, O, what he has suffered. It has really affected my health. O never, never, any family for me! I am cured of that.

'I have taken a long holiday—have not worked for three days, and will not for a week for I was really weary. Excuse this scratch; for the child weighs on me, dear Colvin. I did all I could to help; but all seems little, to the point of crime, when one of these poor innocents lies in such misery.—Ever yours, R. L. S.'

The next letter from him is dated April; for six weeks it had been 'a toss-up for life or death.' His future wife nursed him through; his parents, hearing of his extremity, relented, and telegraphed, 'Count on 250*l.* annually'; and, after a slow convalescence, he made what he called 'a sort of marriage in extremis'—being, indeed, no prosperous-looking bridegroom. The story of the first few months of his married life, spent at a deserted mining camp in the Coast Range, is told in the 'Silverado Squatters.' In August 1880 he and his wife came home and were received with open arms; and, from this time onward, domestic dissensions were only an unhappy memory. During the next four years, although compelled to take an invalid's precautions, Stevenson was able to move about freely; and his life was divided between Scotland and some foreign health resort. Davos was tried for two successive winters, but it did not suit Mrs. Stevenson; and for the winter of 1883-4 the family went to the Riviera. After one or two unfortunate experiences, they settled at Hyères, where for sixteen months Stevenson enjoyed a spell of comparative health and happiness. In these years literary success, in the sense that implies an income, was still a thing after which he had to strive; there was still the excitement of the chase, as well as the desire of escape from a position, borne not without some soreness, of inability to earn bread for his own. And for that reason the letters of this time are occupied with little but the cares which relate to

literature as an art and to literature as a business. As a supplement, or rather as an assurance of livelihood, he sought, with little hope, a professorship of history and law at Edinburgh. This failed, as was natural. But in the end of 1882 'Treasure Island' appeared, and brought the first instalment of widespread popularity. There were those who read it and looked out eagerly for another story as exciting from the same writer; there were also those, and not a few of them—the writer of these lines was one—who had never heard of this author before, but, having read 'Treasure Island,' proceeded to read whatever else he had written, and thus perceived the versatility and fascination of his genius. The popularity was naturally an encouragement; but, for the moment, a hundred pounds seemed excessive payment for this masterpiece, and the man who had written it saw no grounds for counting with confidence on literature as a support. Still, he was gradually feeling his feet; his essays enjoyed at least a *succès d'estime*, though the 'Black Arrow,' in which he attempted to hit again the boyish taste to which he had appealed in 'Treasure Island,' missed its mark.

However, if the man was ill at ease, both in mind and body, the artist was happy in his art. Here is a very characteristic letter to Mr. Henley—characteristic of both friends, for Stevenson's letters have this mark of the best correspondence, that one may infer from them the character of the person to whom they are addressed; and an intelligent reader, having gone through the first of these volumes, should be able to decide by internal evidence whether a letter in the second is written, for instance, to Mr. Gosse, Mr. Henley, or Mr. Colvin. There is, at all events, a good deal to be learnt about Mr. Henley from this attractive mixture of sense and nonsense, dated June 1883:—

'DEAR LAD, . . . I beg to inform you that I, Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Brashiana" and other works, am merely beginning to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession. O the height and depth of novelty and worth in any art! and O that I am privileged to swim and shoulder through such oceans! Could one get out of sight of land—all in the blue? Alas not, being anchored here in flesh, and the bonds of logic being still about us.

'But what a great space and a great air there is in these small shallows where alone we venture! and how new each sight, squall, calm, or sunrise! An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a herd of music, health, and physical beauty; all but love—to any worthy practitioner. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall unless I lost her; but while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the

offering of life without my art. I am not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely.

'And yet I produce nothing, am the author of "Brashiana" and other works; tiddy-iddity—as if the works one wrote were anything but 'prentice's experiments. Dear reader, I deceive you with husks; the real works and all the pleasure are still mine and incommunicable. After this break in my work, beginning to return to it, as from light sleep, I wax exclamatory, as you see—

'*Sursum Corda:*

Heave ahead;

Here's luck.

Art and Bliss Heaven,

April and God's Larks.

Green reeds and the sky-scattering river.

A stately music.

Enter God!

—R. L. S.

'Ay, but you know, until a man can write that "Enter God," he has made no art! None! Come, let us take counsel together and make some!'

'Happy—I was only happy once; that was at Hyères'—he writes in the 'Vailima Letters'; and so one must extract a good deal from the correspondence of this period to give an idea of the gaiety which balanced, and over-balanced, in his disposition the under-tone of melancholy. Yet often the two blend in a strange saturnine humour, which is perhaps more fully characteristic of the man than any other of his many facets. 1883 was overshadowed towards its close with gloom: the death of his friend Walter Ferrier made the first gap in the circle of his intimates, and he felt it keenly. Moreover, his father was drifting into a lethargic melancholy, from which the son laboured to rouse him with exhortations half playful, wholly earnest. 'Resignation' (or the 'False Gratitude plant') is a thing to be weeded out. 'In its place put Laughter and a Good Conceit (that capital home evergreen) and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort—the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's back garden.' Although this same letter begins with an expression of the writer's own gratitude for the closing year, which has made him solvent and cheerful, in the first month of 1884 another bad attack occurred, and left this courageous planter of herbs (who signed himself 'Jno. Bunyan') in a state which might well produce 'gran' plants' of Resignation. Yet Laughter still flourished in his garden, and in March he was writing to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, then at Dover, a place which awakened envious thoughts of the people who could be happy under a sky so cheerless:—

*It is idle to deny it: I have—I may say I nourish—a growing jealousy of the robust, large-legged, healthy Britain dwellers, patient of grog, scorers of the timid umbrella, innocuously breathing fog, all which I once was, and I am ashamed to say liked it. How ignorant is youth! grossly rolling among unselected pleasures, and how nobler, purer, sweeter, and lighter, to sip the choice tonic, to recline in the luxurious invalid chair, and to tread, well-shawled, the little round of the constitutional. Seriously, do you like to repose? Ye gods, I hate it. I never rest with any acceptance; I do not know what people mean who say they like sleep and that damned bedtime, which, since long ere I was brooded, has rung a knell to all my day's doings and beings. And when a man, seemingly sane, tells me he has "fallen in love with stagnation," I can only say to him, "You will never be a Pirate!" This may not cause any regret to Mrs. Monkhouse, but in your own soul it will ~~ang~~ hollow think of it! Never! After all boyhood's aspirations and youth's immoral day-dreams, you are condemned to sit down, grossly draw in your chair to the fat board, and be a beastly Burgess till you die.'

Gladly would one quote the still funnier letter of April, signed 'R. L. Monkhouse,' in which Stevenson proposes a change of personality with his friend, and describes the furniture of his own bodily habitation: but there must be a limit. Yet no spirits can stand out for ever, and in a few months he is writing to Mr. Colvin, 'very dim, dumb, dowie, and damnable,' reduced to talk by signs. 'My life dwindles into a kind of Valley of the Shadow picnic,' he says, and a better word could not be invented to describe what it was for the next four years. Returning to England he settled at Bournemouth, and there, till he left his country for ever in 1887, he lived a denizen of 'the land of counterpane.' But, though his 'vile body' might lay him low, and deny him even the exercise of speech, it could not break his spirit or impair his mental energy. In the 'land of counterpane' he finished 'Prince Otto,' which had not the success that was once hoped for it; but 'Kidnapped,' the story which sprang out of his projected history of the Highlands, achieved a popularity wider even than that of 'Treasure Island'; while 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' published in 1886, finally established his fame. He had gained a position which assured to him not only reputation but an income which he, at least for the moment, counted riches.

And yet—such is the nature of man—he was further than ever from contentment. While the pursuit of success occupied all his faculties, he did not speculate on its worth, if attained. But when he found himself in the full possession of fame, with thousands ready to pay for his utterances, he began immediately

to question with himself whether his aim had after all been a worthy one. He was a breadwinner—that, at least, was accomplished, and justified his existence; but was he doing a man's work in the world when he 'elected to live by a pleasure'? that is, by doing what gave him pleasure to do, and what gave to others none of life's necessities, but a luxury. His extreme statement of this point of view may be found in the 'Letter to a Young Gentleman about to embrace the Career of Art,' where, by a curiously misleading analogy, the artist is placed on a level with a *filles de joie*, since each lives by selling a pleasure. It is needless to refute the fallacy; indeed Stevenson admits it in a letter from Samoa to Mr. Le Gallienne; and one finds him adding—though with some hesitation—the artist's life to the three professions which appeared to him best to befit man's dignity. His model men were oddly chosen—the sailor, the shepherd, the schoolmaster; and the artist was only admitted to the same category as a kind of adjunct to the teacher. That is a very notable avowal from one who preached so resolutely that art should be 'a-moral'; and it would be easy to demonstrate that no artist has given better aid to the instructor of youth's morals than Stevenson himself. But these matters belong rather to criticism than to biography, and our object is to show that out of these letters the story of the man's life may be constructed. A student of the life, then, will note in these years—1885-87—a change of preoccupation. The goal of Stevenson's youth was achieved, and ambition, perennially concerned with the unaccomplished, sought new paths to explore. There set in what he himself calls, in a new and illuminating phrase, 'the green-sickness of maturity.' This surprising invalid was troubled with a ferment of new energies; he desired to make himself felt in the world more directly than by literature; in short, he wanted to *do* something, just as every boy wants to *be* something—something notable that should justify his existence in his own eyes.

The Gordon episode and the desertion of the Egyptian outposts in the Sudan had grievously distressed him; it seemed to this chivalrous nature that England was drifting out of all touch with the plain code of honour, and his resentment was so fierce that he abandoned a project which involved a personal letter to Mr. Gladstone. 'How should I sign it,' he asks, 'unless "Your fellow criminal in the sight of God"?' In the beginning of 1886 chance offered to him what he conceived to be a public duty. A man named Curtin had been murdered in the south of Ireland: his widow and children were boycotted, and could neither let the farm nor get help to work it. Stevenson

proposed to take it up; and a letter to Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin * (widow of the friend on whose memoir he was then at work) reveals the man perhaps more fully than any other in the book. Unfortunately it is much too long to quote. It sets out the considerations for and against the project with the most curious frankness and absence of illusion, mingling in the soberest way jest and earnest, quixotism and cynicism. Cynicism is met indeed on its own ground by analysis as unsparing as La Rochefoucauld's. Is he sure he is not taking up the notion for the sake of excitement? His answer is, first, that he does not think so; secondly, that excitement is the natural and merited reward of those who face danger. But fundamentally the philosophy of the letter is the same as that indicated in 'Lay Morals': an ethical teaching based literally on the reported utterances of Christ. 'Fourth objection: I am married. "I have married a wife." I seem to have heard it before; it smells ancient; what was the context?' Christ, in short, denounces that objection, as it is Christ's philosophy that dictates the conclusion.

It seems to us a thing to be regretted that in this matter Stevenson was deterred from executing his intention; a resolute man is safe almost anywhere under such conditions. The thought of his father, who was then approaching his end, and must have been tortured with anxiety, was probably the chief obstacle. That care kept Stevenson in England when the needs of his health called him abroad. When, in May 1887, the tie was severed by his father's death, he determined to fly from a climate in which he could barely exist, and in August took leave of England—little knowing that it was for the last time. His original design was a temporary settlement in the mountains of Colorado; but business detained him in New York—where offers of work at high prices showered upon him—and American doctors advised a season in the Adirondack Hills. Here he and his family lived till the following summer, and here the 'Master of Ballantrae' was conceived and in part written. Before it was completed, Stevenson, who had always loved the sea, projected a yachting cruise, and a publisher offered 2,000*l.* for the account of a voyage in the South Seas: and so it came to pass that in June 1888 he, with his wife, his stepson, and his mother, sailed on board the schooner yacht *Casco* out of San Francisco for the Marquesas. In America, the introspective speculations upon life and art and man's worth in the world, of which we have spoken, had condensed themselves into the

* Vol. II, p. 30.

moralistic papers published in 'Scribner's Magazine,' of which 'Pulvis et Umbra' and 'A Christmas Sermon' serve as excellent examples. This new departure in the artist's life—as it proved to be—was undertaken not only in quest of health, but as a means to get over 'the green-sickness of maturity' (the actual phrase occurs in a letter to Mr. Henry James written before sailing); and the experiment proved wholly successful. For if Stevenson slept and woke in his art, as he wrote to Mr. Henley, if it was the very body of him, he could say with equal truth that he was 'a person who prefers life to art, and who knows that is a far finer thing to be in love or to risk a danger than to paint the finest picture or write the finest book.' So he writes a little later in reply to his French admirer, M. Marcel Schwob:—

'You say *l'artiste inconscient* set off to travel; you do not divide me right: 0·6 of me is artist, 0·4 adventurer. First, I suppose, come letters; then adventure; and since I have indulged the second part, I think the formula begins to change: 0·55 of an artist, 0·45 of the adventurer were nearer true. And if it had not been for my small strength, I might have been a different man in all things.'

Both the artist and the adventurer found their account in the new life. The Pacific islands had always charmed Stevenson as a dream, from the day in 1875 when Mr. Seed, Premier of New Zealand, had come to the house in Edinburgh and talked of 'beautiful places green for ever'—'absolute balm for the weary.' Now, fourteen years later, he made that first landfall at Nuka-hiva, which is described in the opening chapter of his book 'In the South Seas':—

'The mark of anchorage was a blow-hole in the rocks, near the north-easterly corner of the bay. Punctually to our use, the blow-hole spouted; the schooner turned upon her heel; the anchor plunged. It was a small sound, a great event, my soul went down with these moorings whence no windlass may extract nor any diver fish it up; and I and some part of my ship's company were from that hour the bond-slaves of the isles of Vivien.'

It is impossible here to do more than sketch the remaining five years of his life, for they were full years. They began with two seasons of perilous sailing in the 'Casco,' then one in a trading steamer, the 'Janet Nicoll,' after which he settled down to his home and his last resting-place in Samoa. One can only indicate here the fascination which this life had for him. First, the adventure, the danger of the schooner experiences, which may be inferred from several passages in these letters; secondly, the actual beauty of the scenes and the charm of the

natives; thirdly, the strangeness of the whole life in this no-man's-land, 'a stir-about of epochs and races, barbarisms and civilisations, virtues and crimes'; fourthly, and perhaps chiefly, the extraordinary increase of physical energy which the climate granted to him. This was at least the determining cause of his exile; for out of those far-off isles he sighed for the grey hills of Scotland and the familiar voices of friends, and his longing found expression in the touching lines, addressed to Charles Baxter:—

'Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.

Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;

Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof tree.

The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—

Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,

Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

'Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,

Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.

Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;

Song, tateful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,

Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.

Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,

The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old "

But it was some time before he dared to face the prospect of permanent banishment—he could hardly mention it even to his friends. In his mind the project grew slowly. 'I am outright ashamed of my news,' he writes to Mr. Colvin from Honolulu in April 1889, 'which is that we are not coming home for another year.' It was only in August 1890 that he formed the plan of purchasing Vailima, and in that month he wrote to Mr. Henry James:—

'I must tell you plainly—I can't tell Colvin. I do not think I shall come to England more than once, and then it'll be to die. Health I enjoy in the tropics, even here [in Sydney], which they

* *Letters*, i. 122. He subsequently added a third stanza which deserves to be quoted too ('Songs of Travel,' xvi).

'Spring shall come come again, calling up the moorfowl,

Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;

Red shall the heather bloom o'er hill and valley

Dust flow the stream through the even flow'ng hours,

Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood,

Fair shine the day on the house with open door—

Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—

But I go for ever and come again no more."

call sub- or semi-tropical, I come only to catch cold. . . . The sea, the islands, the islanders, the island life and climate, make and keep me truly happier. These two last years I have been much at sea, . . . and never once did I lose my fidelity to blue water and a ship.'

With his actual settlement in Samoa came new cares and pleasures; first, the pleasure of a householder in supervising the completion of his own house and in roughing out an estate from the wild; then the excitement of politics, played on a stage so small that the human interest was at its highest. He himself staked no more than deportation, with resultant loss; but men's lives were in the balance, and loves and hates were in proportion. It pleased the adventurer, it pleased the artist, who had little care for the comedies or tragedies of Brompton drawing-rooms; and it gave the man a sense of playing a man's part. The natural result followed, in a great broadening and deepening of the whole scope of the man's art. The completed work of this period is largely experimental; it attempts the task of narrative history, though on a restricted scale, in the 'Footnote on Samoa,' and of what may be called descriptive history in the book on the South Seas; it handles a new folk-lore both in ballad and tale; but especially it essays to break in, for the purposes of art, this new strange life, this medley composed of natives warped from their primitive simplicity by European influence, and of Europeans not less profoundly modified by a climate and surroundings to which they were not born. His imagination still haunted the 'grey huddle of hills' which he and his forefathers had trodden, and he produced in Samoa a worthy sequel to David Ballour's boyish adventures. But the new world about him tempted and distracted him, and he found himself wooed by new methods and new effects in style. 'The Ebbtide' marks the most violent phase in his experimentation. In one of the many passages of acute self-criticism which render his letters perfectly invaluable to any writer who studies the art of fiction, he remarks that 'the strain between a vilely realistic dialogue and a narrative style pitched (in musical phrase) about "four notes higher" than it should have been has sown my head with grey hairs'; and the result was a work which sinned almost unforgivably against the maxim which he is never tired of enforcing, that literature ought to inspire, and that art should eschew the ugly. For the time, he was infected—and he knew it—with that realism against which he testifies in these letters even more strongly than in his published essays: yet it was through 'The Ebbtide' that he worked to the pitch attained in his fragment, 'Weir of Hermiston.' This essay does not aim at a critical estimate of Stevenson's work; but it

should be remarked that to judge Stevenson without reference to this fragment is as unjust as it would have been to judge Thackeray on 'Barry Lyndon' and the 'Hoggarty Diamond,' if Thackeray had died after writing, let us say, the Waterloo episodes of 'Vanity Fair.' 'Barry Lyndon' is a fine work; so is 'Catriona'; but the few chapters left of 'Weir' mark an advance as great as that which Thackeray made when Becky Sharp, Amelia, Rawdon Crawley, and George Osborne began to live and move on the canvas.

To return to the biographical interest, which is our real concern, we have in the volume of journal-letters to Mr. Colvin from Vailima a very full record of Stevenson's daily life and activities. They are inspiring but not enlivening to read; the picture they give is of a man overtaken, fighting beyond his strength; and those in the new volume sadly complete the impression. He had lost what was the charm of his earlier life, the faculty of idling: he oscillated between periods when his work progressed freely and periods of 'non-work' when labour accomplished nothing; but repose was gone from him. Life flowed now, not like the happy streams that delighted his youth, but like the mountain torrent at Davos which moved him to indignant verse:—

'Still hurry, hurry, to the end—Good God, is that the way to run?'

Life tempted him on many sides—politics, farming, society, as well as literature. His letters repeatedly show him thinking of the full life that Sir Walter lived without weariness or fret; of the great Italians, from Cæsar to Michelangelo, who did many great things and were not overtaken by one little one. 'Why the artist can do nothing else?' was a question that haunted him; and, looking back on life, he reflected sadly that his pursuit of art had justified itself to his father, who originally disapproved it, but that he himself was now minded to be of his father's first opinion. In the saddest of all these letters, one written to Mrs. Sitwell, he looks forward, not to death—the thought of which he always welcomed—but to a continuity of jaded existence. And the last letter of all—to Mr. Gosse—re-echoes in substance the cry he had sent from the Riviera twenty years before when 'ordered south'—'O Medea, kill me, or make me young again!'

'I was not born for age,' he writes to his friend. 'And curiously enough I seem to see a contrary drift in my work from that which is so remarkable in yours. You are going on, sedately travelling through your ages, decently changing with the years to the proper tune. And here am I, quite out of my true course, and with nothing

in my foolish elderly head but love stories. . . . Come to think of it, Gosse, I believe the main distinction is that you have a family growing up around you, and I am a childless, rather bitter, very clear-eyed, blighted youth. I have, in fact, lost the path that makes it easy and natural for you to descend the hill. I am going at it straight. And where I have to go down, it is a precipice.

Two days later he stepped suddenly over quite another precipice; the doom was infinitely more merciful than that which he dreaded. The loss to our literature can only be conjectured: all we can say is that, great as we thought it when the news reached us, his unfinished work proves it to be infinitely greater than even his warmest admirers dreamed. To his intimates, whether with him or beyond the seas, the loss of such a friend must have been unspeakable, these letters reveal a nature that was born to love and to be loved, inevitably bound to give and to take greatly.

The picture which we form of Stevenson's last days is somewhat sad; but it must be remembered, in correction of it, that we have the saddest of his faces in the letters. He was an exile, and, though his exile lay in pleasant places, he had an exile's thoughts, and these were bound to be uppermost when he wrote to his old intimates. They are uppermost in his answer to Mr. Crockett's dedication—perhaps the most deeply felt of all his lyrics:—

- * Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whetups are crying,
My heart remembers how!
- * Grov recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure.
- * Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all!

His last volume of poems is full of passages which recall —

- * The image of the emptiness of youth,
Filled with the sound of footsteps and that voice
Of discontent and rapture and despair.

So intense indeed was his yearning that this volume—the 'Songs of Travel'—might almost more justly be called 'Songs of Home.'

But it need not be supposed from these and similar utterances that *Heimweh* was the dominant chord in his later life. He had other thoughts, other occupations, as the letters fully show. Exile or not, a man writing to an intimate friend is apt to put down the inmost thoughts of his heart, and those thoughts, with most of us, are not apt to be merry thoughts. Yet if the same friend were sitting in the room such thoughts would scarcely find utterance, for we all write what we would hardly speak; and the exhilaration of companionship and talk would banish sadness. Many of his later letters, too, are full as ever of vitality. Those written to men like Mr. Barrie, whom he knew only by print and paper, are gay and high-spirited, as those who lived with him in the last years describe him to have been. One must conceive of Stevenson therefore certainly not as always melancholy, but as cheerful with strangers, if only from the duty of courtesy, gay with his friends, from the mere joy in their presence. The man as we see him in these letters is the man sitting alone. Few of us are quite the same alone and in company; with a nature like Stevenson's the current of thought changes, not only its direction, but its pace and character under the impact of a friend's personality.

That at least is how we read the man—wrongly, perhaps, or rather inadequately, but not from lack of material. The whole range of his nature displays itself here, from the broad farcical humour and saturnine jesting so frequent in his letters to Mr. Henley or Mr. Baxter, to the gentle and courteous gravity of his reply to a lady who wrote to tell him of the comfort that his books had given to the dying and since dead; from the acute and witty comments upon men and books that he exchanged so often with Mr. Henry James, to the simple tenderness of his letters to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham. Much as we have quoted, we have not attempted to represent at all fully the range of interests suggested in these two volumes; there is enough criticism, for instance, of prose and poetry, old and new, English, French, and German, to furnish half a dozen small reputations; and there are passages upon the relations between white men and natives which might with advantage be written up in every room at the Colonial Office, and distributed to every missionary. We have tried simply, with the guidance of Mr. Colvin's introduction and notes, to reconstruct the main outlines of the life and character. Few readers, we trust, will be contented with such an adumbration; many, we hope, will fill it in or correct it for themselves.

- ART. X. -1. *Pratique Criminelle des Cours et Tribunaux.* Par M. Faustin-Hélie. Paris: Marchal-Billard et Cie., 1877.
2. *Histoire de la Procédure Criminelle en France.* Par A. Esmein. Paris: Larose et Forcel, 1882.
3. *Exposé Général de la Loi sur l'Instruction Contradictoire.* Par Georges Hatté. Paris: A. Chevalier-Maresq et Cie., 1898.
4. *Compte Général de l'Administration de la Justice Criminelle en France et en Algérie pendant l'année 1896.* Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1899.
5. *Code d'Instruction Criminelle Autrichien.* Traduit et annoté par Edm. Bertrand et Ch. Lyon Caen. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1875.
6. *Code de Procédure Pénale Allemand.* Traduit et annoté par Fernand Daguin. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1884.
7. *Codici e Leggi Usuali d'Italia.* Dal Prof. Avv. Luigi Franchi. Milano: Uirico Hoepli, 1897.
8. *A Digest of the Law of Criminal Procedure in Indictable Offences.* By Sir James FitzJames Stephen. London: Macmillan, 1883.
9. *Manual of Military Law.* London: War Office, 1899.
- And other works.

M. FAUSTIN-HÉLIE, in his well-known and excellent work, defines Criminal Procedure as 'l'ensemble des formes qui constituent la justice criminelle et régissent son action.' In other words, it covers all the proceedings that are taken by the law (1) to discover crime, (2) to collect evidence concerning crime sufficient to discover the criminal, (3) to ensure the due punishment of the criminal.

The civilised world is divided into two camps as to the best way of securing these ends. There is the French school, which is more or less followed by the other Continental nations, excepting Turkey; and there is the Anglo-Saxon school, which is adopted by English-speaking peoples, and obtains not only in Great Britain but also in her colonies, in India, and in the United States of America. The one is technically known as the Inquisitorial system, the other as the Accusatorial system; and the great gulf between these respective modes of operation is a matter of surprise to every student of criminal law. We propose now to discuss the Inquisitorial or French system, which is, or has recently been, a subject of world-wide interest owing to its exemplification in the Dreyfus case. At the close of our article we shall briefly remind our readers of the broad lines of the British system. We hope thus to afford means of

comparison, so that our readers may be able to decide which of the two systems is best adapted to the two requirements—on the one hand, that of society, which insists on the just and prompt repression of crime, and on the other, that of the accused person, who is entitled as a citizen to the full right of self-defence against the charge brought against him.

The origin of criminal procedure lies in a very dim past. It is as if we stood on the banks of a great river, to reach whose source we must travel to inaccessible heights. Such a task cannot come within our present limits. We must take it for granted that the idea of crime as an injury to society, as well as to the individual injured, did not arise till society was consciously distinguished as a collective unit from the individuals of which it is composed. In the earliest stages of social development, injuries even of the gravest nature, to person as well as to property, were compensated for in money or in kind: and when the idea of wrong-doing occurred, in the traditions of Roman civilisation, for instance, it was not treated as an offence to be punished by society collectively, but rather as a matter which only concerned the injured person or family, or possibly as an offence against the gods, in which case to the gods was left the business of prosecution and punishment. Society, as such, not recognising crime as a matter that affected itself collectively, private vengeance or money compensation took the place of public prosecution. Criminal procedure in the modern sense may be said to date from Sulla's law setting up his special Courts for trying crimes. 'The whole body of the Sullan ordinances as to the *questiones*' (says Mommsen) 'may be characterised as at once the first Roman code after the Twelve Tables, and as the first criminal code specially issued at all.' Here we have the first step towards the treatment of crime as a matter of public interest. Offences which directly affected public interest (*delicta publica*) are now definitely separated off from offences which merely affect private interest (*delicta privata*). But even then the State does not prosecute; and not till the late days of the Roman Empire can we find any parallel to the *action publique* of modern France.

What, however, chiefly concerns the present enquiry is to note the two great principles laid down in Roman criminal procedure, principles which have prevailed in many countries and will probably prevail in all, though, curiously enough, the chief Latin race seems slowest in adopting them. They were (1) the publicity of proceedings in criminal investigation, and the consequent right of the accused to defend himself at every

stage; (2) the judgment by a jury which was, at any rate in theory, impartially chosen amongst the equals of the accused. In the later days of the Empire the Roman system of criminal procedure went through various phases, but the two principles we have cited were never set aside.

They were maintained just as religiously in form in the early days of France. But the administration of justice was so split up into infinitesimal sections, corresponding to the multiple divisions of the country into small feudal centres, which practically acknowledged no authority but their own, that it is difficult now to say whether any real justice existed, and whether favour, or the right of the strongest, did not always prevail. Still the accusatory system obtained in those days, and publicity was enforced in all proceedings. But the want of proof was supplemented by the application of torture, and by the imposition of the 'ordeal' of fire or water as a test whether 'in the judgment of God' the accused was guilty or innocent of the crime ascribed to him; whilst every judicial proceeding could be converted from an enquiry as to facts into a deadly duel between the parties by the ordeal of battle.

It is pretty clear that in feudal days there was no justice in the modern sense. But as feudalism gave way before royal power, and the petty jurisdictions spread over the country were merged in the royal courts, justice began to be better administered. Unluckily the forms of procedure were not adopted from the accusatory system of publicity, but were rather copied from the Ecclesiastical Courts which had grown up alongside of the feudal jurisdictions. These Courts of 'Christianity,' as they were called, had only spiritual jurisdiction, and could only punish breaches of faith with spiritual penalties. But spiritual penalties were formidable things in those days; the power of the Ecclesiastical Courts was very great; and their procedure and methods of inquisitorial and secret investigation were very attractive to the administrators of justice in troublous times, when general security seemed most likely to be attained by finding a culprit for every crime. In this almost accidental fashion the old system of publicity in the preliminary investigation of crime was set aside in favour of the inquisitorial method, by which the accused was examined secretly, subjected to torture, deprived of the assistance of counsel, not permitted to hear the evidence against him, and detained indefinitely in prison until the judicial authority in charge thought fit to send him before the Court that finally tried him. The interests of society, or what were conceived to be its interests, were allowed to prevail, and the accused was given no chance in the contest.

Indeed it could hardly be called a contest at all. It had become almost the duty of the investigating judge to find the proof of crime, either in the confession of the prisoner or in his contradictory statements; and justice was displaced by a system of terror.

This system, which had grown up without special legislative sanction, but in consequence of a feeling of general insecurity, and a wide-spread demand for stern repressive measures, was eventually formulated by Royal Ordinances.* The exact legal value of each piece of evidence was settled by rule, and guilt was ascertained by a process of simply adding up the various kinds of proof in the case, everything being admitted for what it was worth, in the queerest jumble, affirmative or negative, complete or half-complete, manifest, conclusive, demonstrative, considerable, presumptive, imperfect, real. Voltaire thus describes this system in his crusade in favour of Calas, whose memory and innocence he completely rehabilitated:—

‘The Parlement of Toulouse,’ he says, ‘had a singular custom touching the validity of evidence. In other places demi-proofs are admitted, which is a palpable absurdity, there being no such thing as demi-truth; but at Toulouse they admit of quarters and eighths of a proof. For instance, one hearsay may be considered as a quarter, and another hearsay, more vague than the former, as an eighth; so that eight hearsays, which in fact are no other than the echo of a groundless report, constitute a full proof. And upon this principle poor Calas was broken upon the wheel.’

But still more important features of the system were (1) the secrecy of the preliminary investigation; (2) the unprotected position of the accused; (3) the substitution of the *action publique* for all private prosecutions. The two first innovations were most objectionable, but against them must be set (1) the introduction of permanent judges with some knowledge of law, and (2) the substitution of a regular court of appeal in the Parlement of Paris. The *action publique* has much to commend it, and requires a word of explanation. Much crime went unpunished in the thirteenth century owing to the necessity of an *accusateur* (private prosecutor) in every case. As the royal power increased in prestige and in extent of jurisdiction, the agents of the King went on circuit and took up cases that had been neglected under the ordinary local organisation. The administration of justice thus gradually fell into professional

* The two principal of these summaries or codifications are known as the Ordinance of 1539 (Francis I), and the Ordinance of 1670 (Louis XIV).

hands, and the *procureurs du roi* added to their fiscal duties the function of investigators of crime and public prosecutors. This is the origin of the *Ministère Public* or Public Prosecutor's Department.* The private prosecutor was merged in the Public Prosecutor, who had the sole direction of criminal prosecutions. The modern theory now began to be developed, that all crime is a violation of public right, and that its punishment is a public duty, and a prerogative of the Government charged with the maintenance of public rights. Thus the functions that had been assumed *de facto* by the agents of the Crown were finally assigned to the Crown and its agents *de jure*. After 1670 no private person could institute a criminal prosecution; he could only denounce the crime to the Public Prosecutor's Department or to the police, who would report the case to that Department. The decision whether the case should be prosecuted or not lay wholly in the hands of the *Procureur-Général*.

Thus things remained for many years, but in the second half of the eighteenth century there rose up a school of hostile critics of such argumentative power that it is surprising they had not more permanent success. Chief of these were Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Beccaria. Montesquieu maintained that the liberty of every citizen depended on the quality of the criminal law and of the judges, and that where innocent persons were not safe liberty did not exist. He further declared that his own country had not arrived at that knowledge of the rules of criminal justice which other countries—he was thinking especially of England—possessed. Voltaire did not confine himself to allusion. He boldly said that England possessed the laws which were best adapted to securing the general good on the one hand, and the interest of individuals on the other. 'In England,' he says,

'No trial is secret, because the punishment of crime is intended to serve as a public example to all men, and is not at all a matter of private vengeance. All investigations are public, with open doors, and every case of interest appears in the newspapers.'

Voltaire's defence and rehabilitation of the unfortunate man, Jean Calas, who was broken on the wheel for parricide on a tissue of false evidence, had much to do with the public attack on the criminal system. Indeed, he put his finger on every fault, in his noble and eloquent writings on behalf of the Calas family. Beccaria next came to the front, and not only

* It is also known as the 'Parquet,' because the prosecutors originally took their stand on the floor of the Court and did not sit with the judges.

demanding the moderation of punishment, but attacked the indefinite and secret imprisonment of the accused and the use of torture,* while he also insisted on the publicity of all criminal proceedings. We need not go beyond these three great names, but they could be supplemented by a crowd of less notable critics who protested against the secrecy of criminal proceedings and the unfair treatment of the accused in the all-important preliminary enquiry. The definition of 'The Great Criminal Lawyer' in Voltaire's 'Philosophical Dictionary' is well known:—

'In the dens of chicanery the title of "Grand Criminaliste" is given to a ruffian in a robe who knows how to catch the accused in a trap, who lies without scruple in order to find the truth, who bullies witnesses and forces them, without their knowing it, to testify against the accused; . . . he sets aside all that can justify an unfortunate, he amplifies all that can increase his guilt; his report is not that of a judge it is that of an enemy. He deserves to be hanged in the place of the citizen whom he causes to be hanged.'

This growing irritation against the official desire to provide every crime with an author, even at the expense of the right of every citizen to defend himself against unjust accusations, was one of the most remarkable symptoms of the times.

It was a result of this popular indignation that the inherent right of every man to defend his liberty when attacked found strong expression in the early criminal laws of the French Revolution. The changes made in criminal procedure were all based on the English system, as being that in which the liberty of the individual was most respected. The astonishing unanimity of the nation with regard to this subject is sufficiently proved by the famous *cahiers* presented to the States-General. The publicity of all judicial proceedings was unanimously demanded. The right of an accused person to enjoy the assistance of counsel, was no less strongly urged. The oath imposed on the accused at his first examination was abolished. The accused was allowed from the outset the right to formulate his defence, and to produce his witnesses, with every other proof of innocence. All torture was abolished. All exceptional tribunals were merged in the ordinary tribunals. The first examination of the accused was bound to take place within twenty-four hours of his arrest, and, if his offence was not of extraordinary gravity, he might be liberated on bail.

It is needless to point out that all these reforms had an English origin. They represent the English system of to-

* Torture was not abolished in France till 1788

day. They were legalised by two decrees of the Constituent Assembly, in the second of which, that of 1791, the Royal Ordinance of 1670 was formally abrogated. But, unfortunately for France, the spirit of that Ordinance, based on the desire for an authoritative repression of crime, was only scotched, not killed. For a time the new system prevailed. Even the *Ministère Public* disappeared, so strong was the reaction in favour of private prosecutions. The Juge de Paix now examined the case in its preliminary stages, and, after hearing the accused with his counsel, sent on the case to a Grand Jury, who forwarded it for trial or dismissed it. All important trials were conducted with a jury. At the trial a Public Prosecutor appeared, but he was only a temporary and elective official, whose sole duty was to support the accusation. The jury was drawn from a list of the electors of the district.

Another notable reform was the entire abandonment of the system of what was called 'legal proof,' which we have already described; and the appreciation of evidence was left wholly to the moral conviction of the jury. In one point, however, there was, and still is, a marked divergence from our English system. With us the jury are simply asked whether they find the accused guilty or not guilty. In France at the time of the Revolution—and the plan is still followed to-day—the jury receive from the presiding judge a series of written questions to answer, bearing first upon innocence or guilt, and then upon all the circumstances which may modify the nature of the offence and its punishment. There is another formality which does not obtain in England. The president of the jury was, and still is, bound to tell his colleagues when they retire to consider the verdict—and what he says is also posted in large letters on the wall of the jury's deliberation chamber—that the law does not require from them any account as to how they come to their decision; that it prescribes no rules as to the weight to be attached to any special piece of evidence; that it only directs them to formulate with a sincere conscience the impressions made in their minds by the proofs presented by the prosecution and the defence laid before them by the accused. Finally, the jury are warned solemnly to decide solely in accordance with their 'intimate conviction,' without any heed of the consequences of their decision. Under the rules of the Constituent Assembly the verdict required a majority of nine—indeed for a short time even unanimity was insisted upon; but all that is required to-day in France is a simple majority, which decides both on the main charge and on the question of extenuating circumstances.

These reforms in favour of the publicity of all proceedings and of celerity in preliminary investigation were, however, of short duration. The absence of all written procedure, the absolutely oral character of the proceedings, met with much criticism. 'Had there not been written procedure,' argued one orator, 'Jean Calas would never have been rehabilitated.' Perhaps the arbitrary violence of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which in two hundred days carried out 12,076 executions, made people shrink from all summary procedure. Robespierre opposed it, and insisted on a return to the written procedure and the system of legal proof, to be incorporated, in the final trial, with the system of publicity and open discussion. Gradually the pendulum swung back to the older system, but not entirely. Something was definitely gained. The jury system was established for ever in the trial of all important crime. As one of the orators of the day said, 'By the jury system everything is decided according to equity and good faith, with a simplicity infinitely preferable to that useless and harmful mass of subtleties and formalities which till to-day bore the name of justice.' Oral procedure and publicity were also made part and parcel of the law of the land at the final trial.

One very important branch of criminal procedure, which the over-zealous new broom of the Constituent Assembly had swept away, was rescued and brought back to life. The *action publique* with its *Ministère Public* was reinstated. The weakness of the existing system was patent, and the country was overrun by brigands. A strong and vigorous Public Prosecutor's Department had become necessary, as the only alternative to exceptional tribunals, whose powers could not be always kept within the limits of justice. Accordingly, when it was resolved to bring all criminal justice within the bounds of a code, the public, and even the legal reformers, were content to sacrifice a great deal of what the Constituent Assembly had held to be essential. Moreover, English procedure was no longer regarded with favour, as a pattern for France to copy. Since 1793 England and France had become bitter enemies; and it was now the fashion in France to declare every English institution vicious, and to assert that it was only maintained by its antiquity and by the apathy of the people of England. Even the old secret system of procedure in the preliminary investigation was reinstated. As a reaction from the ardour of reform, an intense desire for repose had developed, and what the people wanted for the moment was public security, much more than any guarantee that an accused person should have all due rights for his own defence. In was in this frame of mind that the

authorities prepared the Code of Criminal Procedure which became law in 1808, and which prevails, with a few minor changes and one considerable reform, at the present day. In order to explain its main principles, we will give a brief account of the procedure now in vogue.

The judicial police, *i.e.* the criminal police, as opposed to the administrative or preventive police, discover or are informed that a murder has been committed. They telegraph the news to the nearest branch of the Public Prosecutor's Department. There are branches at every tribunal of first instance, and there are in France about three hundred such tribunals. At the same time they visit the scene of the crime, verify the fact, and collect all the evidence that surrounding circumstances and the testimony of friends and neighbours can give as to the guilty person and the details of the crime. Meanwhile the Public Prosecutor (*Procureur*) or one of his substitutes arrives. He examines all that has been done by the police, and makes a formal record (*procès-verbal*) of all the evidence that witnesses or circumstances afford. If the 'Juge d'Instruction' (the enquiring judge) arrives and it is his duty to go, if other duties allow, to the scene of every important crime—the Public Prosecutor hands over the investigation to the judge. Domiciliary searches are made, plans are drawn, *procès-verbaux* are prepared and duly signed; and then all return to their offices at the Tribunal.

If the case is one of *flagrant délit*, or if the offence was committed in circumstances assimilating it to *flagrant délit*, then the case may be taken to the tribunal directly for final hearing by the Public Prosecutor. His ordinary duty is to require that the person to whom the evidence points as guilty of the crime shall be arrested and taken before the 'Juge d'Instruction,' whose duty it is to examine the charge. Here begin the inquisitorial proceedings, which do not end until the accused is either set at liberty or committed for public trial. The accused is kept in prison apart from all others. He is sent for to be examined at any time of day or night, and as often as the judge thinks fit. His own previous answers are used against him, yet he is not allowed to read them; the witnesses against him are examined in his absence, and, although their evidence is used against him by the judge, he is not allowed to see it. Threats, cajolery, promises are all deemed justifiable as a means of extracting admissions and confessions. The accused is entirely at the mercy of the judge, whose days are spent in the practice of hostile interrogation, and whose reputation depends on the discovery of guilt. There

was originally no legal limit to the time of this preliminary investigation. It often extended over many months, and sometimes went on even for years. Indefinite preliminary imprisonment is now illegal, but the law leaves a loophole, and is often evaded.

At last comes the time when the accused appears in open court. On the evidence collected by the 'Juge d'Instruction' the Public Prosecutor is called upon to draw formal conclusions and to present them to the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Appeal of the district. This Criminal Chamber plays a part very similar to that of our grand jury: it almost invariably finds a true bill and sends on the case for trial. The Public Prosecutor prepares the *acte d'accusation*, which is by no means a mere formal indictment in the English sense, but rather amounts to a history of the whole case, embodying the evidence against the accused, together with his previous criminal record. The whole is presented in such a hostile spirit that it justifies the sneer of an eminent English judge, who said that 'in England we do not recall to the jury before whom a man is arraigned for murder, that the accused as a boy was once punished for stealing apples.' The case, if it is one in which more than three years' imprisonment can be given, is heard by three judges and a jury. The *acte d'accusation* is read, and then the Public Prosecutor opens. The calm impartial manner in which a prosecution begins in England by no means prevails at the opening of a criminal trial in France. No eminent counsel in an English Court could put his strong points more clearly than the Public Prosecutor, or more skilfully evade what would specially tell against his side. Then comes the examination of the prisoner and the witnesses. They are examined by the presiding judge, who might often appear to be the Public Prosecutor, such is his keenness to find the accused guilty. The present writer was once sitting behind the judges in the *Cour d'Assises de la Seine*, when a drunken workman was tried for killing his wife. The man had come home to dinner drunk, had quarrelled with the woman over the quality of the dinner, and after a long altercation had finally stabbed and killed her with a carving knife. At the midday adjournment the presiding judge said to the present writer, 'Well, sir, what do you think of our criminal procedure?' And when answer was made that 'the Court seemed very hard on the prisoner in its questions,' the President replied, 'Sir, you do not know how hard it is to get a conviction out of a Paris jury when the sentence is sure to be severe.' As a matter of fact the jury in that case were regrettably lenient, and only found the prisoner

guilty of 'homicide without premeditation, and with extenuating circumstances' He would have been hanged if he had been tried by a British jury; but to one accustomed to the dignified impartiality of an English criminal Court the spectacle of a judge bullying a prisoner in order to ensure a conviction did not appear edifying.

The science of cross-examination has not crossed the Channel; and, even if it had, it could hardly be used with efficiency so long as all questions must be put either by the Court or with express leave of the Court. Nor is the law of evidence, as we know it in this country, recognised in France. The rules of relevancy are disregarded, any kind of hearsay is allowed, and in short every kind of statement is admitted *quantum valeat*; but special note is taken if the witnesses are servants, relations, or connexions of the parties. The defence has the right to call evidence, and the addresses at the close of the case are on the same lines as in an English Court. But the essential difference between an English and a French trial lies in the fact that, in England, the public trial is all-important, and the scales are held even between guilt and innocence, whilst in France the public trial is completely overshadowed by the secret proceedings before the 'Juge d'Instruction.' As a French lawyer once said, 'The public trial is decorative, but the preliminary enquiry is essential.' The Court does not sum up the case to the jury. The President only asks them, in a series of questions, to consider whether the prisoner is guilty of the charge brought against him by the *acte d'accusation* or no, and whether, in the case of their finding him guilty, they think he is entitled to a verdict of 'extenuating circumstances'; which verdict by force of law lessens the punishment.

There is another French practice which deserves special notice, as it has no parallel in the English system. In all infractions of the criminal law there is a private person or a family who has been injured as well as a society whose right to security has been invaded. This person in England is left to his private remedy, but in the French system he can constitute himself a *partie civile* in the criminal trial, appear by counsel, plead, and claim damages for himself in the same trial as that by which the rights of society are vindicated. He is not obliged, as in England, to bring a separate suit on the civil side, which must wait for the decision of the criminal trial. The French plan has the advantage of celerity and simplicity, so far as the complainant is concerned; but it involves an inconvenient fusion of

two very different interests, that of society and that of an injured party. Moreover, if the private claim is properly sifted, it must prolong the proceedings and divert the judicial mind to some extent from the main question at issue—the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

The present writer, some twenty years ago, was allowed to spend three days in the Cabinet of a 'Juge d'Instruction' in Paris. In every case it was a duel between the judge, whose mind was made up, and a helpless accused person. In one case the duel was opened by the question from the Court: 'You were condemned at Lille for theft, were you not, two years ago?' Answer: 'No, Monsieur le Juge, I have never been at Lille.' Judge: 'You were condemned for "escroquerie" at Rouen, were you not?' Answer: 'No, Monsieur le Juge.' A third previous conviction was put to him, which he also denied. Then said the judge: 'If I show you the official proof of these condemnations and of your identity, will you persist in your denial?' Answer: 'You would have saved yourself trouble, Monsieur le Juge, if you had said that at first.' The present writer had seen the case as it was before the judge; it was one of embezzlement, and there was hardly any evidence of the charge in the eyes of an English lawyer. The writer also accompanied the same judge when investigating a case of alleged infanticide in the *banlieue* of Paris, where the poor girl who was charged lay, after her confinement, too ill to be brought to the Tribunal for examination. The judge, the medical expert, the 'greffier,' and the present writer all went into the bedroom; and the first question was: 'My girl, you know what you are charged with. I am here to represent justice. Now tell me the truth—how did you kill the child?' The girl lay there sobbing bitterly, and replied, 'I did not kill him'; and a long interrogation could only extract that answer, 'Je ne l'ai pas tué—je ne l'ai pas tué.' From other evidence the doctor inclined to the opinion that death had taken place from natural causes. Eventually the girl was tried and convicted of concealment of birth. But the choice of the less serious offence, which is a *délit* tried by judges alone, was mainly due to the well-known reluctance of juries, who try all serious crime, to convict in cases of infanticide.

Since the beginning of the present century, a certain number of changes have been made in the French Code of Criminal Procedure. The liberation of an accused person from prison, on sufficient bail being found, has been put on a fairly satisfactory footing. According to the original Code it could not be granted in any case of serious crime; since 1865 it may be granted in

any case where substantial bail is found, and must be granted to first offenders in minor offences punishable by a maximum of two years' imprisonment. This amendment of the law does much to assist the accused while he is under the shadow of an unverified accusation. But it does not appear to be sufficient, so long as the enquiring judge can postpone his examination of the accused, who is detained in prison until that is over. Only the other day a woman appeared before one of the Paris tribunals charged with stealing a pair of stockings, valued at 4½*fr.* 'How long have you been in prison?' asked the President. 'Twenty-four days' was the answer. The 'Juge d'Instruction' was much blamed, and the woman—a first offender—was given twenty-four hours' imprisonment, with the benefit of the '*Loi Bérenger*,' which remits the punishment on a first offence, but inflicts a double penalty on a second. It may be interesting to know that in 1896 (the latest statistics published) no less than 24,117 first offences were given the benefit of this law.

Another recent reform has done much for the accused in a different direction. This reform may turn out to be the first step in a judicial revolution; but, whether that be the case, or not, the new '*Loi de l'Instruction Contradictoire*,' as it is called, which was passed December 8th, 1897, is a long step towards complete justice in the treatment of the accused in the preliminary enquiry. The pendulum has swung the right way, although much still remains to be done. The main reform now accomplished is that the accused, after he has once appeared before the judge and a formal charge has been made against him, is entitled to the assistance of counsel, either chosen by himself or assigned to him if he is poor. If he is kept in prison, he is allowed to communicate freely with his counsel, who is entitled to see all the proceedings; and in every appearance before the judge his counsel accompanies him. There are, however, certain limitations. The counsel cannot address the judge without leave, which may be refused; nor can he insist on any proceeding he thinks necessary in his client's interest—he can only solicit. He has no right to be present at the examination of witnesses, who continue to be interrogated by the judge alone and not in the presence of the accused; but he must receive twenty-four hours' notice of every appearance of the accused, and he is entitled to be present whenever his client (after the first formal appearance) comes before the judge.

Two other points in the same law are also important and new. In the first place, a 'Juge d'Instruction' is forbidden to take part in the subsequent trial. This rule was formerly

applied only to cases which went before a jury ; it now applies to all cases. A zealous 'Juge d'instruction' will not at the trial have any longer the power of supporting the conclusions which he formed during his enquiry. Secondly, the accused, when first brought before the judge and asked if he has anything to say, is now also warned that he is free either to speak or keep silent. This provision has been much criticised, on the ground that the first examination in most cases is the most useful. It is argued that the accused, if guilty, has not had time to concoct a system of false defence, and is more often inclined, when pressed, to speak the truth. If he is innocent, he will say so ; if he is guilty, the judge, by skillful questions, will discover his guilt. One distinguished French lawyer went so far as to ask in public whether, 'under the pretence of ensuring the freedom of defence to the accused, the Legislature has not in reality legally organised the impunity of all evil-doers?' The Minister of Justice, however, in his circular to the judges, is full of confidence in the new law, which he describes as 'a work of progress inspired by the sole desire to strengthen the principle of individual liberty, and to surround with more complete guarantees the exercise of the right of defence, without injuriously affecting the repression of crime and the security of society.'

In order to give a complete picture of French criminal procedure, it is necessary to describe briefly the judicial organisation, so far as it concerns the quality of the judges who have to apply the procedure. There is no truer maxim than that of the French law-books: 'Tant valent les juges, tant valent les lois.' Nobody would hesitate if their choice lay between 'Good judges, bad laws' and 'Good laws, bad judges.' It is hardly too much to say that an honest, independent, strong, and able judge can make any law work fairly well. It becomes therefore a matter of first necessity to have good judges. How is that necessity secured in France? The ability and knowledge of the judges are sufficiently safeguarded by a college career, by examinations, and by a long probation in the actual working of the law as a novice. When finally admitted, the French judge starts on the lowest rung of the judicial ladder, and he advances, as a rule, by seniority and merit combined. There are, it is said, cases where a man goes up, not gradually, but by leaps and bounds ; but these are very rare. The judge is irremovable, and by the establishment of that principle, it would seem that his integrity, his knowledge, and his sense of impartiality would be beyond the

reach of influence. But, although he cannot be dismissed, he can be transferred, say—to put an extreme case—from Lille to Algiers, or from Lyons to Tunis. This leaves in the hands of the Executive considerable power of an arbitrary kind, which has been and might again be abused. The French judicial body has more than once been very scurvily treated during this century, when it has stood up for legality against arbitrariness; and it is not every judge who can afford to resign when duty dictates resignation.

The financial question comes next. Are the judges in France well enough paid to be independent? There used to be a tradition in France that only men of good family and independent means entered the judicial profession; and this established a kind of caste, the 'Noblesse de la Robe.' But many things have changed in France, and that custom has fallen into desuetude. The judge now considers his salary a matter of first importance. What then are the judicial salaries of France? We have before us the 'Loi sur la Réforme de l'organisation judiciaire' of 1883, and the budgetary provisions for 1900, from which we have extracted all existing judicial salaries. By way of comparison, we give first a list of the salaries paid to the principal judges of various degrees in England:—

	£
The Lord Chancellor	10,000
Lord Chief Justice of England	8,000
(4) Lords of Appeal each	6,000
Master of the Rolls	6,000
(5) Lord Justices each	5,000
(23) Judges of the High Court "	5,000
Recorder of London	4,000
Common Sergeant	3,000
Assistant Judges each	1,500
Judge (City of London Court)	2,400
(56) County Court Judges each	1,500
(11) Metropolitan County Court Judges "	1,500
Other Metropolitan Police Magistrates "	1,500
Bow Street Police Magistrate	1,800

Now let us cross the Channel and see what our neighbours pay for their judges (we have converted francs into pounds sterling):—

	£
President of the Court of Cassation	1,200
(8) Presidents of Chambers of the Court of Cassation each	1,000
(45) Judges of the Court of Cassation "	720

	£
(1) President (at Paris) of the Court of Appeal.	1,000
(25) Presidents of other Courts of Appeal each	720
(59) Presidents of Chambers of Courts of Appeal	
(9) at Paris each	550
(50) in Provinces "	400
(359) Presidents of Tribunaux of First Instance—	
(1) Paris	800
(15) 1st class each	400
(76) 2nd class "	280
(267) 3rd class ,	200
(391) Juges d'Instruction —	
(22) Paris each	400
(26) 1st class "	260
(76) 2nd class "	200
(267) 3rd class "	140
(633) Judges—	
(48) Paris "	320
(77) 1st class "	240
(175) 2nd class "	160
(335) 3rd class "	120

Tribunaux of the Juge de Paix.

Judges, number 2,872 —

20 receive "	320
43 receive "	200
754 receive salaries varying from 140 <i>l.</i> to 84	
2,055 receive each	72

Ministère Public (Public Prosecutor's Department)

Chief Public Prosecutor	1,200
His Advocate-General in Cour de Cassation	720
(26) Public Prosecutors in Court of Appeal—	
(1) Paris	1,000
(25) in Provinces each	720

The Public Prosecutors in the provincial tribunals of first instance are paid on the same scale as the provincial judges of first instance.

It is needless to discuss these figures: they speak for themselves. In England the judges are, so far as salary goes, absolutely independent of every consideration other than their conscience. In France the pay is so small that it must not only be difficult for judges to maintain the dignity and prestige of their judicial office, but even consistently to rise superior to financial considerations in the conduct of business. The multiplicity of judges, which is deemed necessary for the

administration of justice in France, is one great cause of the exiguity of judicial pay. The 'one judge' system, which is successfully applied in England, is dreaded on the Continent; and a multitude of counsellors is held necessary. Yet the system of a single judge in Courts of first instance, with a plurality of judges in appeal cases, seems to give the best results; and not only Bentham, but those also who have worked under both systems, are strongly in favour of the one judge in the lower Court. In him responsibility is concentrated, and even in a three-judge or a five-judge Court it is, as a rule, one man who does all the work. In Egypt the one-judge system is the most successful of the English judicial reforms. Even the French themselves apply the one-judge system with success in Algeria and Tunis, under the title of '*Juge sommaire avec compétence étendue*.'

It is impossible in discussing the criminal procedure of France not to mention that section of it which concerns Courts-martial. The whole world rang only six months ago with the '*affaire Dreyfus*,' and France even forgot her own imperial interests in the passionate eagerness of the two parties which literally divided the nation into 'pro- and anti-Dreyfus' partisans. We use the word '*partisan*' advisedly, as neither party allowed to the other any spark of rectitude. The accused was found technically guilty by a majority of the judges at his second trial, but his immediate pardon and the outburst of indignation from lawyers of all nationalities deprived the verdict of any moral value. He is now free, but he has not been rehabilitated. Until he is restored to all the rights that he would have enjoyed if he had never been unjustly condemned, he is still suffering injustice. But apart from the unfortunate result and the astonishing incidents of the Dreyfus affair, the case is useful as an illustration of the methods of French criminal procedure. It ought to be known by this time, as much in England as in France, that Courts-martial in France in time of peace are bound to follow the rules of ordinary criminal procedure; but, as we have shown, the preliminary investigation of crime in the ordinary Courts of France was until two years ago conducted entirely in favour of the prosecution.

At the time when Dreyfus was arrested the procedure to be followed was this. When a person under military law was arrested on a criminal charge by order of his military superior, an officer was appointed to act as enquiring judge, and was invested with all the powers of a '*Juge d'instruction*.' He was empowered not only to arrest the accused, but also to keep him in solitary confinement, to interrogate him in secret, to search his

domicile, to stop his letters, to seize his papers, to call witnesses without confronting them with the accused. In no part of these proceedings was the accused represented by counsel; and the sole guarantee of regularity was that each step in the enquiry was reported to the general commanding the district. Although Dreyfus was treated with the utmost rigour of the law, and all its powers were used against him, strict legality may have been observed in the preliminary proceedings; but subsequently there can be no doubt that the law, as well as justice and equity, was absolutely disregarded. The interest of the case, in an examination of the French criminal procedure, lies in its exposure of the almost fraudulent means of obtaining a confession, or what might be called a confession, which an enquiring judge may adopt with impunity owing to the secrecy of the proceedings. The trial itself was a mockery, the revision an equal mockery. Subsequent proceedings have shown that the judgment was not only based on forged documents, but also violated the cardinal principle that no man can be condemned unheard.

Such a case could not have occurred in England. Publicity is the strict rule of all legal proceedings, whether before Courts-martial or before ordinary Courts of law; and the interests of the accused are safeguarded at every step. If an officer in the English army were accused of the offence for which Dreyfus was condemned in France, he would be placed under arrest; but the officer ordering the arrest would be bound at once to report the offence to his superior officer, and the commanding officer would be equally bound to investigate the case within forty-eight hours of the arrest. All subsequent proceedings would be public. The evidence of each witness would be taken in the presence of the accused, and every statement by the accused material to his defence would also be recorded. He would be warned before he made any statement that he could speak or keep silence at his pleasure. In the final trial, so grave a charge as that against Dreyfus would necessitate a General Court-martial; and the accused would be tried by eight officers of high standing with a general as president. The prosecutor would be an officer who would simply present the facts and the evidence, without any bias against the prisoner. A Deputy Judge Advocate would attend the trial, whose sole duty would be to guide the Court and to see to the strict impartiality of the proceedings. The accused would appear attended by counsel, who would have the right to cross-examine the adverse witnesses, to produce evidence for the defence, and to address the Court on behalf of the prisoner. Finally, the finding of the Court

would have to be based simply and solely on the evidence produced in open Court.

These rules are safeguarded in two ways. In the first place the sentence does not become executory until it has been confirmed, in ordinary cases by the General Officer commanding the district, in General Courts-martial by the Queen herself, on the advice of the Judge Advocate General. In the second place the proceedings of every Court-martial are lodged at the Judge Advocate General's office; and the principal duty of the legal staff of that Department is to examine, from the point of view of legality, every one of the six or seven thousand cases that are presented there annually from Her Majesty's dominions. If any material divergence from the rules of law or any injustice to the prisoner is discovered, the finding is reported as illegal and the proceedings are quashed. In short, an 'affaire Dreyfus' is an impossibility in England. It is satisfactory to see that a Bill has been laid before the present French Parliament by General Galliffet, the Minister of War, which if successful will very much diminish the importance of French Courts-martial and the general jurisdiction of military law. The Bill proposes to hand over to the ordinary tribunals, in time of peace, all offences committed by soldiers which are only infringements of the common law, and are neither connected with military discipline nor committed in the course of military duty. This closely resembles our English rule, as recently laid down by the 'Manual of Military Law,' that, although military Courts have complete jurisdiction over soldiers, it is inexpedient to bring purely civil offences committed by soldiers before such Courts, unless there is some special reason connected with military discipline for doing so.

The French system of Criminal Procedure—in common with every other branch of the Codes promulgated by the First Napoleon—has been followed by other countries. The Code of Criminal Procedure in European countries, almost without exception, was till recently the Code of 1808. The fact is a striking testimony at least to the efficiency of the original French Code. At any rate it secured the safety of society, which must come, so people used to say, before the rights of the accused. But it is interesting to see how one by one the other Continental nations have realized the duty, in normal conditions, of giving an accused person every opportunity to prove his innocence. The secret inquisitorial system of their great exemplar, the French Code of Criminal Procedure of 1808, stood in the way of any great reform. But each country in turn has done something to better the condition of

the accused, France being among the last to make the change. We proceed to mention some of the chief of these reforms.

First in importance comes the Austrian Code of Criminal Procedure. In 1867, by a fundamental law of the Empire concerning the judicial power, the following principles were laid down:—

‘All proceedings before a Judge shall be oral and public. Any exception to this rule must be determined by law. The accusatory system shall be admitted in Criminal Procedure.

‘The Jury shall decide the guilt of the accused in all cases of crime punished by penalties of a certain importance to be fixed by law, as well as all political offences and offences connected with the Press.’

The Criminal Code of 1873 was the outcome of the above declaration. Every offence in Austria must now be brought forward by an accuser. The judge cannot take action alone. The *Ministere Public* has not, as in France, the monopoly of prosecution, and in certain minor offences it can only prosecute on the initiative of the injured party. The accused may have the help of counsel throughout the proceedings, including the preliminary enquiry. Counsel has the right to see all proceedings and to advise the accused, but he is not allowed to be present at the examination of the accused. The right of the accused to be heard before he is condemned is maintained even when he does not appear at the trial although summoned. In case of his non-appearance there can be no condemnation in the more important class of cases: the question of his culpability is left open, and he can always appear to contest it. He can, however, be sentenced in his absence for minor offences, for which the penalty only extends to a limited period of imprisonment. The preliminary proceedings, instead of being all-important as in French procedure, are completely subordinated to the proceedings at the trial. All the witnesses are heard at the trial, and the previous depositions are not referred to, save when there is a manifest contradiction. Finally, an appeal is not allowed on facts, but only on points of law. The first judges form their conviction of what they see and hear, and they are thought more trustworthy than any higher Court, which would decide on documents. New trials, if applied for on the ground that new facts have been discovered, are allowed. In cases where no jury is required, the judges are four in number, and when they are evenly divided in opinion the accused is acquitted.

Next comes the German Code of Criminal Procedure, reformed in 1877. The great liberal movement of 1848 had affected justice as well as politics; and the Assembly of

Frankfort laid down certain fundamental rights. Individual liberty was declared inviolable; no person could be arrested, save in *flagrante delicto*, without warrant; the accused's domicile and all his papers were equally inviolable, without the authority of justice. All exceptional tribunals were unlawful, and every man was entitled to the jurisdiction under which he was placed by law; all criminal procedure must be oral and public, and was to be conducted in the presence of the accused, not secretly or inquisitorially; all serious crimes and all Press offences were to go before a jury. A certain reaction in favour of older fashions set in after this declaration of rights, but many of these rights have been secured by the present Code of 1877. The accused is entitled to the assistance of counsel in the preliminary enquiry, although the latter may not appear with him, or for him, at the examination of either the accused or the witnesses. But throughout the preliminary proceedings the accused can be advised by counsel, who must be assigned by the Court if the accused is too poor; and in the final trial the accused has every guarantee of fair treatment in his defence. One important guarantee against injustice in the preliminary enquiry is that counsel for the accused has not only the right to see the record of all proceedings, but also that of interlocutory appeal to the criminal chamber of the Superior Court in case he thinks his client has been treated illegally.

As regards detention in prison before trial, excessive power is still left in the hands of the judge, who can detain the accused indefinitely if the offence is grave. A prisoner is, however, treated with all the consideration due to a man not yet found guilty; he is allowed all the conveniences which are natural to his position in life, and he is permitted to be in constant communication with his advocate. The rigour of the *mise au secret* of the French system has no place in the German Code. When we come to the public trial, the divergence of the German system from the French is just as important as that of the Austrian Code which we have already noticed. The preliminary enquiry is only accessory, and of very secondary importance in comparison with the final trial, when the prosecution and defence stand on equal terms; each side has every guarantee to which it is entitled, and no more. The expression employed to denote it (*Hauptverhandlung*) shows its importance. Oral procedure and publicity are obligatory, and all proofs are presented *de novo* and sifted as if they had not been heard before, just as they are in the English system. Another practice borrowed from this country is that the prosecutor and

the counsel for the defence are allowed to examine witnesses directly and not only through the President of the Court. The appeal on facts is limited to cases which have not been tried by a jury; appeal on points of law is allowed in all cases.

Space does not allow us to describe in detail the reforms which have been introduced in other Continental States in favour of the rights of the accused in all preliminary criminal investigation. It must suffice to say that Spain and several of the Cantons of Switzerland, notably Geneva, have followed Austria and Germany as regards the preliminary investigation; that Italy and Belgium have surrounded the accused with guarantees against arbitrary confinement before trial; that Holland has conferred upon the accused the right of seeing the adverse testimony and of being confronted with the witnesses, and further, has formally insisted that no insidious questions, such as questions assuming a fact as true which is not known to be true, should be allowed. Other countries still remain on the old lines. But everywhere, whether reform has actually been accomplished or not, there is a demand for even-banded justice, and a growing conviction that the accused should have his rights, now that society is no longer in danger from undiscovered criminals and unpunished crime. It is worthy of notice that the native criminal Courts of Egypt, which since 1890 have been directed by Englishmen, are now conducted on the English system of publicity; the result of which has been a remarkable increase of certainty in the punishment of crime and a growth of general security.

Our readers on this side of the Tweed may not be aware that the French system of private preliminary investigation of crime, combined with official prosecution and a public final trial, has long prevailed in Scotland. The public officials authorised to prosecute in the High Court are the Lord Advocate and his deputies, the Solicitor-General and four Advocates Depute. In the inferior Courts it is the Procurator-Fiscal of each county or burgh or police-court, as the case may be. Private persons who are specially wronged by the offence may also prosecute, but such prosecutions are now unknown. Under the changes made in 1887 and 1888, every person arrested is now entitled to the assistance of counsel when 'emitting his declaration,' as the preliminary examination is called, but counsel is not entitled to interfere further at this stage. All crimes, except murder and treason, are now bailable, but bail may be refused by a magistrate, subject to appeal to the High Court of Justiciary. The declaration of the accused now consists, in the great majority of cases, of a statement that he is guilty or

not guilty, or that he prefers to make no statement at all. It is hardly necessary to add that the preliminary enquiry into the evidence, which is made by the Procurator-Fiscal, is only accessory to the public trial, which is the all-important proceeding in Scotland just as much as in England.

One point remains to be considered. The defenders of the unreformed French system support it on the ground that it is necessary for the better preservation of order and security. We have prepared from the latest published statistics—France 1896, and England 1897—a comparative statement of results in regard to the punishment of crime in England and France. As regards the classes of important crime that are tried at assizes, we find that in France the number of persons tried is 3,550, that of persons convicted 2,404; in England the number tried is 3,344, and the number convicted is 2,509. In regard to smaller cases comparison is rendered almost impossible by the differences of categories, but we give the figures for what they are worth. In France the smaller offences which are tried by the correctional tribunals include a vast number of petty delinquencies which are punished by a simple fine, e.g. breaches of regulations concerning forests, fisheries, railways, &c. These, in 1896, numbered 188,761, and the number of persons tried was 230,568 (in many cases there being several accused), whilst the number of persons convicted was 217,926, or about 95 per cent. In England the figures given only deal with really criminal offences. The number of persons tried at Quarter Sessions was 7,871, and the number convicted was 6,386, i.e. about 81 per cent.; whilst the number of indictable offences tried summarily was 39,521, and the number of convictions 31,858 (about 80 per cent.). It appears then that, while in smaller cases the percentage of convictions is larger in France than in England, in the more important cases it is larger in England than in France; and it is just in the latter class of cases that the activity of the ‘Juge d’Instruction’ is most remarkable.

We remarked in the opening of our article that the civilised world was divided into two camps as to the merits of the two systems of criminal procedure—the inquisitorial or secret system, and the accusatorial or public system. It is pretty clear which ought to win, and the British system is slowly carrying the day everywhere. Under that system, from the moment that an accused person is brought before the magistrate—whether he is released because there is nothing against him, or dealt with summarily—out of the petty nature of the offence, or sent to the Quarter Sessions

or the Assizes—he receives equal treatment and the full right to defend himself in open public Court. But public opinion on the other side of the Channel is not yet fully ripe for so bold a system. The willingness of the French nation to submit to police restrictions on private liberty is of very old standing, and prevails still, in spite of the Revolution, and in spite of the fact that the French judges, if we may believe Mr. Bodley, hold their practice to be ‘bad for magistrates, bad for counsel, bad for prisoners.’

Meanwhile, in some matters England may with advantage borrow from France. In the prosecution of crime there is no doubt that the *action publique*, under the direction of the Public Prosecutor, is a better guarantee for the safety and security of life and property than any system of private prosecution. We have admitted the principle of the *action publique* by the establishment of a Public Prosecutor's Department, but the intervention of that official is rare. In the Prosecution of Offences Acts of 1879 and 1884 there is the nucleus of a national and public system. The Solicitor to the Treasury acts as director of public prosecutions, subject to the direction of the Attorney-General. It is his duty to institute criminal proceedings in crimes of the gravest character such as murder, and generally in offences which appear to him to call for prosecution in the interests of the public. But the practical outcome of the present system is very small. The annual average of cases tried by jury on indictment, for the five years ending 1897, is 11,633; if the indictable cases disposed of summarily are included, the total annual average is 53,174. Yet in the year 1897 only 414 cases were prosecuted by the Public Prosecutor. When we find that the average annual number of offences against the person reported to the police during the five years 1893-97 was 3,853, and that of offences against property with violence was 7,870, while the average numbers of cases brought to trial were only 1,500 and 2,015 respectively, it would seem desirable that the Public Prosecutor should considerably extend the area of his activity. We are slow in the matter of legal reform; but as we have acknowledged that the principle of public prosecution is sound, by actually creating a Public Prosecutor, why should we not make it more efficacious? Society is interested in the repression of all crime; why should we not place all crime in the Prosecutor's hands?

- ART. XI.—1. *Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Swaziland.* August 1890. (C. 6200.)
2. *A Convention between Her Majesty and the South African Republic for the Settlement of the Affairs of Swaziland, with Correspondence relating thereto.* November 1890. (C. 6217.)
3. *Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Swaziland.* November 1893. (C. 7212.)
4. *Correspondence relating to Certain Native Territories situated to the North-East of Zululand.* June 27th, 1895. (C. 7780.)
5. *Further Correspondence relating to Certain Native Territories situated to the North-East of Zululand.* August 1895. (C. 7878.)
6. *Paul Kruger and his Times.* By F. Reginald Statbam. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Boston: L. C. Page and Co., 1898.
7. *South Africa.* By George M'Call Theal, LL.D. Fourth Edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1899. (Story of the Nations.)
8. *Impressions of South Africa.* By James Bryce. Third Edition. London: Macmillan and Co., 1899.
9. *The Transvaal and the Boers.* By W. E. Garrett Fisher. London: Chapman and Hall, 1900.
10. *The History of South Africa to the Jameson Raid.* By C. P. Lucas. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1899.

IN the last number of this Review we dealt at some length with the situation in South Africa, and attempted to show that the matter at issue between the British Government and the South African Republic was far wider than the questions involved in the treatment of the Uitlanders. The events which have happened since the article was written have amply justified what we then said, and have clearly shown that what was at stake was the whole position of Great Britain in South Africa. We propose now to review a certain phase of the policy of the Republic between the Convention of London and the unfortunate events of 1895-6. We have no intention at present of entering on a critical examination of the diplomatic controversy which immediately preceded this war; that is a task which may be discharged when the proper time comes; but we wish to direct the attention of our readers to certain aspects of recent South African history of which too little notice has been taken, owing to the predominant interest aroused by the events in the interior of the Transvaal.

We are the more inclined to believe that this will be of use to our readers, because a study of the various works which

profess to instruct the public as to the course of South African history during the last fifteen years shows how much misapprehension exists with regard to the importance and tendency of the events with which we are concerned. The information which can be extracted from the Blue-books is very incomplete; and nearly all the works which have appeared are written either by strong adherents of the Chartered Company or by advocates and defenders of the South African Republic. We miss a careful and impartial consideration of the policy of the Imperial Government; even so careful a writer as Dr. Theal speaks of the relations with the Transvaal during these years as showing unfriendliness on the part of the British Government:—

‘It has been stated (he says) that the policy of the Republic was unfriendly towards the British possessions in South Africa. But the unfriendliness was not confined to one side, though neither the colonial Governments nor the colonial people were to blame in the matter. The long delay in connexion with the transfer of Swaziland, and the annexation to the British dominions, in April and May 1895, of the territory between the Portuguese possessions and Zululand, whereby the Republic was shut in from extending to the sea, cannot be ignored as weights in the other scale.’

We believe that an impartial review will show that this charge has no foundation in fact.

Prince Bismarck once said that it was impossible to rely on the gratitude of a nation; sometimes one could depend on the friendship of a sovereign or a dynasty, but of a nation—never. The history of the South African Republic may well serve as an illustration of this characteristic saying. When the British Government in 1881 conferred a modified independence on the Transvaal, they undoubtedly believed that they were performing a generous action, and hoped that the gratitude of the Boers would be the best guarantee for the peace of South Africa. How mistaken were they! and yet how natural was the mistake! The reason of it is simple. The Boers believed that they had been deeply wronged by the annexation; they claimed as a right the complete restoration of their independence as it had been before 1857. They received a partial independence, and accepted it not as a full settlement but as the first instalment. While we were expecting to find them gratefully enjoying their restored right of self-government, they were only considering how they could regain complete independence.

Once more they brought their grievances to the ears of the British Government, and met with a willing hearing—too willing, as we think. We have already shown with what diplomatic ability they got the Convention of Pretoria altered;

by the Convention of London it might indeed seem as if they had attained their wishes. The suzerainty of the Crown was not indeed explicitly withdrawn, but it was no longer mentioned; the right to maintain a British Resident at Pretoria was given up; British troops could no longer be moved across the territory of the Transvaal; and the title of 'South African Republic,' on which they set such store, was officially restored. It might have been supposed that they would at last be satisfied; that from this time the hopes of the British Government would be achieved; and that the South African Republic, content with its internal independence, would become a friendly, peaceable, and law-abiding member of the South African community.

This, however, was not the case. Just as, from the time the Convention of Pretoria was signed, the Boers set to work to procure an alteration of its provisions, so they regarded the Convention of London merely as a stepping-stone towards the attainment of the position of a completely sovereign, independent, and international State. This is the main cause of the constant friction between England and the Republic. Whatever the question at issue might be, whether it was a commercial union, the right of extending the territory of the Republic, the treatment of British subjects, or the building of railways, there was always an irreconcilable difference between the two parties. The British authorities started from the Convention of London; they required that the Republic should regulate its action in strict conformity with that instrument; any deviation from it must be the subject of special and careful discussion. On the other side the President and his advisers never ceased to regard the Convention as a wrong and injury done to the Republic; wherever and whenever they dared, they ignored its provisions; they held that the violation of the agreement was their right, and whenever the British Government required that their policy should be guided by it, they remonstrated as against an act of grave unfriendliness.

The Convention of London left to the Republic almost absolute freedom except on two points: one was its relations with foreign Powers, the other was that it should not extend its territory beyond the limits laid down. The remainder of the Convention dealt with matters chiefly of local and temporary importance; the only other clauses which might seem in any way to check its freedom of action were those which forbade the introduction of slavery, or of any apprenticeship partaking of the nature of slavery; and the clause that no differential duties should be placed on articles imported into the South African Republic from British possessions. It will, we think,

be generally acknowledged that there was nothing included in the Convention which was not the absolute *minimum* necessary for the security of British interests, and the maintenance of civilised government. Nevertheless, the Republic did not cease to protest against these provisions, and again and again attempted to procure an alteration of this Convention, carrying still further the changes previously effected in that of Pretoria.

The chief objection to the Convention of London arose not so much from its contents as from its form. It was a unilateral instrument emanating from the Crown, in the form, not of a treaty, but of a charter of self-government. The Boers wished to substitute a simple treaty 'of amity and commerce,' by which the very last remnants of British authority would disappear; if they succeeded in this, then, of course, they could justly claim that all questions of interpretation should be decided by arbitration. On this matter they more than once approached the British Government; they made informal suggestions; they offered, as in 1884, to send a deputation to England to discuss the matter. It was not, however, only against the form that their protests were raised. Article No. 4 provides that no treaty with a foreign Power should be valid unless it had received the consent of the Queen; against this they protested. Article No. 8 provides against the introduction of slavery; this also they wished to see abrogated. Article No. 7 provides that there should be no molestation of those who before 1881 had fought against the Transvaal; they represented that this was no longer necessary, and that to maintain it was an indignity to the country. If we remember all that has happened, it was too great a demand on British confidence to ask the Government to depend for security in these matters on the mere good-will of the Boer Government.

Fortunately, the control of British interests was, after 1886, in firmer hands than those of Lord Derby; all hints and suggestions on these matters were rejected, but we cannot but admire the persistence and ingenuity with which again and again the Boers returned to the point. A welcome opportunity was given to the Government of Pretoria by the sympathy which the British Government showed for the inhabitants of Johannesburg; it was hoped that this might afford an opening for negotiating a new Convention. The idea which was in the minds of the President and his advisers was that a formal discussion on the franchise should lead to a revision of the Convention of London; that, if in consequence of the pressure exerted by the British Government the franchise were extended to the Uitlanders, this should be part of a general

settlement; and that, in return for this act of favour on the part of the Republic, the British Government should agree to substitute a new 'treaty of amity and commerce,' as between two contracting parties negotiating on equal terms, for the one-sided Convention by which they were bound. They always refused to enter into any separate or fresh Convention except on these terms. It will be remembered, for instance, that in 1894 a serious difficulty arose regarding the claim of the Republic to commandeer British subjects in the war against Malaboch. Sir Henry Loch, who was then High Commissioner, on that occasion visited Pretoria; the result of his remonstrances was that the British subjects who had been commandeered were recalled, and a written promise was given that they should not be commandeered for the future. It seemed, however, desirable that this immunity should rest not only on a promise, but be embodied in a formal Convention; and this was the more necessary because Conventions had been entered into by the Republic with the Governments of nearly all European States, exempting their subjects from military service, and British subjects were thus at a manifest disadvantage as compared with other Uitlanders. A draft Convention was presented by Sir Henry Loch to the President, but the Volksraad refused to ratify it, their reason being that they wished to avoid a separate Convention on this point, and to embody what they regarded as a concession in a general revision of the Convention of London.

The point is one which, as our readers will recollect, came forward prominently in recent negotiations. Both in the spring of 1896, and again in the autumn of 1899, this demand for a withdrawal of the provisions of the London Convention was made. When Mr. Chamberlain invited Mr. Kruger to visit England immediately after the Raid, it was on this point that the preliminary negotiations broke down. The President made it a condition of his undertaking the journey, that the Convention of London should be superseded; the reason for this demand should be carefully noticed. It was, he said, 'because in several respects it has already virtually ceased to exist; because in other respects it has no more cause for existence, because it is injurious to the dignity of an independent Republic.' Of course, the very reason why the Convention took the form which it did was that the British Government did not desire that the South African Republic should assume the dignity of an independent State. The statement that it had no more cause to exist was one to which no Englishman could assent; and that it had virtually ceased to

exist was not true except in very subordinate points. Moreover President Kruger specifically demanded that the withdrawal of Article 4 should be one of the subjects of the conference, and he suggested that the Convention should be replaced by a treaty of peace, commerce, and friendship.

Again, in the autumn of last year, just before the outbreak of war, it will be remembered that, in a very celebrated despatch, President Kruger offered to grant the terms required by the High Commissioner with regard to the Uitlanders on condition that all claim to suzerainty or to interfere with the internal condition of the Transvaal should be given up; in other words, that Great Britain should abdicate all rights based upon the Convention of London.

It has often been suggested that these demands made by the President were the natural result of the distrust caused by the Jameson Raid. Nothing is further from the truth. They were not new demands; they had been formulated at least as far back as 1893, they had again and again been brought to the notice of the British Government; they represented the deliberate and persistent policy of the President; and it is this attempt on every possible occasion to escape from the restrictions of the Convention which has made it so difficult to carry on any negotiations with him. The direct demand for a renunciation of the suzerainty was the President's trump card; for years he had looked forward to playing it. Probably one of the reasons for refusing any amelioration in the condition of the Uitlanders was that he might play it. When he had played it and lost, there was no course open to him but surrender or war.

The other important point in regard to which the freedom of the Republic was limited was the extension of the frontier. It is a matter which cannot be studied too closely by those who wish to understand the character of Boer diplomacy. On this point the Convention of London was very carefully worded, and the provisions were very strict. By Article 2 the Government of the South African Republic undertook 'strictly to adhere to the boundaries defined in the first article, and to do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries', and by Article 4 it undertook not to 'conclude any treaty or engagement with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same had been approved by Her Majesty the Queen. No one, we believe, who has followed the history of the western frontier will maintain that these clauses were unnecessary, nor can it be said that they were unjust. The restoration of inde-

pendence had been the restoration to the Boers of full rights of self-government within their own territory and their assigned limits. It was one thing to grant this, it would have been quite a different thing to allow the Republic to be a centre whence Republican government should spread over all the unoccupied parts of South Africa; yet this undoubtedly would have been the case had not the British Government after 1884 strictly enforced the observance of these articles. What the Government of Pretoria aimed at was an extension of territory which, had it been granted, would have made the Republic the leading and dominant State in South Africa. On the west they tried to secure the control over the great trade route northward; on the north they coveted the territories of the Matabele and of the Mashona; on the east they claimed that all the country which lay between the Republic and the sea should be surrendered to them, so that with a harbour and sea-coast of their own they might take their place as a completely independent State in the family of nations.

The attempted extension on the west was stopped by Sir Charles Warren's expedition and by the proclamation of the Bechuanaland Protectorate in 1885; with that we do not propose to deal. There remain however the questions of the eastern and of the northern frontier, which came to a crisis in 1890. The negotiations touching these matters deserve more attention than they have received; and we are the more inclined to undertake the task of explaining them, because we are in a position to supplement the information already published, and to give an authentic account of some points respecting which only distorted or imperfect narratives have hitherto appeared.

Let us take first the question of the northern frontier. There had long been among the more adventurous of the burghers a strong desire to wander north, and, as they had so often done, to found a new and independent State in the country beyond the Limpopo. They disliked the constant flow of English into the country, and saw with regret that much of the land was being bought by Englishmen. They wished to go to a new country where they would be untrammelled by the growth of civilisation. They were dissatisfied even with their own Government; it was becoming too strong and too exacting; they desired to make a new State of their own where the Government should be even more democratic than it was in the Republic. The knowledge that the north was always open, even after the west was closed, had kept this desire alive. Suddenly, in 1888, they heard that Mr. Moffat had

a treaty with Lobengula on behalf of the British Government ; then there came the news of the Rudd Concession and the granting of a charter to an English Company which proposed to occupy these regions ; finally it became known that in 1890 an expedition was to be made to establish the occupation. It at once became clear to them that the trek to the north, if it was to be made at all, must be made immediately ; and in the autumn of 1889 active preparations were begun, which continued for over eighteen months. In the spring of 1890 and again in the spring of the following year all was prepared for carrying the plan into execution. On both occasions it was only prevented by the remonstrances of the British Government.

Sir Henry Loch, who was then High Commissioner, was obliged on both occasions to send a formal request to the President that he would abide by his obligations ; in 1891 Sir Henry had to inform him that he had already sent up troops to Bechuanaland so as to be prepared if necessary to meet and repel any invasion of British territory. This letter was read by the President in the Volksraad, and it was only after this serious warning that the Volksraad ratified the President's decree forbidding the trek. Even this did not completely stop the movement ; a considerable number of the Boers determined to persevere in the attempt. Preparations were made to meet them ; Sir F. Carrington was placed in command of the Imperial troops and the Chartered Company's Police ; and a detachment of regulars was moved up to Mafeking. In the month of June two separate parties of Boers, one of them being commanded by Colonel Ferreira, appeared on the Limpopo. They were there met by Colonel Gould Adams and Dr. Jameson, and they only desisted from a forcible attempt to cross when they were assured that the preparations to resist them were made under the direct authority of the Crown and the High Commissioner.

Much prejudice has been excited against the Imperial authorities for their action in this matter ; it was represented at the time as an act of extreme unfriendliness to the Republic. This seems to us to show a complete misconception of the objects of the trekkers. Had it been merely the emigration of a number of farmers, who wished to take the opportunity of crossing the frontier and settling under the authority of the newly constituted Government in the unoccupied lands to the north, then it might have been welcome ; it was, however, something very different from this : the avowed object was the establishment of a fresh Republic, and the avowed motive hostility to England. We have before us the published proclamations of the organisers

of the trek. It was, we learn, to be convoyed by five thousand armed Afrikaners, including the best fighting men whom South Africa could produce. It was to be carefully organised, for though it was undertaken in opposition to the Chartered Company the Boers had learnt from their rivals; they were to take with them doctors and ministers; as soon as the country was settled schools were to be opened; there was to be a newspaper, which was to be printed not in Dutch but in Afrikaans*; as soon as they crossed the frontier, the 'Republic of the North' was to be proclaimed and a provisional Government elected.

'The new Republic would,' we are told, 'give the African element of the colonists of this part of the world a greater moral preponderance than it had hitherto ever possessed over the Imperial tendencies of the Company, which derived their support from London.' 'Why should not,' says another article, 'a number of Afrikaners have a piece of ground where they can reside as burghers under their own laws, and where a genuine Afrikaner nationality could be developed? It is nearly a hundred years since the English came into South Africa, and they have been busy persecuting and oppressing the Afrikaner just as soon as he has obtained a rest for the sole of his foot.'

Another of the leaders appeals to religion:—

'The men who desire to go into the country do not intend to go in their own might, but in the might of the Lord of Lords, Who has made heaven and earth, and yet governs it. The Lord of heaven Who governs everything can alone prevent the trek being made, but no man.'

It is easy to see what would have happened had not the Imperial Government used its whole authority to prevent the movement. It would have been the old story of Stella-land, or of the New Republic; the new State would have existed for five or six years, then it would have asked to be incorporated with the Transvaal, and the demand would have come to the British Crown couched in imperious language, demanding that permission should be given not as a concession but as a right. It was this avowed Republican element, and this alone, which induced the British Government to give its consent to the military preparations which Sir Henry Loch found it necessary to make in order to stop the movement.

We happen to have a good illustration of the attitude adopted by the advisers of the President in regard to movements of this kind, which shows better than anything else that they always regarded an extension of the frontier of the Republic,

* The dialect of Dutch spoken in the Transvaal.

though it was expressly forbidden by the Convention of London, not as a concession which might in particular cases be made by the Crown, but as an absolute right the refusal of which was a just cause for complaint, and a proof of unfriendliness. Many years before, a number of farmers had made a small settlement beyond the boundaries of the Republic, in Swaziland; it received the name of the Little Free State, and became, though technically within Swaziland, a self-governing community. In 1888 Mr. Ferreira, a man who, with others of his family, has distinguished himself by the energy with which he has carried out the irregular extension of the Boer dominion, visited Umbandine, the King of the Swazis, and persuaded him to sign a document by which he ceded the full sovereignty of this district to Mr. Ferreira, and authorised him to ask the Government of the Transvaal to annex the land. The Government of the Republic then applied to the High Commissioner for the requisite permission, and the terms of the application are remarkable: they urge 'that Her Majesty's Government should agree that this Government immediately enters upon the management of this land, as this case can brook no delay.' It must be remembered, of course, that a very strict provision had been expressly inserted in the Convention in order to prevent this kind of extension. Nevertheless the request was granted, as part of the general arrangement made in 1890 for the settlement of the eastern frontier; for whenever leave for an extension could be fairly asked, it has always been granted. How was this concession treated by the Republic? We cannot do better than quote their own words:—

'The addition of the so-called Little Free State to the territory of this Republic cannot be regarded as a concession on the part of Her Majesty's Government, inasmuch as that addition is a matter of imperative necessity, and no single reason exists for opposing it.'

We believe that if there had been more general acquaintance with the methods of diplomacy common in Pretoria the tone of the last ultimatum would have caused less surprise.

More important, however, than all the foregoing matters, was the great question of the extension of the Republic to the sea. The whole history of the negotiations, being closely connected with the question of Swaziland, is very complicated; there are, however, some points which come out clearly enough.

A glance at the map will show that the eastern frontier of the Republic is separated from the sea by several districts; first, to the south, by Zululand; further north by a narrow strip inhabited partly by Amatonga, partly by tribes ruled over by chiefs called

Zambaan and Umbegeza; north of that again by the Portuguese possessions and Delagoa Bay. Swaziland itself is a district cut out, as it were, from the territory of the Republic. In the old days the Boers had more than once made unavailing endeavours to obtain possession of part of the territory now definitely assigned to the Portuguese. In 1881 the frontier had, however, been very carefully defined, and the condition of Swaziland was the subject of a separate clause in the Convention of Pretoria, which was retained in the Convention of London. It is to the effect that 'the independence of the Swazi within the boundary line of Swaziland will be fully recognised.' Scarcely, however, was the ink of the Convention dry when the Boers began to extend their territory towards the east. Owing to peculiar geographical conditions the task before them was comparatively easy. Swaziland was surrounded by the territory of the Republic on the north and on the west, while on the south a narrow strip of land running along the Pongola River intervened between Swaziland and Zululand. The history of this strip, which was only a few miles wide, is very remarkable, and has never been sufficiently explained. It had been included within the borders of the Transvaal after the annexation of 1877, in order to hinder the Zulus from attacking the Amaswazi. When, however, the Republic was restored, this district, by what appears to have been an unpardonable oversight, was still left to the Transvaal. The result was that it was impossible for British troops to be introduced into Swaziland, should this become necessary, without either crossing Republican territory, or passing through the very unhealthy and at that time almost unexplored mountains of the Lebombo. This intervening strip was soon greatly enlarged by the addition of the Vryheid district to the south of it, which, having been occupied by the Boers, was joined to the Republic in 1888. From this time Swaziland was practically cut off from British territory, and it might be foreseen that it must eventually fall under the dominion of the Republic. When the discovery of gold in Swaziland brought about the immigration of many white men, it became important for the preservation of order that a settled government should be established.

We wish we had space to describe fully what followed. The wildest fancies of satirical romance would scarcely equal the scenes that were now enacted in this country, nominally under the rule of the Swazi king, a weak and dying chief, who for a few shillings alienated to the adventurers who thronged his kraal every attribute of government—the right to levy taxes, to issue a code of laws, to establish courts of justice—and at the same time

sold to the same men monopolies for every conceivable article of commerce, for erecting wind-mills, and for setting up Aunt Sallies. Suffice it to say that the whole country was falling into anarchy; it was imperative that an orderly government should be established, and the Republic naturally hoped to gain the right of governing Swaziland. For many years graziers and other private individuals had acquired interests in the country; the President had attempted to gain influence over the king; even the British Government saw that this would be the most convenient solution, and they would at once have acquiesced in it, had they not been mindful of their obligations to the Swazi and of the interests of European settlers.

The Boers, however, wished to obtain, not only the control of Swaziland, but the whole of the territory which intervened between the Republic and the sea, and in which they had long been at work. During the years 1884 to 1887 the Ferreiras were carrying on intrigues with the chiefs Zambaan and Umbegesa. They seem to have levied taxes upon the natives, and to have exercised the rights of government; and they claimed to have made treaties with the chiefs or captains, by which the latter asked to be brought under the protection of the Republic. In 1887 Great Britain made a treaty with Zambela, Queen of the Amatonga, against which the Transvaal protested, on the ground that certain expressions in it were inconsistent with the treaties already made by Mr. Ferreira and others with Zambaan and Umbegesa. In answer to this, Sir Hercules Robinson said that it was his duty 'frankly to state that he had no expectation that the assent of Her Majesty's Government would be given to these agreements, as they would be considered to be in conflict with the interests of Great Britain and of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa.' It was then that the Government of the Republic formally produced the demand that they should be allowed to extend their territory to the sea. They first of all laid stress on the treaties which Ferreira had made with these two chiefs, and on these they based the assertion that the territory of the Amatonga was not exclusively under British influence, completely ignoring the fact that these treaties, even if they had been signed, had no validity until they had received the approval of the Queen. They then petitioned, in very remarkable language, that the Crown should not interfere with the approach of the Republic to the sea:—

'The territory of these Chiefs is certainly of great importance to this Republic, of more importance to it than to the British Empire. This Republic would, by reason of the existence of a large river in

that territory, obtain a closer connexion with the sea, and such a connexion is naturally considered very desirable by this Republic. If the British Government, by the acknowledgment of the concluded agreements, will promote such a connexion, this will, according to the firm opinion of this Government, also carry with it this advantage, that the public opinion of the people of this Republic will be thereby favourably influenced, for they will acquire by it the tangible proof that the British Empire, far from the wish to oppress this young State, is ready to grant its support and help to it, and more and more to promote the friendly relations. Such an impression amongst the people could not but bring forth blessed fruit in the future, also for the promotion of the good understanding between, and the harmonious co-operation of, the Colonies and States of South Africa mutually; and it would therefore not be to the disadvantage of the British Empire if the strip of ground in question came to this Republic, or, and it is not indeed possible for this Republic to entertain such an opinion, it must be that the British Government has for its object to separate this Republic as far as possible from the sea, and thus to retard its development and finally to annihilate it.' (C. 6200, p. 93.)

The President, both on this and subsequent occasions, expressed his very strong personal interest in the access of the Republic to the sea. 'I have several times' (he said) 'expressed my conviction that it is for the good of the Republic to come nearer and if possible to the sea.' On another occasion he let slip the remark: 'When I have got Swaziland, then I want to go and look at the sea.' In the same connexion he once made use of a very curious expression; speaking of the chance that Ferreira might transfer the concessions which he had received from Zambaan and Umbegesa to a third Power, instead of to the South African Republic, he said that this was a very real danger, for 'hungry wolves are here who would also like to set their foot in Africa.' He was anxious, he said, that no other State should intervene between Great Britain and the Transvaal. This was said some ten years ago; we will leave it to our readers to guess who the hungry wolves were, and also to say whether this was not really a menace that, if the Crown did not accede to the wishes of the Republic, the latter would look elsewhere for assistance. These metaphorical expressions, we may add, are characteristic of South African politics. It will be remembered that on one occasion envoys of the Swazi race presented to Her Majesty a petition in which, to the scandal of the Colonial Office, they referred to the Boers as hawks.

The request was one which could not be lightly agreed to; the first answer of the British Government was courteous and

considerate, but unfavourable. Sir Hercules Robinson replied that—

‘Her Majesty’s Government have no feeling *per se* hostile to the legitimate desire of the South African Republic to obtain a position which would enable them to communicate with the sea; but, British subjects having acquired important interests in Swaziland, Her Majesty’s Government cannot sanction the acquisition of territory which would practically shut out Her Majesty’s Government from exercising any effective control over the future settlement of the Swaziland question.’ (U. 6200, p. 92.)

The answer to this was very characteristic; Mr. Bok, who was then State Secretary, suggested that as the British Government did not object to the movement towards the sea except because of Swazi land, the best solution would be to transfer the government of Swaziland to the Republic and to throw in Tongaland as well, for with the annexation of Swaziland the only obstacle would be removed. We must confess that Sir Hercules Robinson’s despatch had not been very prudently worded. The subsequent negotiations, however, show how genuine and sincere was the desire of the British Government to meet any legitimate wishes of the Republic in this matter. Sir Francis de Winton was sent on a special Commission to report on the affairs of Swaziland, and he suggested that it would be possible to grant the Republic the right to acquire, in full sovereignty, a piece of land ten miles in radius on the shores of Kosi Bay, where they might make a port, and at the same time to acquire by treaty from the chiefs the right to build a railway which would connect this port with the other territory of the Republic. This proposal may fairly be regarded as a very generous attempt to enable the Republic to attain full commercial freedom. The only conditions to be attached to it were that the Republic should admit South African produce free of duty, and join the South African Customs Union; that the Republic should not, without the approval of Her Majesty’s Government, part with the harbour of Kosi Bay, or enter into any treaty regarding it; and that if any dispute arose with a foreign Power regarding the harbour, the diplomatic negotiations should be carried on by Her Majesty’s Government. These conditions will hardly be disapproved by any unprejudiced person. The suggestion was adopted by the British Government, which thereby showed its genuine desire to attract the Republic into a friendly co-operation with the other South African communities.

— I think it may fairly be said that, if the desire to reach the
been prompted by no other motive than that of opening

up commerce, these conditions would have been accepted; and it was an opportunity of putting to the test the desire for more friendly relations. But what happened was this. The conditions were incorporated in a Convention drawn up by Sir Henry Loch, which even went so far as to give to the Republic the right of holding a piece of land down to the coast in full sovereignty; so that the actual territory of the Republic would now touch the sea, and bring them into connexion both with Kosi Bay and the Pongola river. The Convention was signed and ratified, with the condition that it should lapse if in three years the Republic had not taken advantage of its provisions. But so reluctant were the rulers of the Republic to enter into any close commercial union with the other colonies, so determined were they to repudiate any further claim on the part of Great Britain to control their foreign relations, that they took no steps to put the treaty into effect; and no treaties with the chiefs were ever presented to the British Government for its approval. Three years passed. The Convention was then prolonged for another year, but still nothing was done: the port was never made, the railway was not built; and at last the Convention was allowed to lapse.

This, however, was not the end of the matter. The Boers, though they had not taken advantage of the Convention, had not for that reason given up their hopes of approaching the sea. They were determined to do so without the conditions on which permission had been given. Though the treaties to which the British Government had given its consent were never made, the secret intrigues still continued. Year after year, Ferreira and his friends were found in the territory of Umbegeza and Zambaan, exercising rights of jurisdiction, making treaties, coercing the natives, levying taxes. Repeated remonstrances produced no effect on the Republic. The State Secretary refused to interfere; he continued to put forward what he called 'the legitimate claims' of the Republic; and it became perfectly obvious that the intention was to extend the territory of the Republic to the sea, independently of those conditions on which the British Government had insisted. When, some five years later, it came to the knowledge of the British Government that, in spite of remonstrances, these secret intrigues were still continuing, and when the wishes of the Transvaal with regard to Swaziland had been completely met and the government of that territory resigned to the Republic, Sir Henry Loch was compelled to advise that the territory of Zambaan and Umbegeza should be definitely annexed to Zululand. It was his last action before leaving South Africa.

Against this annexation the Government of the Republic protested in the strongest terms.

'The news' (they said) 'is received with the greatest astonishment and the greatest regret. Taking into consideration previous negotiations and the fact that the two territories are not of the least importance to Her Majesty's Government, this annexation cannot be regarded by this Government otherwise than as directed against this Republic. They must, therefore, regard it as an unfriendly act, against which they hereby protest.' (U. 7780, p. 43.)

They complained that their legitimate claims and rights had been disregarded, and in another despatch they wrote:—

'This Government was hereby deprived of the opportunity, to which it as a friendly and interested Power considers it might lay claim, to show its serious and founded objections to a measure which seriously threatens the future development of this Republic.' (U. 7878, p. 4.)

We must call attention to the language and tone of these protests. Throughout the whole negotiation the Convention of London is treated as of no account; the words, 'a friendly and interested Power,' seem more proper to the Government of an independent international State than to that of a Republic within the British sphere of influence; and the rulers of the Republic entirely ignore the fact that the Convention of London, which was the condition of their very existence, expressly debarred them from obtaining legal interests and rights in this district, as well as the fact that they had themselves, for reasons which we have indicated, omitted to take advantage of the great concessions which had been made to them.

Mr. Bryce, in the admirable summary of South African history incorporated in his 'Impressions,' acutely remarks that 'the establishment of the protectorate over these petty Tonga chiefs may be justly deemed one of the most important events in recent South African history.' Most of the other writers whom we have consulted, including even Mr. Lucas, who is generally very well informed, ignore the episode altogether; Mr. Theal bases on it his charge of unfriendliness; but we believe that an impartial consideration of the facts will show that Great Britain kept open the door to the sea almost longer than was compatible with safety, and only closed it finally when there was no doubt that the connexion with the sea would be, not, as the President had promised, a source of amity and friendliness in South Africa, but another step towards the establishment of the complete independence of the Republic by foreign help.

There is another episode in these negotiations to which we must now turn. The year 1890, as has been pointed out by many writers, was a critical one in the history of South Africa. It was the year in which, after his long and successful tenure of office, Sir Hercules Robinson was succeeded by Sir Henry Loch; the year in which Mr. Rhodes became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and in which the expedition to Mashonaland was successfully carried out. It was in the beginning of this year that Sir Henry Loch, who had shortly before arrived in Africa, met President Kruger in personal conference at Blignant's Pont. He was accompanied also by Mr. Rhodes; and this fact has been brought forward by writers hostile to the imperial control as a proof that some malignant influence was at work. As a matter of fact, President Kruger himself asked that Mr. Rhodes should be present. The situation was in many ways a very difficult one to deal with; it was just the time when the Boer trek to the north was being organised, and when the Boers were anticipating the immediate annexation to the Republic, not only of Swaziland, but of the whole coast of Tongaland, where they had been so assiduously working for many years. Their diplomacy was, as has always been the case, guided with remarkable ability. The suggestion they made was that there should be a bargain: the Republic was to withdraw all its rights and claims to the north; the British Government was to give to the Republic all that it desired on the east. This was the suggestion which had been made the year before, in words which it may be convenient to quote.

'The Government of the South African Republic is disposed to withdraw the claim to the lands* to the north of the Republic, and its protests respecting these territories, on condition that Her Majesty's Government withdraws itself to the east of this Republic in Swaziland, from the territory of Zambesi and Umbegeza, and Amatongaland, including the Kosi Bay. This Government will, in that case, use its influence to support the plans of Her Majesty's Government for expansion in Bechuanaland and Matabeleland, whilst this Government would then expect the same from Her Majesty's Government to the east of the Republic' (C 7780, p. 13.)

A word must here be said as to these claims of the Republic in the north. They were chiefly based on the statement that

* The word *lands* is queried in the Blue-book, presumably for the reason that, as the Republic possessed no lands nor any claim to land to the north of the Limpopo, the word must have been misinterpreted. This is, however, not a sufficient reason for doubting that it was the word used, and as a matter of fact it would have been easy enough to set up claims to land founded on real or fraudulent treaties made with native chiefs.

the declaration of the British sphere of influence over Mashonaland was inconsistent with the spirit of the negotiations which led to the Convention of London, and that it was contrary to the understanding that extension to the north should always remain free to the Republic. Now this is just one of those specious but untenable arguments which the Boers were always bringing forward. In all the negotiations preceding the Convention of London there was no trace of such an understanding; it was not even mentioned in the discussion. It is true that in the Convention the Boers were not forbidden to enter into treaties with native chiefs in the north, as they were forbidden to do on the east and west of the Republic; on this and on this alone was based the statement that Great Britain had undertaken not to enter, on her part, into agreements with these chiefs, or to extend her territory in this direction, but to leave it open until the day should come when the Boers would be ready to occupy it.

The real reason why the Boers were allowed to enter into treaties with tribes on the northern frontier is very obvious. On the east and west the borders of the Republic in 1884 fell to a great extent within the British sphere of influence; here therefore the British Government would be able to protect the Republic from attacks by native tribes, and, if necessary, to keep order on the frontier. This was not the case in the north: Mashonaland was not brought within the British sphere of influence till 1888, and a Protectorate was not proclaimed till 1891; it would therefore have been absurd not to allow the Government of the Republic to make its own arrangements with the tribes with whose country it was contiguous. It is therefore true that, if they had formed a treaty with Lobengula or any other native chief, that treaty would have been valid; but we must also remember that any extension of the boundaries of the Republic to the north would have been contrary to the first article of the Convention, for the undertaking to adhere strictly to the boundaries laid down applied just as much to the northern as to the eastern and western frontiers. It was open to the Boers to make a treaty of alliance, but not one which would extend the dominions of the Republic. The only real question for discussion was whether they had entered into a treaty with Lobengula, or not. They did claim to have done so, though it is remarkable that throughout the negotiations little stress is laid on this treaty. The reason is obvious; the treaty was not witnessed by any white man except Mr. Grobler, who professed to have negotiated it, and Lobengula in a formal document solemnly denied that he ever had signed it.

The claims in the north were clearly brought forward as a

means of putting pressure on the British Government; however baseless they might be, they were adapted for this purpose. What the above-mentioned proposal really meant was that the trek was to be used as a sort of menace in order to extort concessions on the east; and we cannot doubt that President Kruger wished for Mr. Rhodes's presence at the interview because he believed that the latter, being specially interested in Mashonaland, and also desirous, owing to his political position in the colony, to avert enmity between the Republic and the British Government, would persuade the High Commissioner to make the required concessions on the east, with a view to obtaining what he wanted on the north. If this was Mr. Kruger's hope, he was disappointed. The position Sir Henry Loch took up—and it was the only position which could be maintained by any representative of the Crown—was that the proposed trek would be a breach of the Convention, that it must be stopped, and that until satisfactory assurance on this point were given it was impossible for him even to enter on any discussion regarding Swaziland. He was not there to make a bargain; the Republic had no rights on the north to surrender. The President looked on the stopping of the trek as a concession which he was willing to make; Sir Henry Loch regarded it as a duty which he must immediately perform. It was on this occasion that the President is reported to have used one of those graphic metaphors so characteristic of him: 'One hand must wash the other. This hand is clean,' he said, laying his left hand on the table; 'this hand is dirty,' pointing to his right hand. 'I wash your hand, you must wash mine.' Sir Henry Loch, however, refused to be entangled in this argument, and, though with great difficulty, extracted from the President his promise to stop the trek. Then, and not till then, he explained the terms, chiefly founded on Sir Francis de Winton's report, which he was authorised to suggest for the government of Swaziland. They were shortly these: that the independence of the Swazi nation should be maintained, and that the government of the whites in the country should be given to a joint commission. Besides this he offered the connexion with the sea on the terms and conditions which we have already explained. The President was sorely dissatisfied with the terms; he especially disliked the suggestion that the negotiations with foreign Powers should be controlled; he did not want an isolated port. 'If I cut my hand off and throw it away, how can I still call it my hand?' he said. He wanted all the land to the north of a line drawn from the south-eastern angle of the Transvaal to the sea. He was especially indignant at the

suggestion of a joint commission for Swaziland, and desired the complete control. 'How,' he said, 'can two farmers live together in the same house?'

President Kruger's dissatisfaction was shared by the Volksraad. Like him, they justified their disapproval on the ground that they had not received a proper recompense for what they were surrendering in the north. Considering that they had nothing to surrender in the north, though we can well understand their disappointment at the frustration of their hopes, we must also maintain that the terms offered, which included the annexation of the Little Free State, the establishment of a joint government in Swaziland, and access to the sea, were very generous. The Volksraad, however, refused for a long time to ratify the Convention, month after month went by, and no answer came to Sir Henry Loch's repeated enquiries. It appeared that they were waiting until the temporary joint government of Swaziland which had been established by Sir Francis de Winton should expire. This would happen on August 18th, 1890; the country would then lapse into anarchy, and the Boers hoped that they might be able to seize it for themselves. These were the circumstances which led Sir Henry Loch to send to Pretoria the ultimatum of which so much has been written, and which especially rouses Mr. Statham's indignation. Sir Henry officially informed the President that, if the new Convention was not ratified, he would appoint a Special Commissioner (in accordance with the terms of the London Convention) to preserve order in Swaziland; and he began to raise a force of police to support him. At the same time Mr. Hofmeyr undertook a special mission to Pretoria in order to persuade the Government to ratify the Convention. It was only the knowledge that the British Government was in earnest, and that the police were actually being enlisted, combined with the assurances of Mr. Hofmeyr that the threatened measures would really be carried out, which induced the Volksraad at the very last moment to give way. The moment was a critical one, for there can be little doubt that, had the police entered Swaziland, they would have been opposed by some of the more unruly Boers who were already in the country; and, had bloodshed occurred, no one could have foreseen where it would stop.

We have dwelt at some length on the events of these years, because they show that there has never been a time since 1881 when the Government of the South African Republic has been willing loyally to abide by the conditions on which its semi-independence had been restored. We do not wish to enter upon

recriminations; it is useless to complain of the attitude which that Government chose to adopt; we can understand and even sympathise with the feelings by which it was actuated. While we in England have always looked back to the Convention of London as the extreme measure of our generosity, they have never ceased in their attempts to regain the position of complete independence which they held before 1877. We hoped that the Republic would become a peaceable and tranquil State, enjoying complete self-government, but nourishing no greater ambition; managing its internal affairs, and gradually incorporating into the ranks of its citizens, with due safeguards, such persons as might settle within its borders, but protected and controlled in its foreign policy by Great Britain. Local autonomy Great Britain had deliberately granted; what the Boers wanted was something more. The South African Republic was to be an absolutely independent State, joined to Great Britain, if joined at all, by an equal treaty of amity and commerce. It was to be a State constantly enlarging its borders, throwing off on every side daughter republics which would eventually be absorbed into itself, the focus of all discontent within the British colonies in its neighbourhood, until the time should come when South Africa might form a great federation, the dominant element in which should be, not the power of Great Britain, but that of the Dutch Republic.

It was an ambition which aimed not at independence only, but at empire; an ambition which we cannot blame other nations for entertaining, but one in which it was impossible for us to acquiesce. We scarcely know whether it was always consciously held. In the older days President Kruger again and again reiterated his regard and affection for England; nothing in the world, he once said, would ever make him again go to war with the Queen. 'My people and the English are both orthodox,' he said on another occasion. 'Why should we have any quarrel?' He professed not to be ungrateful for all the kindnesses which had been shown him, but, notwithstanding this, he has always been the vehicle, perhaps the half unconscious vehicle, of the far-reaching ambition which seems to be a national element in the people over whom he rules.

It must be remembered, in estimating and judging the policy of the Republic, that, at the time of which we are speaking, the Boers had no ground whatever for believing that their independence was threatened, for we have purposely confined our review to the days before the Raid. They had in fact been treated with extraordinary long-suffering and generosity. They had broken the Convention of Pretoria, and their action had

been condoned; they had extended their border by raids, and the extension had been permitted; they had opposed the advance of colonial railways and colonial trade, but no retaliation was attempted; they had treated British subjects with extreme disfavour, and the remonstrances of the High Commissioner had been confined to the most courteous and friendly advice. Nevertheless, during all these halcyon years of peace we find the same discontent, the same constant aspirations for greater independence; every kindness almost rudely accepted as a right; every refusal of a demand looked upon as an active injury. Who can doubt that the old enmity was always there, looking only for the opportunity to manifest itself? As against this feeling there was only one policy to be pursued, and that is the course which was taken by the British Government from 1884 to 1895: a firm and steady pressure compelling the Republic to abide by treaty obligations; a willingness to meet its wishes whenever their justice could be shown; and, above all, the determination to make clear that the supremacy of the British Crown meant the supremacy of law.

What, after all, do we mean by Imperialism when applied to such a country as South Africa? It is the belief that above the scattered tribes, the different races, the hostile interests, which exist in that country, there must be some strong and unbending authority which will deal out justice impartially to all. We know that if the authority of the British Crown were withdrawn from South Africa, that part of the continent, and probably other parts as well, would be devastated by ceaseless wars. The authority of the Crown means that there shall always be an appeal to an ultimate court, which will make the resort to arms unnecessary. For this, however, it is requisite that all the states, all the native tribes, all the colonies concerned should recognise and obey the ultimate court of appeal. This is what the South African Republic has consistently refused to do. There has been much talk of the question of arbitration; it was suggested that Great Britain should submit to arbitration her differences with the Republic. That such a suggestion should be made shows a complete misconception of the position of the Imperial Government in South Africa. We could no more submit to arbitration than could a supreme court of justice allow its decision to be a subject of arbitration. The Imperial Government is itself the arbitrating power; it has to hold the balance level between the interests of the different colonies, between natives and white men, between English and Dutch; and even if there have been occasions when the decision has been impolitic or unjust, it is better that an unjust award

should be obeyed than that the controlling and regulating power should be removed.

If we look back at the result which had been attained in 1895, we may fairly come to the conclusion that the quiet persistence of the Imperial Government had not been in vain. All reasonable demands on the part of the Republic had been carefully considered and generally granted. Meanwhile, by an inevitable fate, the territory of the Transvaal had been surrounded and enclosed by the advancing forces of civilisation. It would be absurd to suppose that the Boers were satisfied with the course which events had taken; the more adventurous among them made one last attempt to find a new home in the unexplored country beyond the desert, where most of them found only a grave, but there was room for hope that a new generation would grow up, which would become reconciled to the new conditions. That this hope was frustrated was due, in the first place, to the Hollanders, who monopolised the Government and taught the Boers to look for help to foreign Powers; and, in the second place, to the Raid. We know that, in regard to that disastrous event, the English Government was guiltless; but who can ever expect a single Boer to believe this? The connexion of the Company and the Crown was too close; the unfortunate transference of Bechuanaaland to the Company, which alone made the Raid possible, was too recent. The authority of the Crown, which the Boers were perhaps beginning to regard as a symbol of law, was now made apparently the accomplice of lawlessness.

We do not wish now to enter on a discussion about the Raid; no one denies that it was both a crime and a blunder. One thing, however, we must say, and that is that, looking back on the history of the Chartered Company, we have no right to be surprised, either at the lawlessness of the attempt or at its rashness. The achievements for which the Company had gained most credit had been undertaken under the control and with the co-operation of the Imperial Government. The pioneer expedition into Mashonaland was not permitted to advance until the High Commissioner had assured himself that proper preparations had been made and every precaution taken; and until, in order to protect it against the possibility of attack from the Matabele, a body of the Bechuanaaland Police had been stationed on the northern frontier of the Protectorate. It is this more than anything else which, according to so good a judge as Mr. Selous, ensured the immunity from attack which the immigrants enjoyed, when an attack would have been disastrous. It was their great success in the

Matabele war which spurred the Company on to further military enterprises; but let us recollect that Dr Jameson's first proposal for attacking the Matabele was to advance upon Bulawayo with a small mounted force, each man carrying four days' provisions, without waggons, and without reserves of ammunition. Had he been permitted to carry out his intention he would have failed, as he failed in the Raid; and the Matabele would have shown no mercy. For three months he was kept back, and he was not allowed to advance until horses, waggons, and ammunition had been provided, and until a column of the Imperial Bechuanaland Police were ready to divert half of Lobengula's warriors by an invasion from the south. Then, and not till then, the restrictions on his action were removed. The High Commissioner—Mr. Rhodes being on his way to Beira at the time—gave permission to clear the Matabele from the frontier, and the invasion followed. Prudence and adequate preparation were rewarded by success; but success unfortunately encouraged Dr. Jameson to embark on a reckless enterprise in which he was no longer restrained by the prudence of others, and it ended, as was inevitable, in disaster. And let those who are astonished at the lawlessness of the Raid recollect what happened in 1891, when, contrary to the orders of the Government, the armed forces of the Company made a similar expedition into Portuguese territory, just at the time when the whole efforts of the Government were being directed to the task of bringing about a peaceful demarcation of the Portuguese and British dominions in Africa.

This is not the place to speak of the terrible struggle which is desolating South Africa, but the connexion of the foregoing remarks with the event which we all deplore is obvious. We have attempted to show that the policy of the Republic has, ever since 1881, been of such a nature that it had to be checked, as checked it was for some years. The means for holding such dangerous ambitions in restraint were, first, the moral justice of our attitude, and the civilising and pacific influence of our control; and secondly, a resolute decision of purpose, backed by the consciousness of overwhelming strength. Both the moral and the physical force were unquestionably ours for some ten years after the Convention of Pretoria; and, for so long, South Africa was quiet. But the arming of the Republic gradually deprived us of one of these advantages, or induced the Boers to believe that we had lost it, which, in regard to consequences, is the same thing; while the Raid deprived us of the other, at least in the eyes of the Boers and their sympathisers. When this change had taken place, war became inevitable.

- ART. XII.—1. *The Flora of Cheshire.* By the late Lord De Tabley. Edited by Spencer Moore, with a Biographical Notice of the Author by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. London: Longmans and Co, 1899.
2. *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical.* By John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley. London: Elkin Matthews and John Lane, 1893.
3. *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical.* By Lord De Tabley. Second Series. London: John Lane, 1895.

THE publication of this work on the 'Cheshire Flora,' by the late Lord De Tabley, has revived the memory of a remarkable man who was well-known in literary circles some years ago, although he never obtained the public recognition which he deserved. A native of Cheshire and a botanist from early youth, Lord De Tabley, or, as he was in those days, Leicester Warren, had devoted many years of his life to a careful study of the flora of the country round his ancestral home. After his death, the MS. of the work before us was found among his papers by his sister, Lady Leighton, and entrusted by her to Mr. Spencer Moore, who has edited the volume with care and judgment. Botanists have welcomed the book as a valuable addition to the local floras of Great Britain, and a fitting memorial to one whose love for plants was both genuine and scientific. But the general reader will turn with deeper interest to the short biographical sketch at the beginning of the volume, which we owe to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. In these fifty pages the accomplished writer has drawn a faithful portrait of his lamented friend, who to the end remained the *postea ignotus* of his day, and whose dim and shadowy form adds yet another picturesque figure to the literary annals of a century which began with John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley, to end with Robert Louis Stevenson. Sir Mountstuart has, so far as was possible within these limits, shown us the wide range of Lord De Tabley's powers and the extraordinary versatility of his genius. The impression which he made upon other distinguished men was uniformly striking. Statesmen and poets, critics and historians, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Strangford, Tennyson and Browning, Edward Freeman and George Henry Lewes, all agreed in declaring him to be one of the foremost men of his generation. Whatever he did was well done. Whatever the subject might be to which he turned his attention—whether he discussed literary topics in the 'Saturday' or 'Fortnightly Review,' or wrote learned treatises on plants and coins in botanical or numismatical papers, or took up the study

of book-plates—he was immediately recognised as one of the first living authorities in that particular department. The only time that he ever spoke in the House of Lords in a debate that took place in 1891 on a Bill for compensating Cheshire landlords whose property was undermined by salt-works—his speech attracted general attention, and was warmly praised by Lord Herschell. During thirty years he wrote poetry, under a variety of different names, and it was only near the end of his life, when he was on the verge of sixty, that he caught the ear of the public and attained any substantial measure of success. The few friends who knew him well found in him a gentle and lovable, often a gay and witty, companion, but he was too shy and sensitive to find pleasure in general society, and even to his most intimate associates he often remained a mystery.

'Lord De Tabley,' writes Mr Arthur Benson, 'always struck me as being a curious instance of the irony of destiny—a man with so many sources of pleasure and influence open to him—his love of literature, his mastery of style, his conversational charm, his social position, his affectionate nature—yet bearing always about with him a curious attitude of resignation and disappointment, as though life were, on the whole, a sad business, and, for the sake of courtesy and decency, the less said about it the better. I must repeat the word courtesy, for like a subtle fragrance it interpenetrated all he did or said. It seemed the natural aroma of an exquisitely sensitive, delicate, and considerate spirit. . . . He contrived to inspire affection to a singular extent. Perhaps there was a certain pathos about his life and the strange contradictions it contained, but I think there was also in him a deep need of affection, and, in spite of his determined effort after courage and calm, an intimate despair of gaining the encouragement of others.'*

The extracts which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has given us from Lord De Tabley's letters reveal, better than anything else, the brilliant powers of the man, his wide range of learning, refined and scholarly tastes, lively imagination, and keen sense of humour. It is only to be regretted that the limited space at the writer's disposal did not admit of a larger and fuller selection, especially from those delightful letters, sparkling with fun and dealing with every variety of subject, which the writer addressed to Sir Mountstuart himself during the year of his absence from England. In these circumstances, a few further details regarding this singularly gifted and little-known man of letters may be of interest to our readers.

* Letter quoted in 'Critical Notice,' by Edmund Gosse, p. 195.

John Byrne Leicester Warren, the elder and last surviving son* of the second Baron De Tabley, was born at Tabley House, in Cheshire, on the 26th of April, 1835. The race from which he sprang was one of the oldest and proudest in the kingdom. The bluest blood of England and Ireland, of France and Germany, flowed in his veins. On his mother's side he was descended from the princely house of De Salis, and numbered among his ancestors Gui de Lusignan, the paladin who, according to the old legend, wooed the water-nymph Melusina for his bride. Through his father he traced his descent from the O'Byrnes, those ancient kings of Ireland whose heroic deeds still live in the songs of Wicklow, and from the famous Earl Warrenne, who married Gundrada, once said to be a daughter of William the Conqueror. Early in the eighteenth century the chief of the clan O'Byrne married the heiress of the Leicesters, a Cheshire family which had settled at Nether Tabley in the days of the Plantagenets, and whose fourteenth-century manor-house, built of oak from the neighbouring forests, is still standing in the park at Tabley. The picturesque gables of crimson brick, the herb-garden with its old sun-dial, and the ancient chapel, rebuilt two hundred years ago by that eminent antiquary and loyal Cavalier, Sir Peter Leicester, are all reflected in the waters of the moat. Within the house nothing is changed. The armour of the old Cheshire squires still hangs upon the panelled walls; the tapestries which their wives and daughters embroidered still adorn my lady's parlour; their spinning wheels and linen chests, the spinets upon which they made music, the very playthings which they used, have all been carefully preserved. At a short distance from this Old Hall, where the whole history of the past is as it were enshrined, stands the stately modern house, built in the last century from the designs of Carr, and decorated after the fashion of Adams and Wedgwood. The poet's grandfather, created Lord De Tabley in 1826 by George IV, finished the new house after his father's death, and became famous not only as a friend of the Prince Regent, but as a generous patron of art. Turner and Romney, Northcote and Martin, Ward and Opie, were among the painters who found shelter under his hospitable roof, and whose works adorn the picture-gallery at Tabley. There, among the portraits of Leicesters painted by Vandyck and Zuccherò, by Lely and Kneller, by Sir Joshua and Coates, we recognise Lawrence's picture of 'Hope' wearing the features of the first Baroness De Tabley, Mademoiselle Cottin, the fair

* A younger brother, Francis, died at six years old.

daughter of a French *émigré* who had seen sixty-two of his relatives guillotined during the Reign of Terror before he fled for refuge to England. There too we see Turner's paintings of Tabley Lake and Tower and of the golden carp which he caught in the fish-ponds, side by side with Gainsborough's landscapes and Northcote's portrait of himself, and that loveliest of all Romneys, 'Emma Lady Hamilton,' as she was in early girlhood, with a wreath of vine leaves in her bright hair, and her rosy lips parted in an exquisite smile. To this goodly heritage young Warren came. All his life he treasured the deepest affection for his beautiful home, and especially for the Old Hall, a place which might well appeal to the fancy of a poetic child. But every tree in the woods round Tabley, every plant in the meadows and along the brookside, was familiar to him. Both his letters and his poems abound in allusions to the daffodils and cuckoo-flowers in the fields, the old walnut tree where he had played as a child with his little sisters, the flights of plovers that wheeled in the gloaming about the low-lying walls of the Old Hall. Most of his winters, however, were spent in Italy, where the boy's taste for antiquities was early developed. At Naples, when he was only eight years old, he began to collect Greek and Roman coins, and bought a cabinet to hold his specimens; and he always remembered his grief when sulphur got inside and turned his coins black. There too he wrote his first poem, on Joan of Naples, which was followed four years later by a drama entitled 'Casimir and Zelinda; or, Love and Chloroform.' In 1847 he went to Eton, where, in spite of a somewhat desultory education, he acquitted himself creditably, and already showed signs of that taste and love of poetry which distinguished him in after years.

'I always fancy,' he wrote to an Eton master, Mr. Arthur Benson, a week or two before his death, 'that the first and second stanzas of "Jam satis terris" are rather weak. Is this very presumptuous? The Galatea is, however, a lovely sapphic, and a joy for ever. I liked it in the Fourth Form as much as I do now. There is just a purple patch or two, but it is divine.'

At seventeen he went up to Christ Church, and spent his first Long Vacation at Dresden with his friend, Lord Charles Bruce, and their tutor, Mr. Osborne Gordon, learning German and reading Goethe. There is a charming portrait at Tabley, painted by George Richmond, in which we see the young Oxford undergraduate with a mass of fair hair falling over his forehead, and the shy, diffident expression in his light blue

eyes that was so characteristic of his appearance in riper years. At Oxford he made many friends, and belonged to a group of able men all of whom, he was fond of saying, made their mark in life, except himself. Lord Lothian, Lord Cowper and his brother Henry Cowper, Lord Tollemache, Sir Henry Longley, Lord Edward Clinton, and Sir Baldwin Leighton, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, were all included in this group. But the closest of all his friends was George Fortescue, a youth of great promise, who was drowned in 1859 while yachting in the Mediterranean with Lord Drogheda, and whose sudden and untimely death was a blow from which Warren never wholly recovered. Before this, however, he had left Oxford, after taking a double second-class in classics and modern history. His remarkable abilities already began to attract notice, and after declining an offer to go to India with Lord Canning, he accompanied Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to Constantinople in 1858. Here he spent most of his time in digging for coins in the Troad or hunting for them in the bazaars of Pera; and on his way home, at Athens, he was fortunate enough to secure a valuable collection of Greek coins of the time of Constant II, which had lately been found in Cyprus. His newly-formed friendship with Lord Strangford, whom he met in the East, and who introduced him to Professor Freeman, added zest to his favourite pursuit, and soon after his return home he joined the Council of the Numismatic Society, and wrote a series of papers on the Coinage of the Lycian and Achaean Leagues, as well as an essay on Greek Federal Coinage, in illustration of Freeman's history of Federal Government. Professor Freeman himself regarded Warren as the first authority on Greek and mediæval coinage, and constantly applied to him for information on disputed points. The great historian's correspondence with 'that mighty man, John of Warren,' as he laughingly called his friend, ranges over fourteen or fifteen years, and is full of lively descriptions and witty remarks on places and people. Sometimes Freeman writes from Oxford, where he describes himself as acting journeyman to Johnny Green, and begs Warren to come and join the feasting at Merton, where Strangford and George Brodrick and Roundell and Mackay are all making merry together. Now he urges his friend to join him on a tour through the Hanse towns, as he wants a companion whose tastes fall in with his own and who knows more German than he does. Then again he writes from Switzerland, where he has been hunting out Warren's De Salis kinsfolk, and owns that he cannot contain his reverence for a Parliament which meets at

eight o'clock in the morning, or for a President who lives *au troisième*.

'I am more and more delighted,' he writes from Neuchâtel, 'with the small-state system. Nearly every town you come to is a capital, with the advantages of London or Paris, without the points in them which I loathe. In a big kingdom they would be all more country towns, as dull as my neighbours at Wells, whom the jullest of all men by way of a Prince-Bishop cannot keep from slumber.'

There are frequent allusions in these letters to the 'Saturday Review'—the Reviler, as Freeman habitually calls that weekly paper—then in the pride of its most palmy days. When Warren first settled in town in 1860, and began to read law, Douglas Cook, 'the shrewd but highly eccentric editor' of the 'Saturday,' as Sir Mountstuart calls him, quickly secured him as a contributor; and, during the following year, Lord De Tabley wrote as many as fifteen articles in his review. Until 1865 he remained an occasional contributor to the paper, writing learned dissertations on serious subjects, such as German literature and contemporary poetry; or handling lighter topics, such as Country Houses, Agreeable People, Obtrusive Dilettantism, or Damaged History, with that lightness of touch and gentle humour which made him so admirable a letter-writer. When he ceased to write for the 'Saturday,' George Henry Lewes enlisted his services on behalf of the 'Fortnightly Review,' and the first number of that periodical contained a review of Mr. Swinburne's 'Atalanta' from his pen:—

'Your notice of Swinburne,' wrote Lewes to his new contributor, 'is perfectly charming. I cordially agree in its opinions, and think the mode of criticism a model. Perhaps in the proof you might add a sentence about the exclusive iteration of flames and flowers, to which he compares everything.'

Apparently Lewes himself interpolated words to this effect, at the same time speaking of Mr. Swinburne as a minor poet, an unlucky phrase which in later years became the cause of infinite annoyance to Lord De Tabley. Not only did he shrink from meeting the poet, for whom he had a deep and lasting admiration, but when in 1877 he first met Mr. Theodore Watts, he told him frankly that he felt sure he could not care to know him after the way in which he had spoken of his friend in the 'Fortnightly Review.' To his surprise, Mr. Watts replied that he had never even seen the article in question, and the two men became the best of friends.

Thus, before he had reached the age of thirty, young Warren was successfully launched on a literary career, and seemed to have

a brilliant future before him. During the sixties he moved in the best literary circles, and knew almost every man of note in London. As old friends of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone watched his career with attentive interest, and showed him cordial kindness. He was a frequent and always a welcome guest at Lord Houghton's breakfasts, where he first met Tennyson and Browning, with both of whom he became afterwards intimate. He often visited the Laureate, both in London and at Aldworth; the bard was strongly impressed with the extent and accuracy of his visitor's botanical knowledge, and consulted him on many points in connexion with plant- and bird-life. To Browning Lord De Tabley was deeply attached, and remained on cordial terms with him up to the time of his death. In a first edition of '*Paracelsus*,' which he bought, together with first editions of Shelley's '*Cenci*' and Beddoe's '*Poems*,' on what he called 'a day of extravagance,' Browning wrote the following inscription: '*Robert Browning wishes he had been privileged to give this book to his friend, J. L. W. June 14, 1878.*' In the same year the poet sent a copy of '*Red Cotton Night-cap Country*' to his friend with this graceful note:—

'MY DEAR WARREN,—You are about first editions of poems, even, you were pleased to assure me, when such are mine and not any better. By a sad event the little thing which will accompany this letter returns to me from the keeping of a friend, who originally begged it of me.

'When I wrote the poem, I inserted all the true names of the persons and places, and only on getting the printed proofs was struck by the inconvenience of mentioning folks still "alive," and not unlikely kicking! So I cancelled them altogether, substituting imaginary ones, which were published, even then, under the protest of an eminent lawyer, who considered them still libellous! But I ran the risk, preferring the proofs which you see, and, I hope, will please to accept. May you live till they become a curiosity, if nothing else! —Ever yours, ROBERT BROWNING.'

During the early years of his residence in London, Lord De Tabley frequently dined at the Priory with George Henry Lewes and George Eliot, in the company of Mr. John Morley, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Sir Frederic Barton, and other well-known persons. He was also a constant visitor at the house of Lady William Russell, where he often met Lord Strangford and another friend, Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein, generally known as Count Noer, with whom he kept up close relations till his death. Francis Turner Palgrave, Robert Buchanan, Edward Jenkins, the sculptor Woolner, and the artist Edward Lear, were among his friends and correspondents at this time of

his life; ten years later he made the acquaintance of Mr. Austin Dobson, who has told us how much he owed to Lord De Tabley's fine scholarship, as well as of Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose charming picture of his friend is still fresh in our recollections. As his taste for numismatics led him to form a lifelong friendship with Sir John Evans and Sir Augustus Franks, so his botanical studies brought him into close connexion with Sir John Lubbock, Sir Joseph Hooker, Mr. Thizelton-Dyer, Mr. H. C. Watson, and more especially Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. Many were the long rambles which the two friends took together along the banks of the Thames, or in Kent and Sussex. 'There could not be a more delightful companion,' writes Sir Mountstuart, 'on a botanical excursion. He had the eyes of a lynx, and his minute critical knowledge was always at his command.' During the summer and autumn months at Tabley the same pursuits filled a large part of his time. The discovery of a rare plant or fern, the date of the return or departure of the swallows, were always carefully noted in his journals; and, as early as 1864, he formed the scheme of his '*Cheshire Flora*,' which was finally compiled twelve years later. At this period he wrote regularly for the '*Journal of Botany*,' and an excellent paper which he contributed to its columns, on the Flora of Hyde Park and Kensington, was published in a separate form by Messrs. Macmillan in 1878.

'What is your line now?' wrote one of his friends (the late Sir Henry Dryden) to Lord De Tabley, after a lapse of several years in their correspondence—'beetles or coins or grasses?' But among these varied intellectual interests poetry remained the chief object of his life. So early as 1859, some months after his friend George Fortescue's death, he published a small volume of verse under the pseudonym of G. F. Preston.* This was followed in 1861 and 1862 by two other books, a poem called '*The Threshold of Astrides*,' and a collection of ballads and lyrics, entitled '*Glimpses of Antiquity*.' These early efforts contain the germ of many of Lord De Tabley's later poems, while they reveal in a striking manner the close observation of natural fact and the deep melancholy that were the distinctive notes of all his verse. But no one read these little volumes. Not a single copy, Lord De Tabley always declared, was ever sold; and so well was his secret kept that not even his own family discovered him to be the author. In 1863 he published another volume, bearing the name of '*Præterita*,' under the

* This volume has been said ('*Dictionary of National Biography*'), apparently on insufficient authority, to contain poems by George Fortescue. There is no trace of this in the book itself, or in Lord De Tabley's private diaries.

new pseudonym of William Lancaster. In these poems the note of sadness is even more predominant, and the love lyrics breathe the same spirit of loss and disenchantment. Life at best, the poet seems to say, is a poor affair; and he turns for relief from the present to the contemplation of an older and more heroic age, and seeks comfort in those Greek themes that were his never-failing delight. 'Eclogues and Monodramas' appeared in 1864, and 'Studies in Verse'—which the author modestly described as 'rhymed exercises'—in 1865. 'Don't put me down as poet,' he said to a young literary aspirant who begged leave to dedicate his first work to him. 'It is a great name. Inscribe the book to a friend who is himself a writer of verse.'

These different attempts were succeeded by a far more important work, the metrical drama of 'Philoctetes,' which was written at Tabley in the autumn of 1865, and published by Messrs. Macmillan in the following March. This time public interest was at length aroused. Several critics compared the new drama to Mr. Swinburne's 'Atalanta,' and praised it as a successful attempt to treat an Hellenic subject in an Hellenic manner. Mr. R. H. Hutton said that it produced the same impression of sad majesty as the finest Greek drama. Even in America 'Philoctetes' found admirers, and Mr. Siedman, in his 'Victorian Poets,' praised its severe and statuesque beauty in glowing language. Soon the authorship of the poem became an open secret. Mr. Gladstone was warm in his congratulations, and both Tennyson and Browning hailed the author as a brother-poet. Encouraged by this first taste of success, Warren set to work with new ardour and produced another classical drama, entitled 'Orestes.' Unfortunately this work—which in Mr. Gosse's opinion is still finer than 'Philoctetes,' and which certainly contains some passages of rare beauty—failed to meet with the same degree of approval. Mr. Hutton remarked that the poet was his own worst enemy, and he owned that after 'Philoctetes' he had expected something still better, but found himself disappointed. Accordingly the 'Spectator' dismissed 'Orestes' with a brief and somewhat disparaging notice, which left a painful impression upon the poet's mind. For some time afterwards Lord De Tabley ceased to write poetry, and determined to try his hand at prose. During the next few years he wrote no less than four novels, which were published by Bentley, and which, from a financial point of view, proved decidedly more successful than his poems.

Late in the autumn of 1868, when his literary hopes had received this sudden check, Warren was invited to stand for

Cheshire in the Liberal interest, under the auspices of Lord Houghton and Mr. Gladstone. He threw himself with keen zest into the fray, and surprised friends and foes alike by the spirit and vigour of his speeches; but after a gallant fight he was defeated, and could never be induced to make another attempt to enter political life. Freeman, who had been defeated in the same election, condoled with him in an amusing letter. "Nous sommes tous," he wrote, "dans le même bateau," as the Englishman said to the Frenchman, when the 'bus seemed likely to topple over in the streets of Rouen. But I am a great deal worse whopped than you.' But the love of history is a comfort in misfortune; and the historian ends by begging his friend to find out all he can about the 'Pax' coins of Edward, Harold, and William the Conqueror.

After the death of his mother, Warren spent the winter of 1869-70 in Rome, with his father and sisters; and the opening of the Œcumenical Council inspired him with a fine poem, which is quoted by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. On his return to England, he took a house in London and once more began to write poetry, this time under his own name. One volume, called 'Rehearsals,' was published in 1870; another, bearing the name of 'Searching the Net,' appeared in 1873. These volumes contained many of the lyrics and dramatic monologues afterwards reprinted in 1893, and both, if they were not widely read, attracted considerable attention in literary circles. Mr. Austin Dobson expressed himself in terms of generous commendation, and Mr. G. A. Simcox, writing in the 'Academy,' did full justice to the opulent imagery and stately diction of 'Medea' and 'Jael.' Unfortunately Lord De Tabley's next venture, a dramatic poem, 'The Soldier of Fortune,' which appeared in 1876, proved a disastrous failure. He had taken infinite pains with the work, which certainly contains some of his most vivid and animated descriptions, and was warmly praised by Tennyson and other competent judges. But it was severely handled by the 'Spectator' and hardly noticed by the other papers, and only eighteen copies were ever sold. This was a heavy blow to the poet, upon whose sensitive nature adverse criticism had a paralyzing effect: he vowed that he would abandon poetry and never publish another line of verse. This resolution he kept for seventeen years. For some time he only wrote reviews in the 'Athenæum,' amongst others a criticism of Browning's 'Agamemnon,' which highly gratified the poet, and short articles in 'Notes and Queries,' to which he contributed as many as fifty-one papers in the course of a single year. At the same time he began

to collect book-plates, at the suggestion of a new friend, Mr. William Bell Scott, and soon became wholly engrossed in this new and fascinating pursuit. The 'Guide to Bookplates,' which he published in 1880, and to which all later writers on the subject have acknowledged their obligations, was the first work of the kind ever seen in England, so that in this instance Lord De Tabley may be said to have invented a new science. But with the strange fatality that seemed to beset his path, the book fell flat on the market, and during many years not a single copy was sold. Suddenly, about 1890, book-plates came into fashion and the whole edition was sold out at once.

'It is really very tiresome,' wrote Lord De Tabley to a friend in 1894, 'how much the fashion book-plates are becoming, and it is like the irony of life that the only thing I should have succeeded in is what I look upon as a complete trifle. When I began collecting them people thought I was mad, and the curious thing was that for ten years my book remained perfectly dead. Then, all of a sudden, every copy went, and I could have sold three or four editions with the greatest ease.'

Fortunately his interest in plant-life remained as keen as ever; he took several expeditions into Devonshire to study the flora of the West of England, and frequently discussed botanical matters with the leading authorities at Kew. But the most interesting of his letters at this time were those which he addressed to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, who was Governor of Madras from 1881 to 1886. From the first Warren followed his old friend's career in India with the greatest interest, and took as keen a pleasure in his accounts of the wonderful vegetation as of the ancient customs and traditions of the East. In return he sent him a series of letters full of vivid pictures and witty sayings, always gay in tone and kindly in feeling, and often, as Sir Mountstuart remarks, 'adorably amusing.' All Lord De Tabley's rarest qualities, his rich scholarship and genial humour, his quickness in grasping the meaning of a situation and his skill in describing it, appear in this correspondence, which reveals the most attractive side of his personality. Here we can only give a single extract from a long letter written in December 1885, just after the general election.

'The huge political scramble is just over, and both sides are out of temper and sore at the result—the Liberals from their borough losses, the Tories from their crushing urban defeats. Many good men have gone down in the fray, Henry Cowper being one, Russell and Maskelyne having emerged triumphant. Fancy red-republican Chelsea, where I abode, all but returning a Tory, and next imagine cast-iron Tory Cheshire, where I abode, returning Liberals out of

seven districts. I did not receive a shadow of an invitation to stand for any one of the seven. "They want some one to smash up the land, and you won't do," said a man cynically to me. So they got mere carpet-baggers as their candidates when a local extremist was not forthcoming. In East Anglia a labourer arrived at the polling-booth with a halter over his arm. He duly voted, and then, turning to the Liberal agent, said, "Where is she? I may as well lead her home at once." He alluded, of course, to the much-mentioned cow. In Salop (where my brother-in-law has been turned out) one old labourer was personally canvassed by each candidate, and refused his vote to both. On being asked by a neighbour why he would give his vote neither to More nor Leighton, he replied that he intended to keep such a good thing for himself; he had only just got it, and he did not see why he should part with it. It has been the weather of the wolf here, raining first for a diluvian period and now the hardest frost. In Salop such of the voters as had them went to the poll in boots, and such as had them not stayed away. My botany has been quite at a standstill, and my archaeology little better. Franks has asked me to dinner on Christmas Day, the third of the party being an old digger named Z——, an opener of barrows and violator of sepulchral peace. We shall be an odd trio, and perhaps resemble the Cyclopes, who had neither manners, natural ties, nor fixed habitations.

On the death of his father in 1887, Lord De Tabley succeeded to the title and family estates, but he never took up his residence at Tabley, although he took deep interest both in the place and people. Twice a year regularly he visited his home to receive his rents and dine with his tenants in the Old Hall. The old servants who had known him from childhood looked forward eagerly to his coming, and still remember his old-fashioned courtesy and kindly sympathy. But he was never so happy as when he could escape from agents and estate business to his favourite plantation of brambles, or take solitary rambles in the woods and meadows round Tabley. Often, on spring and autumn evenings, he might be seen, wrapt in a grey shepherd's plaid, sitting alone in some quiet corner, watching the birds and plants which he loved so well. As Tennyson once said of him, he was a Faun, a creature of the woods, whose true home was with the birds and flowers of the forest.

About 1890, his old friends succeeded in bringing him a little more into society. He was elected a member of the Athenæum, a club which he said exactly suited him, since it had a good library, and not over-smart members or too formidable waiters, although he owned to feeling rather uncomfortable when he saw such distinguished personages as Mr. Lecky and Mr. Herbert Spencer walk up and down the rooms. At the suggestion of

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, he was elected a member of the Literary Society and of the 'Breakfast Club,' and occasionally attended their meetings. But he still shrank from any return to his old literary pursuits, and in a note to an old friend he wrote: 'I have little to tell of the years since we met. I have grown old and dull, and completely commonplace. The tragic cares of life, the brambles and thorns, have sprung up and entirely choked literature and poetry.' Just at this time an unexpected incident revived his old dreams and ambitions. In the spring of 1891, Mr. Alfred Miles published the fifth volume of his 'Poets and the Poetry of the Century,' and included several of Lord De Tabley's poems in his selection, together with an admirable essay on their merits, which attracted general attention. The poet himself was surprised to see his neglected verses once more in print, and was still more amazed to find that they were read and admired. What was more, Mr. Miles paid him a visit, and urged him to publish a volume of selections from his old poems. His brother-in-law, Sir Baldwyn Leighton, and Mr. Theodore Watts warmly seconded the idea. They hunted out the forgotten volumes, and induced their author to undertake the task of revision and selection. This was no easy matter. A bad attack of influenza had seriously weakened Lord De Tabley's health, and at the sight of the first proof, all his old diffidence returned. At length, however, the difficult work was accomplished, and in March 1893 his volume of 'Poems Dramatic and Lyrical' appeared. To his surprise it met with great and instant success.

'I have had a great surprise to-day' he wrote on the 7th of April from Poole, near Bournemouth, where he had spent the winter, 'almost as unexpected as if I had had a fortune left me. Not one word had I heard about the book, and I made sure the thing was done for, when, this morning, I see it stated in three different newspapers that every copy of the first edition has been sold, and that a third is being prepared. I am literally astounded if this is true. I expected to sell about fifty or a hundred copies at most, and I really cannot believe it.'

The news was perfectly true, and Lord De Tabley reached London to find his friends jubilant, and congratulations pouring in from all sides. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Locker and Mr. Coventry Patmore, were as cordial in their praise as Mr. Gosse and Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Gladstone, one of the few readers who had long been familiar with Lord De Tabley's poetry, rejoiced to find his old beliefs justified, and wrote that his own high opinion of the poet's merits had

never altered. This time the critics were unanimous in their approval, and enthusiastic letters from Oxford undergraduates, Eton and Winchester boys, and a host of unknown admirers, poured in upon the poet. When Mr. Swinburne was asked who in his opinion was best fitted to succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate, putting himself and William Morris out of the question, he is said to have replied without a moment's hesitation—Lord De Tabley. Rumours to the same effect came from Hawarden, and were repeated in the papers, much to the poet's annoyance. In this general outburst of enthusiasm, nothing was more striking than the welcome which the elder bard received from the younger generation of poets. Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, and others recognised the new singer's genius with a warmth of appreciation and a generous sympathy that touched him deeply. For a little while Lord De Tabley enjoyed an Indian summer of success and prosperity. He dined and lunched at the Athenæum with his old friends, entertained the young poets and authors who had sought him out, renewed his former intimacy with Mr. Gosse, and made friends with Mr. Bridges. His appearance had grown dignified and imposing with advancing years. 'There was something archaic, almost, one might say, hierarchic,' writes Mr. Benson, 'about his head, with its long rippled grey hair, transparent pallor of complexion, and piercing eye.'

Under the influence of these cheerful surroundings, Lord De Tabley began to write poetry with fresh vigour. But his old enemies, gout and influenza, attacked him in the winter, and although he had no difficulty in putting his ideas into words, he found it hard to find fresh motives and ideas for poems, and sighed for the old days when he used to jot down as many as ten new subjects in the course of a single morning. Even the admiration which his 'Orpheus in Hades' excited when it appeared in the autumn of 1893 failed to dispel his growing despondency.

'My friends have been very kind,' he wrote to Mr. Benson, 'respecting that minstrel, but the general public won't have him at any price. Editors are already weary of me, and publishers, unless I pay through the nose, won't touch me with a pair of tongs. So I have begun to read astronomy. How charming is an absolutely new subject!'

However, at his publisher's earnest entreaty, he succeeded in preparing a new volume of poems, which appeared in February 1895. As ill-luck would have it, the copies were sent to

London by sea from Edinburgh, and for some days the whole edition remained to his dismay 'ice-bound in the frozen Thames, among the gulls!' Eventually these troubles were got over, and the new poems, which included the 'Orpheus' and several fine elegies and pageant-pieces, received a cordial, if hardly so enthusiastic a welcome as the former volume. Some critics, however, pronounced the second book to be even better than the first; and Mr. Gladstone, who was especially encouraging, strongly urged his friend to marshal his forces for a larger and more comprehensive effort, which should ensure his enduring fame and enrich English literature with a new masterpiece. But it was too late, for the poet's days were already numbered. In May 1895, Lord De Tabley spent a few days at his old home, and visited the neighbouring village of Lower Peover, where he heard the school-children sing and saw his favourite daffodils in flower in the meadows by the churchyard. The sun shone brightly on the young leaves, and he said that he had never seen the Old Hall looking so beautiful. But his old servants noticed his weary look and stooping form, and said to each other that their master would never live to see another spring. In June he left London for Poole, where he had spent several winters. The quiet little place on the Dorsetshire coast had grown home-like and familiar. He liked strolling on the beach in search of quartz and agates, and was often to be seen at the herbalist's shop looking at the bundles of calamus and galingale in the window, which recalled mediæval legends. Early in August he went on to Ryde. The orchards were laden with fruit, and the sight of a Siberian crab-tree rejoiced his heart. His old delight in flowering shrubs and rare plants was as keen as ever, and his letters to Sir Mountstuart and others were full of questions about old-fashioned plants, spikenard and dittany, and the hæmony mentioned by Milton. He still read a few books, Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' Byron's letters, the poems of Christina Rossetti—'the only woman,' in his opinion, 'who could ever write poetry'—and the works of Matthew Arnold, for whom he always had deep respect, and whose descriptions of bird and plant-life he considered more accurate than those of any other poet. Some of his last letters were addressed to Mr. Arthur Benson, perhaps the one of all our younger poets with whom he felt most in sympathy. To him he spoke of the robins and willow-wrens at Ryde, and of a starling which could not perch on his window-ledge, 'and somehow,' he adds, 'made me think of your bird-sketches.'

On November 14th he dictated a long letter to Mr. Benson,

thanking him for a new volume of his essays, especially praising one on Gray. He added a short postscript in his own writing, saying that his fingers were too stiff with gout to write. He was already dying. A week later his sister, Lady Leighton, arrived to find him unconscious, and on the 22nd he passed away. He was buried, by his own wish, not in the family vault with his fathers, but in the churchyard of Lower Peover, in the shadow of the beautiful old church built by his ancestors, of the same massive black oak as the Old Hall at Tabley. Here in this rural spot, described in one of his last poems, where the daffodils flower abundantly and the graves of the villagers lie thick together, a tall cross of Irish granite marks the resting-place of the third and last Lord De Tabley and Chief of the Clan O'Byrne. Deeply cut in the grey stone are his own lines:—

'Peace, there is nothing more for men to speak;
A larger wisdom than our lips' decrees.
Of that dumb mouth no longer reason seek,
No censure reaches that eternal peace
And that immortal ease.'

So closed the life of this remarkable and richly gifted man. As botanist and numismatist, as prose-writer and essayist, he did good work in his day and attained renown in many different ways; but poetry was his first and last love, and it is as a poet above all that he would have wished to be remembered. In this he met with more success than many, but it may fairly be doubted whether he has secured a lasting place in the heart of his generation. The classical themes which he loved, the stately blank verse in which he took delight, did not appeal to the popular taste and were out of sympathy with the general tone and current of modern thought. In his taste for sumptuous pictures and glowing imagery, he sometimes lost sight of the general effect and was too ready to sacrifice the whole to details. Yet there are splendid passages scattered up and down the pages of his lyrical and dramatic poems—passages not only marked by the lofty melody and exquisite polish that lend peculiar distinction to all his verse, but by genuine passion and vigour. Take, for instance, the lament in which Jael, the slayer of Sisera, pours forth the trouble of her soul, while the shout and song of triumph go up to God from the camp of Israel:—

'My marvel is by what insidious steps
The will to slay him ripened in my mood.
For on that morning I had risen at peace,
And all my soul was calmer than a pool

Folded in vapour when the winds are gone . . .
 And, as the day was instant everywhere,
 I came and held my station at the door
 To draw the glory in and make it mine.
 When suddenly a kind of weary mood
 At all my mother life and household days
 Clouded my soul and tainted her delight.
 It seemed such petty work, such wretched toil,
 To tend a child and serve a husband's whims;
 Mock, if my lord return with sullen eyes,
 Glad, if his heart rejoice; to watch his ways,
 Live in his eye, heed his least careless smile;
 Clatter with other wives, manage and board,
 Quarrel and make it up—and then the grave,
 Like fifty thousand other nameless girls,
 Who took the little scrap of love and set
 Contentedly and died. Was I as these?
 My dream was glory and their aim delight;
 Should I be herded with their nameless dust?
 Achievement seemed so easy to my hand
 In that great morning . . .

Then the battle shocks
 Deepened all morning in the vales, and died
 And freshened, but at even I beheld
 A goodly man and footsore, whom I knew,
 And then my dream rushed on my soul once more;
 Saying, This man is weary, lure him in,
 And slay him; and, behold, eternal fame
 Shall blare thy name up to the stars of God.
 I called him and he came. The rest is blood,
 And doom and desolation till I die!

Even finer is the closing passage from 'Orpheus in Hades'—surely one of the noblest blank-verse poems of modern times—in which the bard addresses his last impassioned appeal to the pale Queen, Proserpine, on behalf of his lost Eurydice:—

'Forraken Orpheus, smite once more the lyre;
 Sweep all thy echoing chords and make an end.
 Let sorrow quell the deep and vanquish Fate.
 Let song and pity winged with burning words,
 Prevail upon a storm of melody,
 Melting the Queen's inexorable heart,
 As wax before the furnace of my pain. . . .
 Lo, on my brow the toil-drops start as rain,
 Raised by the wrestling fervour of my prayer;
 And all my blood beats in an agony
 Of hope and expectation. Ah! relent
 I see sweet pity dawning in thine eyes,

Immortal. O my Queen, on thee returns
Breath of the ancient meads, thy mother's smile,
The old, old days, the sweet, sweet times of old.
Thou shalt relent. O lady, is it much
To thin the frequency of thy crowded realms
By losing one poor captive, dearly loved?
She will return after a few brief years
To thine eternity. 'Tis but one crumb
Pinched from the side of thy great loaf of death,
Daughter of Ceres; but one grain of corn,
Which in this nether world all winter slept
To rise on wings of spring in glorious birth!

Clash, O my lyre, clash all thy golden chords!
For we have won! I see the ghosts divide
To right and left, a mighty lane of darkness,
As from the utmost coasts of Acheron
Eurydice comes sailing like a star.
Dove of the cypress, come; my hungry soul
Awaits thee trembling with expanded arms.'

Again, there is in some of Lord De Tabley's shorter lyrics a rare felicity of expression, a spontaneous music, that lingers in the ear, when more ambitious efforts are forgotten.

There is a tender charm in this idyll of spring:—

'The time of pleasant fancies
For lass and lad returns
In velvet on the pansies,
In little rolled-up ferns.
Spring comes and sighs and listens
For the flute of nuptial bird:
Her primrose mantle glistens
But her footfall is not heard.
She hides in wild-wood places
To watch the young herb grow:
And on the hyacinth faces
She writes the word of woo. . . .
In glades and groves of beeches
The pensive lovers rest;
With sighs, in broken speeches,
Their passion is confessed.
In silence and emotion
They give themselves away,
To sail Love's restless ocean
For ever and a day.
For ever and for ever
They vow, for many a year,
When leaves are young: they sever
When leaves are turning sore. . . .

Spring ends, and Love is ended :
 His lute has lost its tone.
 And the cadence, once so splendid,
 Dies in a wailing moan.'

The pathetic note which is the prevalent tone in most of Lord De Tabley's poetry has found its happiest expression in his beautiful elegy, 'The Churchyard on the Sands.' Unfortunately this poem, the only one of his lyrics which has really attained popularity, is too long to be quoted, as it deserves, in full. We can only give the last three stanzas:—

' Ah, render sere no silken bent,
 That by her head-stone waves ;
 Let noon and golden summer blent
 Pervade these ocean graves.
 And, ah, dear heart, in thy still nest,
 Resign this earth of woes,
 Forget the ardours of the west,
 Neglect the morning glows.
 Sleep, and forget all things but one,
 Heard in each wave of sea—
 How lonely all the years will run
 'Till I rest by thee.'

We will end these quotations with some fine lines from an Ode which, in its severe and lofty strains, its measured rhythm, and its sad consciousness of a stern unalterable Fate, recalls the chorus of a Greek tragedy :

' Strong are alone the dead.
 They need not bow the head,
 Or reach one hand in ineffectual prayer.
 Safe in their iron sleep
 What wrong shal. make them weep,
 What sting of human anguish reach them there ?
 They are gone safe beyond the strong one's reign.
 Who shall decree against them any pain ?
 Will they entreat in tears
 The inexorable years
 To sprinkle trouble gently on their head ?
 Safe in their house of grass,
 Eternity may pass,
 And be to these an instant in its tread,
 Calm as an autumn night, brief as the song
 Of the wood-dove. The dead alone are strong.'

ART. XIII.—1. *Official Telegrams from South Africa.*2. *Reports of Special Correspondents.*3. *Private Information.*

A PAUSE in the war in South Africa marked the end of the year 1899. We propose to deal with the period before this pause, and to treat it as a whole, leaving later events to be dealt with on some future occasion. We purpose to touch as little as possible upon the political issues involved, but to deal almost exclusively with military affairs. Nevertheless it is obvious that certain questions of responsibility, which are closely connected with political or quasi-political issues, are an essential element in the history of the war, and that certain quasi-political considerations have, at least at the outset, exerted a potent influence upon its results. The time is not opportune, nor have we as yet sufficient information, for a full discussion of these topics; we shall hope to return to them on a later occasion. We can only briefly allude to some of them now, premising that when popular opinion is strongly aroused with regard to military concerns to which it has been hitherto wholly indifferent, it is apt to fix responsibility in the wrong quarters; and that, even when it rightly assumes that certain officers or certain individuals have been in the wrong, it is too often ignorant of the conditions which have tended to produce the mischief.

The first question which is in the mouth of every one is 'How did it happen that we allowed ourselves to be caught by the Boers with an inadequate army in South Africa?' There can be no doubt that there was a time when it would have been an easy matter for us to land an overwhelming force, whilst the Boers would have been unable to do anything against us. That was during the summer, when, from the absence of rain, and the consequent want of grass, it would have been impossible for the Boers to invade Natal. They could not have found food for their cattle and their trek-animals, and must have remained quiescent whilst we poured into South Africa as many troops as we pleased. The latest date when that could have been done with full effect was probably August last. For not seizing that opportunity the Cabinet is alone responsible. But let us consider! If in August the Cabinet had disembarked an army in South Africa, even this might not have prevented war. In the light of subsequent events, and with our present knowledge of Boer preparations, such a result is at least doubtful. But it would certainly have laid the Government open to the charge, not only of having failed to do

their best to keep the peace, but of having by their minatory action precipitated war; and such a charge it would have been difficult to rebut. In that case, not only would they have found the country lukewarm and divided in its views, but in all human probability they would, by their action, have perpetuated, for the duration of the war and after it, that condition of popular opinion. Nor is that all. Six months ago the ostensible leader of the Liberal party was proclaiming in the constituencies, as well as in the House of Commons, not only that he saw no occasion for war, but that he saw no cause for warlike preparations. Had strong action been taken then, his followers would gradually, almost unconsciously, have been committed to opposing the Government. Instead of fighting, we will not say as a United Kingdom, but as a United Empire, we should have fought as a nation divided against itself. The statement that a Cabinet with a majority of one hundred and fifty need have cared for none of these things seems to us the language of mere partisan critics. The Cabinet, of course, could have declared war, and could have carried on war in the teeth of the most active opposition that could have been gathered against it; but conceive the difference between a war waged with such national enthusiasm in all parts of the Empire as we now see, and a war like that of 1878 against Afghanistan or like the Boer War of 1881, when the nation had no heart in the cause. For our part we have no doubt that every thoughtful statesman, soldier, and citizen, and even those who have suffered bitter losses consequent upon our temporary weakness in this struggle, will agree that it is far better that we should have incurred the initial loss that we have incurred in the field than that the army should have fought with uncertain support from the nation behind it, and with a great party anxious to take advantage of any temporary unpopularity of the Government in order to reverse its policy and undo its acts. We enjoy the blessings of a constitutional and representative government. We cannot enjoy the blessings without also suffering from the defects. '*Il faut souffrir pour être libre.*'

It may be urged that, even if the necessity, inseparable from parliamentary government, of obtaining national support for an enterprise of any magnitude, prevented the Cabinet from anticipating the Boer advance by sending an army to the Cape last summer, it was nevertheless possible so to strengthen the force in Natal as to render it more capable at least of holding its own until supports could arrive. Another division would have sufficed to keep open the communications between Durban

and Ladysmith, and to hold the bridges which have turned out to be of such immense importance. Such a reinforcement, being obviously insufficient for offensive movements, would have evaded the objections to which the despatch of a whole army corps was exposed, and, by rendering the investment of Ladysmith impossible, or at least far more difficult and hazardous, would have radically altered the later complexion of the war. But it should be remembered that to send out such a division without raising the battalions to war-strength by the addition of their reserves would have deranged our whole military system; while, on the other hand, the calling out of the reserves would have been regarded as a challenge or a threat, and would therefore have exposed the Government to the charge of which we have already spoken. The first of these alternatives may be an argument against our military system; but, things being as they are, there seems to have been no choice except to send out a very large force, regardless of political consequences, or to wait and exhaust the chances of peace.

But the general political considerations urged above do not account for the want of transport-ships adapted to convey cavalry and artillery, for the deficiency of land transport, which has hampered the movements of our troops and so gravely compromised our position in the initial stages of the campaign, and for the inadequacy, at least in point of quantity, of our otherwise excellent artillery. Various explanations may be given, and have been given, of these defects; and a certain national self-complacency comes out in the feeble apologies which regard such initial mistakes as inevitable, or at least as inseparable from the national character. It is our way, we are told, to begin in this blundering fashion, but we always come out right in the end. No doubt it is our way, but it does not follow that it is a good way; and previous successes won in spite of initial failures do not prove that it may not lead some day to a great disaster, as it did in France in 1870. The fault, in this case, may either lie at the door of individuals, or it may be more or less inherent in our parliamentary system. The mischief may have been due to that parsimony which is the temptation of all who control finance, or to a miscalculation as to the intentions and the resources of the enemy, or to both of these causes. Our main concern is with the military results of the above-mentioned defects, but it is worth while to pause for a moment in order to consider their origin, reserving fuller discussion to a later day.

That Ministers were deceived, both as to the intentions of the

two Republics, and as to the forces at their disposal, there can, we think, be little doubt. With regard to the first point, we have Mr. Chamberlain's own assurance that the ultimatum took him by surprise, and that down to the last moment he expected that peace would be maintained. He could not say he was sanguine, but he hoped. We need not comment upon this condition of mind, except to say that, if it is a sufficient answer to those fanatical opponents who insisted that the Colonial Secretary was from the outset bent on making war, it comes, on the other hand, perilously near a fool's paradise. That it was shared by both parties may prove that the Government was not specially to blame; but they were at least unfortunate. We turn to the second point—the miscalculation of the enemy's resources. The active alliance of the Free State with the South African Republic could not, perhaps, have been foreseen, though, considering the acrimony of President Steyn's later correspondence with Sir A. Milner, and the facts which Lord Kimberley has recently revealed to the public regarding the intentions of the Free State in 1881, it might at least have been regarded as a possible contingency, and should therefore have been prepared for. It seemed indeed to many, at the outset, that the hostility of the Free State was a military blessing in disguise, because the numerical addition to the enemy's forces would be unimportant, while a comparatively easy route would be open to us through Bloemfontein to Pretoria. Moreover, as many of the Free State Boers would undoubtedly have joined the Transvaal forces in any case, it was better that the Free State should have been an open enemy than a false friend. On the other hand, it is clear that, but for the adhesion of the Free State, Kimberley would hardly have been in danger, while the enemy would have been unable to seize the passes of the Stormberg hills and to raise the Dutch population of the northern part of Cape Colony against us. It is not too much to say that, whatever the military advantages may have been—and these we have thrown away by our unfortunate change of plan—the hostility of the Free State has in other respects doubled the magnitude of our task; and that had it led—as it might have led—to a general rising in Cape Colony, that task would have become well-nigh insuperable. Yet this very serious event does not appear to have been foreseen: at all events it was not prepared for. If it was foreseen, why were not sufficient troops sent, even at the last moment, to Cape Colony as well as to Natal? The Colony, as it has turned out, required protection—perhaps we should say supervision—as much as any other part of our dominions in South Africa.

But, granted that the Government were deceived, and that no blame should be attached to them—though this is a large concession—for being deceived as to the intentions both of the South African Republic and of the Free State, can a similar defence be urged for the neglect to make sufficient military preparation, in regard to certain essential particulars, to which we have already alluded? That the Government underestimated the necessities of the case may be reasonably inferred from the vote of eight millions which they demanded and obtained in the October session.* It is inconceivable that such a paltry sum should have been demanded, had those who asked for it had any inkling how much would be required. We are driven to the inference that a serious miscalculation was made. Where the blame for this mistake should be laid; whether it was the result of misinformation or insufficient knowledge, or a refusal to listen to the warnings of the well-informed; how far it was due to the constitution of the War Office, and how far to the tyranny of the Treasury—these are questions which we do not intend now to discuss, but to which answers will have to be given by and by. We may, however, remark in passing that the Intelligence Department appears, so far as can now be gathered, to have been well informed; and, if so, it follows that the War Office was not left in the dark. A carelessly worded remark, let drop by Lord Wolseley, gave rise at one time to the notion that this was not the case; but the speaker himself has recently corrected the mistake. It is difficult to avoid the inference that the defects to which we have alluded—the want of transport-ships adapted for cavalry and artillery, the want of land transport, the inadequacy, at least the numerical inadequacy, of our artillery—are due partly to the mistaken optimism of Ministers, and partly to the desire to spare the nation's pockets, and to gain credit for economy, so far as possible. This is a natural and in some respects a laudable tendency of all Governments, at least of all Chancellors of the Exchequer; but there are limits to economy, and it is difficult to believe that they have not been overstepped in the present instance. Some of our defects are the results of long-continued starving, for which the present administration is no more—perhaps it is less—to blame than its predecessors; others, however, might have been prevented by timely expenditure within the last year. If it be true that repeated warnings and urgent demands were

* Since this article was in type, Mr Balfour, in his speech at Manchester on January 8th, has himself confessed the mistake.

fruitlessly addressed by experts to those in high places ; that the Admiralty vainly begged to be allowed to take up transports, and eventually hired a large number on their own responsibility without the sanction of the Government ; that officers sent out to foreign countries to buy mules and horses were not allowed to make any purchases until the very eve of the declaration of war—if, we say, these things turn out eventually to be true, then either our administrative system is sadly in need of repair, or a very grave responsibility rests upon those who, in their ill-judged parsimony, 'spoilt the ship for a hap'orth of tar.' We say 'those,' for we seek no individual scapegoat. The solidarity of the Ministry is a fundamental principle, and on the whole a beneficial principle, of our constitution ; and if blame is to be laid on any for this 'penny-wise, pound-foolish' policy, the Government as a whole must bear it.

Nor, again, can this responsibility, which we may not concentrate on any single member of the Cabinet, be fairly shifted from their shoulders to those of any other body of persons, be it the permanent staff of the Treasury or the War Office, or the public at large. The instincts of Treasury clerks tend, no doubt, towards economy, it may be towards undue parsimony. It is their business to supervise, and, if need be, to check expenditure ; their training and habits, the inevitable limitation of their mental horizon due to immersion in details and to the constant handling of money rather than affairs, may lead them to take narrow and pedantic views, and to stint where spending is required. But, after all, they are subordinates, and, when they have said their say, the superior authority must decide. Some years ago a distinguished soldier, then in office, pointed out and protested—as soldier after soldier has since then protested—against the inadequate proportion of artillery in our army. A Treasury clerk replied that the General's protest was absurd, because the proper proportion between men and guns was not what he stated it to be, but something else. That minute must exist in two offices at least, and should be produced when the time for enquiry has come. It was not, however, the clerk who was to blame, but those who preferred his advice to that of the military expert.

As to the War Office, it must be remembered that, at the present time, we have, in the old sense of the term, no Commander-in-Chief. The old powers of the Commander-in-Chief have been taken away, and the control of the army has been centred in an 'Army Board,' of which the Commander-in-Chief is only a member. Power has been distributed among the various offices, over which the Secretary of State for War

stands alone supreme. The old dual government of the army has been abolished, and the military element subordinated to the civil to such an extent that every letter addressed to the War Office is now sent to the Under-Secretary for War. All power and therefore all responsibility are focussed in the Secretary of State. Whether this change deserves to be called a reform or a blunder this is not the occasion to enquire; we only desire to point out that the responsibility for military efficiency rests ultimately with the Ministry, and with the Ministry alone. It may be that the constitution of the War Office is bad, that its administration is too much centralised, that its departments are not properly co-ordinated, that its *personnel* ought to undergo a radical change. These points we shall have to enquire into hereafter, when we shall also have to ask why it is that our field-artillery is so far below the proportion to other arms which is recognised as necessary in the armies of other Powers; why we have no small quick-firing guns; why one invention after another, like that of the Vickers-Maxim 1-lb. gun, which did such execution at the Modder River, or the Maxim-Nordenfelt, which appears to have destroyed our batteries at Colenso, has been refused by the wealthiest Power in the world, to be utilised against us by our foes. We cannot say at present whether the primary responsibility for these defects rests with the Government—and by this we mean, of course, not the present Government only, but its predecessors also—or with its advisers in the War Office or elsewhere. But the ultimate responsibility must rest with the supreme authority. The action or inaction of the War Office is the action or inaction of the Government; and, if the Office is inefficient, the Government is to blame. It has been urged by the scape-goat hunters that, if the Commander-in-Chief could not get what he wanted, he should have resigned. It may be so; but this is a heroic measure which might, after all, have been ineffective, and the suggestion of which indicates, in any case, where the ultimate responsibility lies. That the Commander-in-Chief was not altogether unsuccessful is clear from the fact that the last military estimates were the largest ever presented to Parliament; and one of the largest items was devoted to the increase and improvement of that very arm of which we stand so much in need. But unfortunately an adequate artillery cannot be created in six months.

The Government of a democratic country is, no doubt, in a very difficult position. If its military expenditure is lavish in time of peace, it is attacked from all sides, and loses many votes; and a Government has much to keep in view besides

war. If, on the other hand, it is parsimonious, and is driven to war, it suffers for its predecessors' short-comings as well as for its own. The public at large must bear a share of the blame. But, after all, the safety of the Empire should be the first consideration of every Government, and it is its duty to bring the necessities of the case before the nation. Public opinion, when once roused, can do a great deal, but it is not easily roused, it is distrustful of itself in regard to highly technical details, and its force is, generally speaking, intermittent. It has indeed effected a great change in the navy, but the need of reform was crying, the danger imminent, and the subject far nearer to the popular heart than the army has ever been. In the case of so complicated a problem as that of military organisation, the nation looks to its rulers to give it a lead. Private individuals can do little to bring public opinion to bear upon a question about which hardly one man in a hundred can have views of his own, especially when the opinions of those individuals differ as widely as they do. The people, therefore, cannot be expected to urge measures upon the Government; it is for the Government to propose measures to the people. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this would be done in vain. The nation has borne, without a word of complaint, a largely increased expenditure upon the navy; it has even welcomed that expenditure; and there can be little doubt that it would be equally ready to spend money upon its army, were a Government to say frankly and firmly that such and such changes were required. Here, then, again we come to the same conclusion as before, that, if our preparations have been inadequate, if our military system is at fault, it is primarily to the Government that we must look for amendment.

With these preliminary remarks, we pass to consider the chief incidents of the campaign, and the effects which our initial deficiencies have exerted upon its course.

First of all, we have some observations to offer respecting the transport of our troops from these shores, which must be taken into account in any just judgment of the circumstances in which we now find ourselves in South Africa. It must be remembered that the transfer of troops across the sea is in no way a question for the War Office, but that it entirely depends upon the mercantile marine and the action of the Admiralty in taking up and preparing mercantile ships for the purpose. Now, when the order for mobilising the army and the notice to the Admiralty for the preparation of ships was issued, it was clearly impossible for the Admiralty to take up ships that were in Hong Kong or other distant ports. It has been constantly a

matter of reproach to the Admiralty that they did not take up at once our quickest ocean liners ; but a moment's reflection will show that no shipping Company keeps such vessels waiting indefinitely in English ports. They exist for the purpose of carrying passengers and commerce to the furthest ends of the earth. Therefore naturally at any given moment the bulk of these vessels are not in English ports, and of those few that are in port, the greater number are pretty sure to be taking in cargo or engaged on some business which it is difficult or impossible to break off. There have been some complaints that the Admiralty has been pedantic in its demands as to the changes required in the fitting up of the ships. That is a question that can only be determined by careful investigation and report. What is certain is that the indispensable changes must in any case have been very considerable, because obviously the great trans-oceanic steamers are fitted up for their own special purposes, which are not those of an army on the move. For the transport of infantry comparatively little change is required, and the ships for infantry were quickly got ready ; but, when it came to sending artillery or cavalry, the changes in internal fittings, in all but the comparatively small number of ships which are specially designed for horse-transport, were necessarily very large.

Unfortunately in making those changes another difficulty intervened—one much more important in its influence on the war than is at all recognised at present. It consisted, in fact, in the labour troubles. The facilities for coaling in the port of London have been entirely determined by the rule of the dockyard labourers and their 'bosses,' who triumphed, at all events for a time, in the great dockyard strike. The consequence is that in most of the London dockyards there is no such machinery as is provided in Glasgow, for instance, for the rapid shipment of coal ; and under these circumstances, to our certain knowledge, the 'boss' in many instances utilised the situation to take the country by the throat in the hour of its need. Having directed the workmen to enter into no contract, he waited till troops were ordered for embarkation, and then told the men to lay down their tools, thus dictating fresh terms on every fresh emergency. The coal-heavers in particular have shown a very distressing want of patriotism. Nobody who has watched the movements of transports can have failed to observe how often a ship has been sent to Liverpool, to be prepared for the transport of troops, and has thence been sent round to Southampton. This was solely because of labour troubles in

Liverpool. Almost everywhere the 'bosses' have proved to be the deadliest enemies of the men who accept their dictation; and they have so interfered with business that in case after case, which has been recorded without any explanation in the papers, the ships have been transferred from the private yards to Government yards because it was impossible to get them rapidly finished in the former. That has been one of the most serious causes of delay. It is a complete misunderstanding to assume that the Admiralty, since the war began, has stinted its expenditure. The Admiralty has not required the outcries of the newspapers to perceive that it was well worth while to spend money in order to get our troops rapidly to the front. Fully three times the ordinary wage has in many cases been paid, and yet this has not always obtained the services required. Shipwrights who were receiving fifteen shillings a day have knocked off work because some slight change was made in the fittings, or on some equally paltry excuse.

But the chief cause of such delay as took place was, undoubtedly, that the Admiralty were not directed to commence their preparations at a sufficiently early date. The impression which is said to prevail in some well-informed quarters, that mobilisation was effected more rapidly than the Admiralty expected, may possibly be true. If so, the Admiralty only shared a very wide-spread belief, for Lord Wolseley's assertion, that the troops would be ready before the ships, had generally been laughed out of court. As a matter of fact, the ships have often kept the troops waiting, while in no instance have the ships waited for the troops. But for this we have no right to blame the Admiralty, which could not enter upon a large expenditure without the sanction of the Treasury and the orders of the Government.

In one point only, so far as we are aware, has there been any avoidable delay in the preparation of the army for embarkation. We had plenty of registered horses to meet the requirements of the cavalry, but the Remount Department was so overwhelmed by the work of examining them before passing them into the service, that they could not be delivered in time. In many instances the horses only arrived just at the moment when the troops were going to embark. This rendered it impossible to train the new horses that were sent in, or to work the reservists with cavalry regiments as a whole. In many cases it was exceedingly difficult, and in some impossible, to fit saddlery on the horses at all. In that particular there can be no doubt that the condition of the mounted forces as disembarked in South Africa was not as satisfactory as it ought to have been.

In connexion with this cause of unreadiness another difficulty must here be alluded to. That horses cannot be expected to arrive in thoroughly good condition after three or four weeks at sea is obvious; and it is vital that they should be provided with accommodation calculated to minimise this deterioration so far as possible. In this respect much trouble has been experienced, which a greater degree of forethought might have obviated. As to the best method of stowing horses there has evidently been much difference of opinion among those concerned. This is, however, a matter on which there is probably some consensus among those best qualified to judge, namely, those numerous persons who are regularly employed in shipping horses from South America, Australia, and elsewhere; and we should have thought that the authorities might have arrived at a definite conclusion upon it long ago. But, to judge from the results, this was not the case. The methods employed varied widely, and some of them failed disastrously. The case of the 'Rapidan,' for instance, is notorious. In another respect the inferiority of the transports for the mounted arms has most gravely interfered with the proportion of artillery and cavalry in the field. The ships were so bad that numbers of horses and guns have been lost, while whole batteries have been kept back for months from the fighting just at the time when they were most needed. The story of the three batteries of artillery for which transport was originally ordered in June as a reinforcement for Sir George White, and which never reached him at all, because of the breakdown of the 'Zayathia' and the 'Zibenghla,' is well known. We have not been able to make anything like a complete list of the losses due to accidents during transport, but the following are some of them.

The 9th Lancers lost over one hundred horses coming from Durban to the Cape. A squadron of the Inniskillings was on a ship which broke down at St. Vincent, and they were delayed nearly three weeks. The 12th Lancers had very bad weather and lost a great many horses. The 'Isomore,' with a squadron of the 10th Hussars, ran ashore, and practically all the horses were lost. The Horse Artillery battery on that ship lost all their guns, all their horses except fifteen, and all their kits and stores. Four batteries, i.e. twenty-four guns, and three cavalry regiments, kept back from fighting, or seriously injured, constitute a loss to the army at the front that is, to say the least, appreciable; and we owe it to defective ships, or to ill-arranged fittings, or to mistakes in seamanship. Still, when all the losses are reckoned up, we cannot say they are very large, considering the serious difficulties to be overcome.

Exercise on board ship is very important, both for horses and men, but it can only be obtained in roomy vessels chosen for the purpose. It may be remembered that during the Tel-el-Kebir campaign the Guards broke down lamentably in a comparatively short march over a difficult bit of desert, the reason being that they had been living on board ship for weeks highly fed and without exercise. That was a lesson which was not forgotten; and, so far as the men are concerned, all arrangements have been made for giving exercise to the troops on board ship. A systematic gymnastic drill has been devised expressly in order to keep men in good condition for marching as soon as they land. Obviously, however, the practical carrying out of this depends upon there being room on the decks for the men to be exercised. Again, in the best ships there has been no difficulty in arranging to take down the separating boards between the horses and to give them ample exercise round the deck on which they stood. On the other hand, in many inferior ships the horses, guns, and men have been so stowed that it was impossible for man or horse to have any adequate exercise from the time of leaving England to the time of arrival in South Africa. This is a matter that may be of vital consequence, and it is to be hoped that the lessons to be learnt from our experience in this war will be treasured up against future campaigns. We must not forget that in all our wars—unless we are invaded—a sea transport, longer or shorter, will be necessary. The process of disembarkation has, in this case, been easy, for it took place in friendly ports, but it may not always be so; and the army that is to do its work must be an army organised and trained for the purpose of ship transport and for landing from ships as well as embarking on them. In our judgment, every year, or every other year at all events, a regular scheme of embarkation and disembarkation on some part of this island or of Ireland should be carried out, in order to train both navy and army in the joint working which is essential for the maintenance of the Empire.

In the present instance, the order in which troops went out to South Africa was determined by the facilities which existed in this country for obtaining and preparing ships for transporting the different arms of the service. Infantry were much more easily embarked than cavalry or artillery, and were despatched without waiting for the other arms, because it was desirable to place on the scene of action without delay such troops as could be sent. If ships had been ready for the cavalry and artillery, cavalry and artillery would have been sent earlier. They could not be provided; and that is the reason why, in the earliest

stages of the campaign, we were so lamentably deficient in artillery and cavalry. It is true that we had not in the whole country sufficient artillery for the force that we have found it necessary to send out—that is another question—but so far as concerns the representation of different arms in the early stages of the campaign, the deficiency of artillery and cavalry was due to this one cause and to no other. Had we had three times as many guns as we actually possess, we should not have had any more at the front in the earliest period of the war. It seems to follow that vessels, properly designed for the transport of large numbers of cavalry and artillery, should always be kept in readiness, or duly registered for service if required. Surely we are rich enough to bear this expense.

There is one more point, and a very serious one, to be touched on before we approach the question of military events in South Africa itself. The deficiency of land transport has evidently been a very grave hindrance to the troops in the field. However well the scheme of mobilisation may have worked, however rapidly the troops may have been despatched from our shores, it would have been almost as well to retain them in this country as to land them at the Cape or in Natal so inadequately provided with the means of locomotion as appears to have been the case. Forced, as our armies have been, to adhere to the railways, their line of march has inevitably been determined for them in advance, their direction has been obvious to the enemy, and the possibilities of resistance have been enormously increased. Let us imagine how the German invasion of France in 1870 would have fared had the German troops, like ours, been glued to the sleepers. How would they have crossed the Moselle, circumvented Metz, and cut off the French retreat from that place? Or again, how would the Crown Prince have made the famous flank-march on Sedan, which decided the fate of France and of the Imperial dynasty? It is true that the problem of transport is much simpler for the Germans than for us, who in one part of our dominions have to use men as beasts of burden, in another mules, in a third waggons, and are forced to create a railway in a fourth; but, after all, this only means a little more thinking before the campaign begins. In our own case, either the transport should have been prepared at home and sent out with the divisions first despatched, or it should have been provided—which, with forethought and an open purse, would surely have been easy—on the spot. Neither alternative seems to have been adopted, and it is to be feared that this defect was again due to our apparently ineradicable habit of endeavouring to save at the

beginning, for which we have to pay ten times over, in blood and money, before the end.

When we come to examine the military operations in South Africa, we note at the outset the influence which certain political considerations exerted on the early stages of the war. Political considerations they were, and yet, looking to the history of the American Civil War, one cannot help recognising that they were to a certain extent military considerations as well. From a purely military point of view, the distribution of the troops made by Sir W. Symons, when he divided the army between Glencoe and Ladysmith, was a preposterous one. There has in that sense never been any defence for it; but the real cause which led to it was this, that the Government of Natal implored the military authorities to protect the loyal subjects of as large a part of Natal as possible, and also to guard the coal mines of Dundee. The arrangement actually adopted appears to have been a most unfortunate compromise between the defence of the frontier—which the Natal Government are said to have originally proposed—and a retirement behind the line of the Tugela. Now it is certain that nothing can be more disastrous than to allow political considerations of this kind to override military necessities. The political objects are sure to suffer in the end. An army dispersed is certain to be defeated, and will inevitably fail to ensure safety for those whom its dispersion was intended to protect. It is essential, even from a political point of view, that the distribution of the army shall be directed to one purpose, and one purpose only—that of securing victory. But on the other hand, it happened during the American secession War—as during several of our Wars and other wars of a similar nature—and to a large measure it has improved by this, that in the early portions of the struggle military grounds were a political object. It was clear that the South, containing Natal, would be able to furnish more and more troops than the disloyal rebelliousness of the seceding States would demand the services of the Union. No long campaign as there was no certainty that the Union would require its great strength, and as long as it seemed likely that a long campaign of the Union would be held, it was at least worth a political effort to make a case right to hold as much as possible of Natal and the Cape.

Now it is certain that the only way in which the Union could be held in a position to make a campaign was by having with her the Cape. It is worth to note to hold the Cape. Simply have what is called the Cape, without the Union, is not a case right to hold as much as possible of Natal and the Cape.

the Free State enabled the enemy to attack his communications from the left rear. But, considering the success with which at Glencoe he checkmated the initial scheme of the Boers, it is probable that, but for his wound, the error would have had no serious consequences. Unfortunately he continued to retain command while in a condition in which no man is fitted to form a sound judgment or to command an army. In this condition he appears to have agreed to an armistice with the Boers, which saved from destruction the portion of their army which he had defeated. Had the defeat of Lucas Meyer's commando been turned into utter rout, the moral effect on the remainder of the Boer army, coupled with the defeat at Elands-laagte, might have been such as to enable General Symons at least to make a very different kind of retreat from that which in fact became necessary. This retreat, and the consequent abandonment of a large quantity of stores, together with the wounded, at Dundee, were serious disadvantages with which to begin the campaign. Had the stores been saved, and the whole force with its equipment been concentrated in the neighbourhood of Ladysmith, it ought at least to have been possible for Sir G. White to maintain his connexion with Colenso.

Here we come to what is really the crucial point of the whole campaign. The battle of Elands-laagte, despite its success, and those of Glencoe and Reitfontein, despite their partial success, were entirely overbalanced by the disaster of Nicholson's Nek. It must be understood that the failure on that day occurred on the right as well as on the left of the line. It was not merely the loss of the two regiments and the mule battery, as we at first supposed, that made it unfortunate. The reverse was quite as serious on the right, and it was the reverse on the right that entailed the losses on the left. The British soldier, not to be surpassed in attack or in tenacity, is by no means equally good in a retreat; and a disaster, far worse than what actually occurred, was only narrowly avoided. The naval guns seem to have saved the situation. We shall have more to say of the tactics of this battle by and by.

As we read the story of the campaign, the failure on October 30th was so unexpected, triumphant success had been so confidently anticipated, that no arrangements had been made for dealing with the situation which the event entailed. It was in consequence of that defeat that Sir G. White's communication with Colenso was severed, and that he was shut up in Ladysmith. Now the maintenance of the connexion of that army with the southern portion of Natal was essential, if Sir G. White was to fulfil the part which was designed for him

in the working out of the campaign. According to the original idea, whilst Sir G. White held Natal and kept back the Boers, the army corps under Sir Redvers Buller, consisting of three divisions and other troops, was to march straight through the open country of the Free State upon Bloemfontein and ultimately upon Pretoria. When Sir Redvers Buller arrived at the Cape he found these plans upset by the fact that Sir G. White was besieged in Ladysmith; and it appeared necessary, in order to prevent the surrender of a British force, that immediate steps should be taken for his relief. Our own impression is that that relief would have been satisfactorily accomplished had Sir Redvers Buller adhered to the original programme, and, leaving Ladysmith and Kimberley to take care of themselves, had moved forward, as soon as he had been able to land and organise his army, upon the centres of the enemy's resistance. The very fact of his so moving forward would have drawn away the forces from before Ladysmith and Kimberley. To say this is in no way to reproach Sir Redvers Buller, because it is to be presumed that he had not adequate information as to the length of time for which Kimberley and Ladysmith might be expected to hold out. Considering the number of carrier pigeons which we are told are in Ladysmith, it is a little difficult to understand why he did not obtain full information. That he did not obtain it appears evident, for from the time of his arrival at the Cape he felt it to be his one duty to move to the relief of Ladysmith, and apparently also felt it to be his duty to send Lord Methuen to the relief of Kimberley. It appears certain that, here again, strong political influence was brought to bear. It was feared that the fall of either of the besieged towns would lead to a rising throughout Cape Colony. The result of subordinating a paramount maxim of strategy and the lessons of all military experience to political considerations and momentary panic has been that, in the fruitless attempt directly to relieve the towns, serious defeats have been incurred, and the danger of a general rising, which must have been checked by a concentration in the north of Cape Colony, has been increased rather than diminished. A commander who, at the outset of his campaign, is forced by circumstances, in which he has had no concern, to conform to the wishes of his enemies, starts at a great disadvantage. Such has, in fact, been Sir Redvers Buller's position throughout, and it seems to us to date back to the day of Nicholson's Nek.

On the general results of these initial mistakes, an admirable criticism, from the pen of a German general, has appeared lately in the '*Globe*.' It runs as follows:—

... 'You will remember my pointing out from the beginning that your small forces, dispersed at different points in Natal, as well as on the other frontiers, ought never to have tried to fight decisive battles, but ought slowly to have drawn back towards the coast or the advancing reinforcements. By allowing themselves to be surrounded and blocked up at such open places as Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, they not only ran the great risk of being starved out there or of being forced to surrender, but, what I consider much worse, they took away from the forces coming up from England the free mode and line of action. I have not yet seen this chief law of strategy pointed out in any one of the remarks or criticisms in the papers. But it is quite evident that armies, or detachments of rescue, marching forward with such a fixed route to save one or other place, must fight in most unfavourable circumstances. The enemy, knowing your forces must approach by this or that road, can easily take up the most formidable position on the very road. There is left no means of manœuvring, or of combined action, or of taking another way of threatening vital points (capitals) of the enemy. You are bound for the place to be rescued, and on you must go and fight. Thus I am of opinion that half your strength has been wasted from the beginning, and all generalship and strategy has been, so to say, nailed fast before operations really began.'

That criticism seems to us to be sound in every particular; but we may carry it yet further, and say that, even assuming the capacity of resistance recently displayed by the besieged places to have been under-estimated at first, and supposing their speedy fall, unless relieved, to have appeared probable to our commanders, the better course would have been to compass their relief by attacking the enemy elsewhere. It is an old lesson of military history that the best mode of lessening the stress of an enemy's attack is not to meet it directly, but to strike at the point which he is most anxious to guard. An excellent illustration of this principle may be drawn from the life of Clive, who may, indeed, be said to have saved India for us by not, if we may so put it, going to the relief of Ladysmith or Kimberley, but by marching on Bloemfontein. There is a very interesting and striking passage on this subject in Colonel G. B. Malleson's '*History of the French in India*,' from which we quote the following words. He is speaking of the blow which Clive struck at Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, when Trichinopoly was being besieged just as Ladysmith is now. Applying the general principle involved, he says:—

'The general who hesitates to do this, though he sees that if it could be done it would save him and ruin his enemy, does not calculate on the inevitable effect which such a movement must produce on the morale of the force opposed to him, especially

when that force constitutes the principal, perhaps the entire, available army of the enemy. He does not consider that such a movement must paralyse the onward march of his opponent. Yet history abounds with such examples. Even Frederic II gave up, at a critical period, his movements on Saxony when he found the Austrians were marching on Berlin. And if he, a consummate master of the art of war, would act thus, what may we imagine would be the effect of such a movement on men of inferior capacity? It must always be startling, almost always decisive.*

That seems to us, even as the case stood after Sir George White had been beleaguered, to represent the course which it would have been best to follow in this campaign. Had the army corps, as originally arranged, swept up through the Free State upon Bloemfontein, it is practically certain that the Boers must have moved away from Ladysmith and from Kimberley in order to meet the threatened attack. There would have been ample time, as we now know, for the army to have gathered securely on the Orange River, and, having forced the Boers to conform to its movement and defeated them in the open, to have moved subsequently from the enemy's rear—had this been necessary—to the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith. In fact, from the point of view which we recently discussed, we might almost say that it is a campaign that has been ruined either by an inadequate gathering of carrier pigeons or an inadequate use of them when gathered. For if from Ladysmith and Kimberley full information had reached Sir Redvers Buller of the actual state of these two towns, as we now know it to have been, he would surely have adhered to his original plan of campaign rather than have allowed himself to be diverted from it, so that his army corps has been broken into pieces and all the different parts of it scattered over the country. Fear of a rebellion in the Cape there would have been none had the army corps moved in this way, and none, so far as we can see, of the disasters which have attended the campaign could have befallen us. But it is pretty clear that, though this war has been pending for years, no English Moltke has thought out a general plan of campaign, and provided for all possible contingencies.

Assuming, however, that it was necessary for General Buller to move to the relief of Ladysmith, and that Lord Methuen's force was gathered in strength on the Orange River, we think that it would have been much better for the latter to have freed the hands of Sir W. Gatacre and General French by joining them

* 'History of the French in India,' pp. 293, 294

in enclosing the invaders from the Free State and crushing the incipient rebellion in Cape Colony, so that his whole line of communication should be free and that as large a force as possible should be able to move with him. By marching eastward from the neighbourhood of the Orange River Station, and keeping to the north of the river, Lord Methuen would have turned the Boer position in the north of Cape Colony, and would have obtained possession of all the bridges crossing that great barrier and of the line of railway leading up directly to Bloemfontein, whilst his position at Orange River Station would of course have been guarded by a strong work protecting the bridge. Had he then advanced straight upon Bloemfontein even with his reduced force, he would have been able to draw the Boers off from their intrenched positions, and could have prevented them from dictating to him the place in which he must attack them.

So much for the general strategy of the campaign. With regard to the tactics pursued, we must observe at the outset that our officers are at present dealing with conditions such as no other army has ever had to face. Smokeless powder, quick-firing guns, magazine rifles, and more powerful artillery—all these, in addition to the exceptionally good shooting and the great mobility of the Boers—are novel features of warfare. No Continental troops have as yet had to deal with them. To begin with, it cannot be doubted that the effect of the new weapons has been to enhance the experience of the campaign of 1870 in regard to the practical impossibility of frontal attacks. The whole experience of the Franco-German War led to the conclusion that a frontal attack on a force equal or nearly equal in numbers, even when there is very powerful artillery to assist the assailants, had become impossible. Lord Methuen's success in his first two frontal attacks did little to remove this impression, while the experience of Modder River and Magersfontein has only enhanced it. He did indeed carry two positions by what were meant to be night surprises, but were not so. The splendid valour of our troops, which won success on these occasions, is a thing of which we have every reason to be proud. We have no reason to be proud of the fact that our soldiers were given such tests for their valour. Moreover, to repeat in exactly the same form a device which has been previously tried, so that the enemy is fully expecting it, must reduce the chances of success to a minimum.

Regarding the battle of the Tugela, we have not sufficient information as yet to form a clear judgment, but, from all that is known, it would appear that the difficulty of a frontal attack

on an enemy strongly intrenched on both sides of an almost unfordable river, and aided by batteries commanding the whole position, was grievously under-estimated. In some respects the battle closely resembled that of the Molder River, in others it differed. It was perhaps this difference in the conditions which enabled our troops to cross the Molder and outflank the enemy—an operation apparently impossible at Colenso. It is hardly possible, however, that any explanation should reach us which adequately explains the British tactics on these occasions. The attempt to pass the drifts of the Tugela without first driving the enemy from his positions on the southern bank is, so far, incomprehensible. The tentative nature of the two attacks, the second being ordered, as General Buller's despatch states, only when the first had failed, is equally inexplicable. We have not yet heard any explanation of the failure to localise the Boer positions or to ascertain their strength. Efficient scouting has indeed been hitherto remarkable for its absence. Nor is it easy to answer the comment of the Boers themselves that the positions that they had prepared against us seemed as though they were 'red rags for the bull.' They have, in fact, attracted the poor bull into the precise positions in which the matador is ready with his knife to strike. It is difficult of course at a distance to judge of the motives which have determined the several movements, but we cannot be wrong in maintaining that, when any movement is intended, its design and purpose should be kept secret; and that when it is made it should be directed not upon the point where the enemy expects it, but upon a point where he does not expect it; that our actions should be of a kind to force the enemy to conform to them, and that we should not allow him to force us to conform to his.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the campaign, so far, has been the frequency of night attacks, or rather of night marches undertaken with a view to a surprise at dawn, or at least in order to get well within the zone of fire unperceived and therefore unhurt. The object of such enterprises is, no doubt, of the highest importance. They have long been regarded in responsible quarters as necessitated by the conditions of modern war, and justified by most of our experience in recent times. Nevertheless, we cannot help noting the fact that while our few successes in this war have been won in broad daylight, our most disastrous failures have generally resulted from mistakes made in the dark. There are conditions and circumstances necessary to the success of night attacks. If they be wisely arranged and properly conducted, nothing can be more effective; but it is necessary both that the conditions for

them shall be favourable and that every problem in regard to them shall have been thought out. No operations of war require more careful forethought or more minute precaution. Sir W. Gatacre's attack upon the Boer position at Stormberg seems to us to have been one which might have been feasible in a country where he was not surrounded by spies and enemies, but which was almost hopeless in a district where any station-master might be a traitor, and where movements by railway towards the position which it was intended to attack were sure to be known beforehand to its defenders. Nevertheless the event was not one which should shake the confidence of any of those who know Sir W. Gatacre's previous career. It was a mistake, no doubt, but it was the kind of mistake into which a man will not easily fall a second time.

The night march on the Boer position at Magersfontein, though it owed its failure to definite mistakes, now well known, came far nearer to being a success than that on Stormberg; the distance was less, there was no railway journey, and the enemy's position was more correctly ascertained. Had the troops begun to deploy a few minutes sooner, had there been efficient scouting, or had the formation not been such as to require change at the moment preceding attack, the initial slaughter would have been avoided, and the position might have been stormed. The advantages of a success on this occasion, and the lamentable results of the defeat, are too obvious to require comment. With these examples before us, we cannot congratulate ourselves on the success of our attempts to surprise our wary, well-led, and well-informed foes.

It would be interesting to compare the circumstances of previous night attacks, which have been successfully conducted, with those of the similar expeditions in this campaign, which have failed; but we have only space to allude to one of the former class, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It has often been pointed out that in the attack on Tel-el-Kebir the distance from point to point of the march over the desert had been exactly determined, the route had been carefully marked out, the habits of the Egyptians had been noted for days beforehand, the troops had actually passed over most of the ground on a previous occasion, the most minute arrangements had been made to ensure the correctness of the march and the co-operation of the several columns; yet, even in this case, there was very considerable confusion in the course of the march, and, successful as the operation was, it was one which illustrated as perfectly as any other the difficulties of these undertakings. Our army has since those days been

trained in the work of night marches at Aldershot and elsewhere, but the fact of that training does not in the least absolve a general officer in the field from taking the most precise care in regard to all the conditions of each particular march.

We emphasise this point because it seems to us that the initial disaster of the campaign, that which upset its whole plan—the failure on the day of Nicholson's Nek—was due to the absence of all the conditions, and a neglect of all the precautions, which were necessary to a successful night movement. It was intended as a surprise for the Boers—it became a surprise for the British army. That was due partly no doubt to the extent to which spies and traitors were infesting the camp, but largely also to the fact that the way in which the whole plan was to be conducted was known throughout Sir George White's army before the attack was made.

At all events, it is perfectly clear that the disaster was due to the fact that the Boers had obtained complete information of all Sir George White's plans. Sir George White attacked an enemy aware of his intentions and entirely prepared to receive him. It is an old story, but it is one that cannot be too strongly impressed upon all commanders, that the necessity of necessities for them is absolute reticence in regard to their intentions, and a series of skilful devices to deceive the enemy as to what is really intended. It was by these means that Napoleon captured Mack at Ulm, made his great march over the St. Bernard a complete surprise, and destroyed the Prussians piece-meal at Auerstädt and Jena. By these means Lord Wolseley succeeded in landing the whole of his army at Ismailia in 1882, and in thus gaining an initial success which practically determined the issue of the campaign. It has been the secret of all great military successes throughout the history of the world. Surrounded as our generals now are by an openly or secretly disloyal population, obliged as they are at almost every stage to depend for local information upon people who may be recommended to them by officials of doubtful honesty, it is of vital importance that they should conceal all they can, and at the same time do their best to mystify and mislead the enemy. There never was a campaign in which such conduct was more necessary, there never was a campaign in which—how it has happened we do not know—the proceedings of all our different columns were so amply advertised beforehand.

No less a man than Oliver Cromwell is reported to have said, when speaking of the fleet which he sent to the West Indies,

that, 'if he thought his shirt knew his secret he would burn it.'* Until that lesson is learnt by all our generals, success in their military operations is impossible. We have no wish to be severely critical upon any work that has been done, but it is only just to the Government to recognise that they had hardly reason to expect that the campaign would have been carried out as it in fact has been. To criticise minutely the military proceedings of any general at such a distance is, to say the least, hazardous; but there are certain broad principles which cannot change, and the violation of them by commanders in the field entails disaster for which it is difficult to hold the Government or the War Office responsible, unless indeed they can be shown to have knowingly appointed unfit men to responsible posts. Malicious gossip about appointments is always rife, especially in times like the present; but the sensible man will be slow to believe what he hears in regard to personal questions. Still, it is impossible that the methods, which alone can secure the selection of competent officers for regimental and other posts, can be too rigidly applied. The exertion of social pressure in such matters is a crime against the country.

There is at least one good reason why it is well during the course of the campaign, and while the country is interested in military matters, to draw attention to these events. Our hope of avoiding similar misfortunes in the future depends largely upon the extent to which the country realises the importance of giving our troops facilities for training on an adequate scale. Only last year for the first time was it possible for two general officers to command troops of the size of even one army corps. It is very natural that, in their criticisms upon us, the German officers should charge us with having hitherto despised their system of autumn manœuvres; but the charge is wholly untrue if made against the army itself. Its chiefs have been continually insisting upon the vital importance of large manœuvres carried out annually in the field. Here, as elsewhere, the question has been decided by the Treasury. The money for it has been refused—the money that is required in order that our generals may have reasonable opportunities for training themselves. What is to be feared is that after the war the cold fit will succeed to the hot fit, that the general officers will still be refused the opportunity to prepare themselves for the conduct of armies, and that when we are again at war the blame will not be assigned where it has been incurred. It is

* 'Clarke Papers' (Camd Soc.), iii, 12.

the national indifference to such things during peace time which prepares the result; and, when it occurs, there are loud complaints that everything is not perfect. Perfection cannot be attained without long previous preparation. In another matter which is of the very greatest importance, the country has been half-hearted until war has come. In all directions and in each district the Government has been endeavouring to obtain proper rifle ranges for the practice both of the volunteers, the militia, and the army. There has been the greatest difficulty in getting them. Not a few militia regiments that are now embodied have never had the opportunity of practising at ranges of more than two hundred yards. It is simple murder to send such men into the field to face shots so skilful as the Boers.

We have spoken so far mainly of the disasters connected with the campaign, for unfortunately these have been the most notable events, and it is well to lay their lessons to heart; but we have no occasion to speak in a lugubrious tone of this period of the war. We have to carry through a more severe struggle than the country at large anticipated. We have miscalculated our enemies' resources, and have suffered some serious defeats. Nevertheless, the achievements of the campaign, so far as it has gone, are in several respects matter for honest congratulation. No other nation in the world's history has ever sent—it is more than doubtful whether any other could now send—so large a body of troops in so short a time to so great a distance from home. In no campaign have our troops fought with greater valour; in no campaign have all the several departments, medical, commissariat, and others, worked with greater smoothness and efficiency. And if we have undergone some serious reverses, the enemies' plan of campaign as originally conceived has been completely frustrated. There are good grounds for believing that they calculated on being able to sweep into the sea the small number of troops that were endeavouring to hold them in check, before the larger part of the army could arrive. If we allow that, for the reason we gave at an early period of the article, it was not possible or at least not advisable for the Government to declare war or to throw an army corps into South Africa, with another army corps behind it ready to move, so early as last August, it follows that nothing could have prevented the enemy from having at least six weeks' start of us, whenever and by whichever party war might be declared, and from largely outnumbering our troops then in Natal and Cape Colony. This initial advantage they have used to good purpose, but the balance has

now been restored, and every succeeding week should turn the chances more and more in our favour.

Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that it is possible that we have not yet seen the end of our misfortunes. Ladysmith and the other beleaguered fortresses are still in danger, and we cannot tell how near they are to the end of their resources. It is possible that they may fall, or that in the attempt to cut their way out their garrisons may suffer losses to which our previous disasters will seem mere flea-bites. This is clearly possible; we do not say it is probable, but we should be prepared to meet such a blow should it come. What is not possible is that we should recede from the position that we have taken up, or abandon the conflict till we have brought it to a successful and satisfactory conclusion.

The danger is that, when the end has been attained, the nation will fall back into that apathetic mood regarding military matters which in time of peace is too habitual to it, and that, forgetting the earlier stages of the war, it will rest satisfied with a final success. Against such a state of mind it will be the duty of all men of foresight, who can see the possibility of far greater conflicts in the near future, energetically and continually to protest. Some such war as this was needed in order that the country might realise both its strength and its weakness. It has shown us how effective is the reserve of eighty thousand men whom we owe to the short service system. It has shown us the magnificent loyalty of our colonies and the splendid reserve of men that we possess in the patriotism alike of the Old Country and distant parts of the Empire. It has shown us that the Colonial forces which the daughter-states have sent to the assistance of the mother-country are able to hold their own along with the best that Great Britain herself can put into the field. It has shown the immense resources of our mercantile marine, and at the same time has proved how entirely we depend upon that marine for the effective use of our army abroad. On the other hand, the war has shown the points of weakness that, as commonly happens, lie so close to the source of our strength. It has brought to light the danger of being unprepared in those important respects which we have noted above. It has proved the enormous importance of artillery in modern warfare, and has shown that we are insufficiently provided with this arm in regard to quantity, and in some respects even as to quality. Above all it has, we may hope, brought home not only to our statesmen but to the nation at large the dangerous insufficiency of our military forces in general, the fact that our army is

not nearly large enough for our imperial needs. The thought of what might have happened had dangerous complications occurred simultaneously elsewhere, of what might still happen were Russia, for example, to threaten us in India while the whole of our available force is locked up in South Africa, is enough to make the most thoughtless resolve that such a state of things must no longer exist. The fact is that we have been trying to run a gigantic concern with a capital utterly inadequate to the calls that may be made upon it, and to shut our eyes to this is to court disaster.

Taking all these things into consideration, we think that we may fairly hope that the misfortunes of the campaign, such as they have been, will turn out to be blessings in disguise, and that, if now we set our house in order, we shall find ourselves far stronger than we have ever been in the past. That the war will be rapidly concluded we do not expect; with the example of the American Secession War before us we cannot hope for a very speedy end. But when we have brought it to a successful conclusion, as we have every reason to anticipate, we shall find ourselves with an army not only effective in all its parts, but strengthened by an experience in the conditions of modern warfare brought about by the improvement in armament which has taken place during the last thirty years such as no other army in the world can possess.

In no spirit of boastfulness we may say, at all events, that this struggle has already tightened the bonds of imperial unity as nothing but the sense of common interest could have tightened them, and every member of the Empire may take legitimate pride in the reflection that never in its history has the nation shown a more united, a more determined, or a more patient attitude than it has shown so far throughout this struggle. We feel no doubt that that conduct will meet with its reward. We hope that our present attitude of determination will be maintained till the end of the struggle, and that certain discordant cries, for the most part based upon mere misunderstanding and ignorance, will not be allowed to disturb the carrying out of a resolution which the nation somewhat slowly and deliberately formed, and the fulfilment of which it rightly regards as essential not only to its welfare, but to its very existence as an Imperial State.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—A FORMER EDITOR.

1. *The Quarterly Review*. London: John Murray, 1842-1885.

THE Reverend Whitwell Elwin, who died at his rectory of Booton, in Norfolk, on the first day of the year 1900, aged eighty-three, succeeded Mr. John Gibson Lockhart as editor of the *Quarterly Review* in 1853, and resigned his editorship in 1860. He deserves particular mention here because, had it not been for the *Quarterly Review*, his extensive learning and admirable talents might never have delighted any larger world than his own circle of friends. No man was ever less anxious for public applause, or more determined not to seek, or even to accept when they were offered, such preferments as were the natural sequence of the public opinion of his virtues and abilities. He was of an ancient family in Norfolk, and was born at the family seat of Thurning in that county, February 26th, 1816. He was the third son of Marsham Elwin and his wife Emma Louisa Whitwell. The family was allied to many other well known Norfolk houses, through one of which, by the marriage of Peter Elwin of Thurning with Anne, heiress of Anthony Rolfe of Tuttington, they were directly descended from Pocahontas, the Virginian princess whose heroism is commemorated in marble at Washington, and forms part of the early knowledge of all American children. Her traditional name in the family was the Princess Powatan, and her original portrait, in a high-crowned hat and with a feather fan in her hand, was in Mr. Elwin's possession. At the time of his death it hung in his dining-room. The only other picture in the room was the portrait of Lockhart, whose literary attainments, able conversation, and kind heart caused Elwin to retain a regard for him throughout life.

Whitwell Elwin was admitted at Caius College, Cambridge,
Vol. 191.—No. 382.

June 26th, 1834. He married—June 18th, 1838—his cousin Frances, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Fountain Elwin, and, giving up all thought of academical honours, graduated B.A. in 1839. He was ordained deacon at Wells in the same year, and priest in 1840. Soon afterwards he became chaplain of the Bath Workhouse and curate of Hardington, in Somersetshire. While there he wrote part of an essay on the ‘*Histoire du Chien*,’ by Elzéar Blaze, which had appeared that year in Paris. He sent the paper to Lockhart, who returned it with a kindly note, saying that, if it ended as well as it had begun, the article would do very well for the *Quarterly Review*. It appeared in the number published in September 1843, and shows a wide knowledge of literature, as well as a warm feeling for the animal world. In 1849 Elwin succeeded to the family living of Booton, and returned, for the rest of his life, to his native county. The parish contains a very small village, a few outlying cottages, and three farms. One of these surrounds Booton Hall, once the property of Christopher Layer, but sold by him to an Elwin—his brother-in-law—ten years before the Jacobite plot which is known by his name and which cost him his life in 1723. There was no rectory, and the new rector proceeded to build himself a house, which, in fitness for its use, grace of form, and permanence, was like all the rest of his work. Soon after taking up his residence in it, with his wife and four sons, he became editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Lockhart had asked him to take his work while he went abroad for his health. The illness ended in death, and Elwin, without seeking the vacant place, stepped into it. He continued to live at Booton, coming up to London for about ten days to bring out each number of the *Review*. He used to stay at the Old Hummums, in Covent Garden, and at least one of his own articles was mainly written at the last moment in the coffee-room of that hotel. He contributed about forty articles to the *Review*, and his hand may be detected by those familiar with his thoughts in many others to which he added long passages. His best essays are on the literature of the eighteenth century, and those on Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Sterne, and Cowper are unsurpassed in their kind. The essays on Johnson will bear comparison with those of Macaulay or of Mr. Leslie Stephen; while those on Fielding and Sterne lose nothing when placed beside Thackeray’s. The conclusion of his second essay on Johnson shows how profound was his veneration for that great character:—

‘Whether we desire an example to stimulate us to the acquisition of knowledge and for difficulties, or the retention of uprightness under

temptation, there is no more memorable instance of either than is presented by the life and character of this illustrious man. And whatever be the condition of him who seeks to profit by the story, none can be so low but he is in a position as advantageous as Johnson, and none can be so high but that with all his helps he will have enough to do to emulate his model.' (Q. R., vol. 105, p. 232.)

Elwin once contemplated an edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and wrote many notes upon it. He was deeply read in Burke, and often quoted him in conversation and in letters. He invariably spoke of him as a man of the same order as Shakespeare and Newton. He liked to dwell upon the many proofs of his lofty character, and to point out his extraordinary industry.

'His ionate genius,' says Elwin, in some remarks on English parliamentary orators, 'was undoubtedly wonderful, but he improved it to the uttermost. By reading and observation he fed his rich imagination; to books he owed his vast and varied knowledge, from his extensive acquaintance with literature he derived his inexhaustible command of words; through his habits of severe thought he was enabled to draw the inferences which have won for him the renown of being the most sagacious of politicians, and by the incessant practice of composition he learnt to embody his conclusions in a style more grandly beautiful than has ever been reached by any other Englishman with either the tongue or the pen.' (Q. R., vol. 103, p. 497.)

It is not too much to say of Elwin's essays on Reynolds and on Goldsmith that the contemporary members of the Literary Club would have approved of their discriminating praise, and that the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield'—easily dissatisfied as he was—would have been pleased with the discerning analysis and commendation of his writings. The rector of Borton would have been an addition even to that famous table. He would have talked with Burke perhaps on the merits of labourers, and the best ways of making them comfortable in their homes. Goldsmith he would certainly have invited to come and write his 'Natural History' at Borton. Reynolds he would have pleased by his admiration for the picture of Lord Heathfield grasping the key of Gibraltar with an air of immovable resolution. He would have congratulated the great painter on having, in his portraits of Johnson and Burke and Goldsmith, handed on to future ages some knowledge of that part of the intellectual pleasures of the Club which books could not record, and of the delight which must have been felt in contemplating such minds in life. From Dr. Percy he would have heard perhaps how Samuel Burdy,

the curate, had dared to aspire to his daughter's hand, and would probably have softened the heart of the bishop towards the biographer of Skelton, whose entertaining book he frequently commended. With Nugent he would have shared his many reminiscences of Bath. To Dr. Warren he would have expressed his admiration of Sydenham, and might have quoted with reference to him the lines of Shakespeare which he had written on the first leaf of his works:—

‘Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow’d well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.’

He might almost have persuaded Johnson to speak less harshly of Fielding.

‘There is no need,’ he says, ‘to take him for a text, and deduce a moral from his life. No one can have contemplated his shattered constitution, his broken fortunes, his ignoble shifts, his loss of dignity and respect, and not feel that the facts themselves preach far more powerfully than any homily which could be raised upon them. Without adducing his better propensities to palliate his worse, which, indeed, admit of no palliation, we may yet dwell with satisfaction upon his manly endurance, his brave self-reliance, his perpetual cheerfulness, his tender heart, and that instinctive benevolence which could not be surpassed by Allen himself. If one thing more than another could show the evil of the indulgences he practised, it would be to see how low they could sink a man in whom so much of goodness and of greatness had met together.’ (Q. R., vol. 98, p. 139.)

‘Reading,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.’ All these excellences were apparent in Elwin, and they made him a welcome addition to every circle. Those who had read much and those who had not read at all, men of great attainments, unlearned sportsmen, farm labourers, old soldiers, bricklayers, carpenters, young ladies, and undergraduates, all enjoyed his conversation and felt the power of his absolute truthfulness, his profound benevolence, his vast stores of knowledge, and his appreciation of all that was good in the characters and attainments of others. No learned man ever assumed the attitude of an authority less than he; few men were less inclined to accept the statements of authorities without deliberation, or more willing to give greatness and authority the fullest admiration and respect when it was clear they deserved it. When he was engaged in the discussion of an interesting subject his bright and penetrating eyes fixed the attention of the person to whom he

was talking; and the subject, like a piece of iron on the anvil, seemed to glow under his strokes and under those to which his eagerness and force excited the mind of his companion. He never usurped the conversation, but his talk was so interesting that all wished to listen, while all felt they would be so well understood that they need not fear to speak.

'Sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind,'

was a perpetual feast in his house; and human nature, as well as the stores of learning, provided the viands.

His position, first as a contributor and later as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, brought him into contact with many of the active minds of his time, and led to numerous friendships. One of the first of these friends was Lord Brougham, whose powers he classed with those of Thackeray and Macaulay, above all the other men of their time with whom he had come in contact. Many passages in his writings show his admiration of Brougham:—

'Enough to say that, though those who may hereafter take a view of his life and actions will, in estimating his achievements, dwell upon his vast powers as an energetic orator and upon his qualities as a statesman, a scholar, a philosopher, and a philanthropist, there will yet be no one branch of his exertions which will prove his great services to his country more than his unremitting labours for the amelioration of our laws. He is among the small band of illustrious men who have left the impress of their minds upon the age in which they have flourished; and a people educated, a popular literature diffused, and a cumbrous and expensive law made cheap and plain, will carry with them to the remotest generations the name of Brougham.' (*Q.R.*, vol. 105, p. 526.)

Elwin used to mention that a paper by Cheselden,* on the visual impressions of a youth born blind, who gained his sight by an operation when thirteen years of age, was the only treatise which he had heard mentioned in Macaulay's presence which the historian had not read. He thought, however, that Macaulay's astonishing memory, full of innumerable facts and passages from literature, often prevented him from expressing his own original thoughts and opinions, and thus perhaps obscured rather than displayed his individual quality and the real powers of his mind. Now and then in a small company his individuality had appeared, and made his hearers regret that he did not habitually give out more thought and less reading.

Of all the men of letters who were his contemporaries, the

* '*Philosophical Transactions*,' xxv, 447, 451.

one for whom Elwin felt most affection was Thackeray. They became intimate, and Thackeray gave him the gold pen with which he had written most of 'Vanity Fair.' In a review of 'The Newcomes' Elwin has expressed his opinion of Thackeray as a novelist:—

"Happy harmless fable land," exclaims Mr. Thackeray. The fable-land of his creation is more than this. Those who have traversed it leisurely have found it as healthful as it is beguiling and it is through its more sterling qualities that he has won for his book a loving admiration in many a home where genius alone would have been faintly welcomed. It is a proud privilege to have been able, month by month, for nearly two years, to interweave his fictions into the daily existence of his readers, and bring his mimic characters into competition with the living world, till, forgetting they were shadows, we have followed their fortunes and discussed their destinies and conduct as though they had been breathing flesh and blood.' (Q. R., vol. 97, p. 377.)

Thackeray has left a memorial of his friend in the 'Roundabout Paper' 'On Screens in Dining-rooms,' which followed that on 'Thorns in the Cushion':—

'A grandson of the late Rev. Dr. Primrose (of Wakefield, vicar), wrote me a little note from his country living this morning, and the kind fellow had the precaution to write "No thorn" upon the envelope, so that, ere I broke the seal, my mind might be relieved of any anxiety lest the letter should contain one of those lurking stabs which are so painful to the present gentle writer. Your epigraph, my dear P., shows your kind and artless nature; but don't you see it is of no use? People who are bent upon assassinating you in the manner mentioned will write "No thorn" upon their envelopes too.'

Elwin wrote four essays on three great soldiers, Sir William Napier, Sir Charles Napier, and Lord Raglan. He had a warm admiration for Sir William Napier, whom he knew, and in whose stirring conversation he delighted. It was impossible to know Sir William without contracting an equal regard for his heroic brother Sir Charles, whose career formed the subject of two reviews. Elwin's essays often contain passages drawn from his own observation of life or recollections of conversation. His account of Sir Charles Napier preserves a reminiscence of the battle of Meance taken from the lips of an old soldier who had fought on that famous day; and the article on Lord Raglan contains so much information from private sources that it is in great part an original contribution to historical literature.

After Elwin resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* in 1860 he sometimes wrote articles for it, the last of which appeared in 1885. It is one of the advantages of solid

periodical publications that they tend to draw forth from unexpected places literary ability and sound knowledge which but for such opportunities would remain undeveloped or unknown. This kind of opportunity first made Elwin a writer, and his subsequent close connexion with the *Quarterly Review* developed his literary powers. Such was his rigid criticism of himself that, but for the fact that he had pledged himself to produce a particular essay by a definite day, it is probable that he might have passed through life without making the admirable additions to English literature which he has left in this *Review*. He sometimes thought of revising and republishing some of these essays, and with two or three he made considerable progress late in his life; but, while nearly every addition which he made was of value, and every alteration an interesting variation, the absence of any definite period of publication made it certain that the revision would never attain completeness. His reviews, as they appeared, are in fact finished and elaborate essays, and when they are reprinted and thus made more accessible to the reading world, they will occupy a high and permanent place in English literature.

A complete edition of the works of Pope had long been contemplated by Mr. Murray, who had purchased numerous books and manuscripts relating to the poet. As the *Quarterly Review* was almost a legacy from Lockhart to Elwin, so this edition of Pope was one from the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker, who had undertaken it, but had got little further than making some collection of books and writing a few notes on the satires. An examination showed that the whole work had yet to be done. The rector of Booton laboured at it with indefatigable diligence, and brought to bear upon it his great knowledge of the period, and his vast ingenuity of research. He published five volumes, of which the first appeared in 1871—two of poetry and three of letters. After elucidating Pope's falsehoods and intrigues, about the publication of his letters, in a masterly introduction to the correspondence, which precedes the first volume of the poetry, Elwin arrives at the conclusion that 'there never was an author of equal genius who habitually practised such despicable deceptions for such paltry purposes.' Some critics objected to the application of so rigid a moral standard to the actions of Pope. In a letter to a friend, March 23rd, 1871, Elwin wrote:—

'I know how ugly truth always looks at first sight. People can never tolerate it till they are used to it. I have not, in any one word I have written, considered whether it would be agreeable or disagreeable to public, or critics, or individuals. I have simply endeavoured

to express my own convictions, whatever they might be, as plainly as I could, and if I did not do this from principle it would yet be policy, for in authorship, as in all other things, the saying is true that "truth goes furthest." As I have begun, so I shall go on. I write at my ease, because I have no fear of anybody before my eyes.'

As the work proceeded Elwin came to feel, with the author of '*Zeluco*,' that 'tracing the windings of vice, and delineating the disgusting features of villany, are unpleasant tasks.' After completing the fifth volume he resolved to do no more, and left the edition to be completed by another hand. The remaining five volumes found a competent editor in Mr. Courthope, and this fine edition of Pope will probably satisfy all future students of literature. The sound criticism of the introductions, the varied learning and far-reaching research of the notes, become more and more remarkable the more carefully the work is examined.

The chief work of the concluding years of Elwin's life was the rebuilding of his parish church. He already possessed a wide knowledge of Gothic architecture, and he soon acquired all the details of building and of materials. He acted as his own architect, and in the end produced what is perhaps the most beautiful country parish church which has been erected in Norfolk since the Middle Ages. He also built a schoolhouse, with a comfortable residence for the teachers. He was the friend and adviser of every person in his parish, a comforter in every mental trouble, a generous helper in every physical need, and he was beloved and revered by them all.

For upwards of fifty years he discharged his duties as parish priest of Booton, declining more than one offer of preferment. He performed the services in his church for the last time on Sunday, December 31st, 1899. On the following morning, as he did not come down so soon as was expected, his servant went up to his room and found that he had passed away as he was dressing. He was buried on January 5th, 1900, in the churchyard of Booton, beside his beloved wife, who died in 1898. His parishioners filled the church and followed him to the grave, and many of them afterwards expressed their grief at his loss almost in the very words of Goldsmith:—

'And to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.'

ART. II. AN AGE OF EXTERMINATION.

1. *Narrative of an Expedition to Southern Africa during the years 1836 and 1837.* By Captain Cornwallis Harris. Bombay: American Mission Press, 1838.
2. *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa.* By F. C. Selous. London: Bentley, 1881.
3. *Kloof and Karroo.* By H. A. Bryden. London: Longmans, 1889.
4. *The Encyclopædia of Sport.* London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1898.
5. *Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa.* By A. H. Neumann. London: Rowland Ward, 1898.
6. *After Big Game in Central Africa.* By E. Foà. London: A. and C. Black, 1899.
7. *Sport in Somaliland.* By Count Potocki. (English edition.) London: Rowland Ward, 1900.
8. *Fifteen Years' Sport and Life in the Hunting Grounds of Western America.* By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. London: Horace Cox, 1900.

MAN is a hunting animal. At first he slew for meat and clothing; then he slew for sport or trade; latterly he has taken to slaying, it would seem, for the mere passion of slaughter or trophy-hunting; and, his prolonged exertions in that direction having met with too great a success, a spirit of reaction is now apparent in many quarters. The desire to avert, if only for a space, the doom of the quadrupeds more particularly menaced by the hunter is a creditable one; but it must be confessed that some little vagueness marks the counsels of those who urge reform. A superficial examination of the measures most in favour, and of the difficulties that beset the reformer's path, is sufficient to lay bare the origin of this vagueness. The theatre of extermination is so vast, and the conditions of the problem are so varied, that no single measure or protective principle can adequately remedy the whole mischief. Each continent presents its own aspect of the question. In western Europe, for example, if we except the case, hereinafter noticed, of the Scandinavian elk, the big game will have been found to be doomed by the growth of cities and by the influence of agriculture on the earth's physiognomy. In Africa, the quest of ivory has doomed the elephant, and incidentally also the antelopes slain for the larder of the elephant hunters. The greed for meat and skins, coupled with certain results of railway enterprise, into which it is here unnecessary to enter,

has sealed the fate of the North American bison. In India the sporting zeal of officers on short leave has done for the horned game that which Government rewards are vainly endeavouring to do for tigers and venomous snakes.

There are strong objections, national and moral, to any total suppression of this love of the chase, and it is certainly not among the aims of this paper to suggest such a policy. Sportsmen have filled in many of the blanks in the map of what can scarcely any longer be termed the Dark Continent, and a history of African pioneering that should take no account of the operations of the hunters of big game would be a very defective record. Geographical research, exclusive of those expeditions which aim at unlocking the grim secrets of the great glaciers that envelope the Poles, has been immensely furthered by sport, and the exploration of mountain and desert regions has been largely due to the pursuit of big game. Nor is sport by any means the only agency which has been at work in shaping the fate of the beasts and birds. Many species have perished in that interminable struggle for existence which extinguished the mastodon and the hesperornis. Such may have been the fate of the moa; but a sailor is said, on good authority, to have knocked down the last dodo, and the great auk appears to have perished owing to indiscriminate slaughter in its breeding-places. Whatever may have been the effect of natural laws on the continuance of species, the destructive activity of man, in respect at any rate of the beasts and birds, has been only too successful. The present paper proposes no more than a cursory glance at the destruction already accomplished, as illustrated in the writings of some famous sportsmen of the century, with some reflections on that which has been done, and more particularly on that which remains to be done, in the direction of putting a stop to further wasteful slaughter.

A distinction must at the outset be drawn between extinction as applied to a specified area, once the habitat of some animal no longer encountered there, and extinction in its sadder significance of total disappearance from the earth. Instances of the former occur in the British bear, boar, and bustard; while of the latter familiar examples may be named in the dodo, the great auk, and the solitaire. The consequences of such indiscriminate hunting may often reach far beyond immediate results. Thus if the Arctic seals, already driven from the floes to the inland ice, were utterly destroyed, the polar bear would go too, and, in his turn, the Esquimaux. In North America, the bison is gone and the elk is threatened. The history of the bison is a mournful illustration of how much the

exterminator can accomplish in a short time. Thirty years ago two or three millions of these noble beasts yet survived on American soil; nowadays, it may safely be questioned whether there are two or three hundred left, and even these are semi-domesticated, like the flock kept, and recently sold, by Mr. Jones of Omaha. The fate of the bison was sealed in the seventies and eighties. In one year in the seventies, over four thousand were slaughtered in the Yellowstone Park; and, in the season of 1878-9, two hundred thousand of their hides were shipped down the Missouri*. Against such greed even the prodigality of nature is powerless. The elk, menaced though not exterminated, has retreated from the Adirondack region to the less accessible portions of Montana and Wyoming, and is only there preserved from the fate which overtook the plain-loving bison by the forbidding nature of the hilly country. The bighorn has in like manner withdrawn to the mountainous regions of British Columbia, Wyoming, and Montana. The Rocky Mountain goat—'antelope goat' a recent writer prefers to call it—has retreated further than ever above the timber line of the Bitter Root Mountains.

It is the rifle that destroyed the bison: Mr. Roosevelt gives incontrovertible proof of this. The red man's arrow, while supplying his modest wants, was as powerless to exterminate the bison as were the assegais of Kaffirs against the rhinoceros, or the poisoned arrows of Somali Midgáns against the elephant. The most destructive combination, as we shall have occasion to show in another connexion, is the untiring native armed with a modern rifle. So far as concerns mere head of game, without reference to the species, the worst offenders in North America have probably been the fur-hunters; but, generally speaking, the skins in which they deal are those of small carnivora, largely regarded as vermin. Thus, in 1892, the Hudson Bay Company's warehouse in Montreal received 134,814† furs of bear, beaver, ermine, lynx, marten, mink, otter, and other animals. Vast as is the slaughter entailed, it has in these cases some justification, for the animals do irreparable damage to the settler's stock when alive, and serve a distinct purpose in providing warm furs when dead. It is with earth's big game that these remarks are mainly concerned; but mention may be made of the fact that, whereas fifty years ago travellers were charmed with the spectacle of myriads of white egrets fringing the lagoons of Florida, only a stray group or two of these birds can nowadays be seen. The reason for this change, as

* *The Field*, September 19th, 1896, p. 469.

† *The Imperial Institute Year Book for 1894* p. 293.

exposed recently in the 'Times,' is that, according to consular returns, the annual slaughter of these beautiful birds, harmless and insectivorous, for the sake of their plumes, must be reckoned at a million and a half of victims. It may be noted, in connexion with another beautiful group of feathered creatures much persecuted in the interests of millinery, that in a single week's sales in London, no fewer than fifty thousand humming-birds have been known to change hands. The curse of the gunner broods over the close of the century in a manner that attracts the execration of a great part of the civilised world.

'A vast gulf,' says Baker, 'separates the true sportsman from the merciless gunner. The former studies nature with keen enjoyment, and shoots his game with judgment and forbearance, upon the principles of fair play, sparing the lives of all females should the animals be harmless; he never seeks the vain glory of a heavy game list. The gunner is the curse of the nineteenth century; his one idea is to use his gun, his love is slaughter, indiscriminate and boundless, to swell the long account which is his boast and pride. Such a man may be expert as a gunner, but he is not a sportsman, and he should be universally condemned.'

This is almost as apt a reflection on some modern bird battues as when Drayton wrote: 'I think the amount of slain is no criterion of the amount of sport.' The pity of it all is that the rifle has the power of destroying in a few years a type that has taken fifty ages in the making. Every year the danger increases that the moose and the eland may follow to extinction the wild bison and the true quagga. Such types, each of which may have its useful lesson for us, can never be replaced, when once the gunner has been allowed to do his worst. They may cease to be, before scientific enquiry has reached the stage at which they are essential to its progress.

The modern measure of protecting survivors of the threatened species in vast sanctuaries is of American origin, and the game reserves already existing have received their latest addition in the South Bronx Park, a domain of over one hundred and fifty thousand acres. From North America this plan of fencing off great game areas communicated itself to South Africa, where Mr. Rhodes and the De Beers Company maintain such preserves for all manner of game. Mr. Selous, the well-known lion hunter, tells us of a similar praiseworthy effort on the part of two Dutch farmers in the Orange Free State to preserve an animal threatened with early extinction. These gentlemen, it appears, preserve black wildebeest on their farms, and Mr. Selous regards the extermination of that grotesque antelope as among the first probable results of the carrying of war into that

State. For all that can be said, however, in favour of such animal parks as a makeshift, it cannot be forgotten that park-fed animals depart in a very short time from the wild type, and their offspring are apt to develop characters yet more divergent. Least satisfactory among all the projects recently suggested are those for transplanting exotic specimens to sanctuaries in this country. Wapiti and axis deer, and perhaps one or two more, have done moderately well in confinement and in small numbers, and there is no certainty that the eland and bartebeest do not stand as good a chance; but we have no room for such undertakings on any but an experimental scale, and the principle is, on climatic and other grounds, a wrong one.

Meanwhile, the work of extermination proceeds on all sides, the greatest trouble being that, the rarer any animal becomes, the heavier is the price put on its head by the collector, and the nearer looms the danger of its extinction. The greater quadrupeds are the first to be threatened, though we have, in the extinction of the large copper butterfly and of many of the most beautiful orchids, instances of equally ruthless and reprehensible greed in other fields. The great wild beasts are, as if on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, the heaviest sufferers. In many quarters every man's hand is against them. That even the fiercest among them, however, have their uses, was well illustrated by the alligators of Florida, for the protection of which special laws were enacted when it was discovered that they were instrumental in keeping down hordes of destructive rodents. That certain noxious animals may justly be kept under is a maxim that few would care to deny. In South Africa, for instance, lions have always been a source of some danger, and Cumming and others relate losses of beasts and even of men. The alleged nobility of the lion in sparing weak victims has been the theme of poets rather than of practical hunters; and Harris and Delegorgue both testify to the fact of all the damage being done by night, while Moffatt gives evidence showing the animal's cowardice in daylight. Those who know the African lion consistently depict it as the enemy of the comparatively well-to-do stock-owner, but not of the poorer agriculturists or native hunters, while some bush tribes have been known to subsist, like jackals, on scraps from the lion's table. As to the more ferocious character given by Gérard to the lion of Algeria, something must perhaps be allowed for literary effect or for the French hunter's point of view. A century ago, South African lions must have swarmed in districts in which they are rarely if ever seen nowadays. The Boers, in trekking out of

v about 1835, are said to have slain no less than

three hundred and eighty lions,* and the warlike Moselekatse also killed large numbers. In the more settled districts of South Africa, lions can never again become seriously dangerous, though accidents do from time to time come to our notice, even on the beaten track. Formerly they were a continual trouble. Native tribes were forced to reside in trees to escape their violence, and the brutes would hunt in bands, killing antelopes in large numbers. This last fact derives an adventitious interest from the reflection that the sportsman whose bag includes half a dozen lions may have been the indirect means of saving at least a hundred antelopes.

Dangerous beasts, like warlike tribes, take a long time to exterminate. The most familiar, as also the most interesting, case of legislation for the systematic suppression of noxious animals is found in the policy of the Indian Government, which has long paid out generous sums annually for the destruction of venomous snakes and wild beasts. The warfare of civilisation against such dangerous creatures may, as Sir Alfred Lyall suggests, be regarded as the 'perpetuation of a blood feud.' The barefooted native treads silently on sudden death, and every year krait and cobra claim their twenty thousand victims, while two or three thousand more are killed by tigers and other quadrupeds. On the other hand, no fewer than half a million snakes and twenty thousand dangerous animals of other kinds have been killed for reward in the course of a twelvemonth, bringing the Government payments for that period to nearly Rs. 200,000.†

Mention has already been made of the undeniable fact that the responsibility for the decrease of the world's big game does not lie wholly with ourselves. In South Africa the rinderpest is an important factor in the destruction. Spreading from the tame herds to the wild, which cannot be treated by the same inoculation, this terrible and mysterious epidemic has more than once crossed the Zambesi, depopulating whole districts of their game. There is some reason to believe that the infection was disseminated by the rivers. At any rate the effects were most disastrous in the case of buffalo, koodoo, inyala, and other animals that need considerable supplies of water: the rhinoceros, on the other hand, and some other thick-skinned beasts, suffered little if at all. Not alone rinderpest, but also the dreaded 'horse-sickness' of those regions, has at times attacked the native fauna with alarming results. Cape hunting-

* Anderson 'The Lion and the Elephant,' p. 9.

† These figures are taken from some tables given in the Quarterly Review for July 1888.

dogs and other carnivorous animals that hunt in packs have doubtless been answerable for much antelope mortality.

The African continent, indeed, has in this, as in so many questions of current interest, attracted the lion's share of attention, and there are special reasons for its importance in the present connexion. The mystery of its few remaining secrets exercises the strongest fascination alike on the traveller and on those who remain at home. Its comparative nearness to European ports enhances in the eyes of sportsmen the already keen interest aroused by the size and variety of its remaining game. It is for these and other reasons that the fate of its dwindling fauna is discussed from a variety of standpoints, and South Africa may therefore occupy our attention in some detail as more or less illustrative of the prevailing state of things all the world over.

The Africa of to-day presents to the sportsman and the naturalist a picture sadly different from that which would have met their eyes fifty years ago. A passage that has acquired almost classic interest from the unmerited criticism it met with at the hands of stay-at-home reviewers, accustomed only to the parsimony of nature under the chill of northern skies, may here be cited from the well-known book of Cornwallis Harris, who in 1836 shot springbok on the road from Grahamstown to Graaff Reinet. He found the face of the country 'literally white' with herds of that antelope

'Groups of hartebeest,' he writes, 'quaggas, and brindled gnus were everywhere to be seen; . . . the clatter of their hoofs was perfectly astounding. I could not estimate the accumulated number at less than fifteen thousand, a great extent of the country being actually chequered black and white with their congregated masses.'

For this probably accurate description of what his eyes beheld, Harris was, as we say, severely handled by the critics, but a *Quarterly* reviewer of the day gave a truer appreciation of his records,* and others who followed in his steps bore out his accuracy. Thus Captain Drayson writes:

'Far in the interior the game is unlimited in quantity, and the numbers are quite correctly spoken of by Harris, Cumming, and other sportsmen. Anyone anxious for pure slaughter may there indulge his fancy to any extent' †

These words were published in 1858, and even as recently as ten years ago Kirby found lions very numerous, while rhinoceros

* *Quarterly Review*, June 1839.

† 'Sporting Scenes among the Kaffirs of South Africa,' p. 321

by no means scarce, all manner of game abundant in the vleys and herds of gnus roaming over the krantzes. Yet day by day the distribution of these animals is narrowed, and their numbers are being continuously reduced.

We shall find that three classes of men have contributed to the depletion—the British, the Boers, and the natives. British sportsmen have not played quite so important a part as is commonly supposed. Many of them, as we gather from a perusal of the later literature of the subject, struck with pity for this immense and irremediable waste of animal life, have repented, like reformed rakes, and, with the zeal commonly found in that class, have even returned home to support societies for protecting the animals which they have no further opportunity or inclination to kill. Such an attitude has its humorous side, but we are more disposed—with the true quagga and wild bison already gone, the mountain zebra, white-tailed gnu, blaubok, and bontebok menaced, and the eland, giraffe, inyala and elephant in no little danger—to accept the contrition for the sake of the object in view, and to welcome support from every class. The Boers did most of the mischief in the sixties and seventies, periodically trekking out for great hunts. Previous to that period it would seem as if they had not developed the taste for destroying, for Drayson describes them in the late fifties as generally loafing, while the English were ever absorbed in money-making. Altogether the big game appears to have enjoyed for some time a respite that we could wish to see renewed. The same writer mentions an immense variety of game as frequenting the Natal district forty years ago—reitbok and duiker, for instance, within a mile of Pietermaritzburg. By that time the Boers had acquired the habit of trekking out to the foothills of the Drakensberg Range and slaying quantities of game, principally eland and hartebeest, for the sake of the meat.

But, according to so high an authority as Mr. Selous, the gravest offenders are the natives, and that more particularly since they have become possessed of fire-arms. The bearing of modern sporting arms on the present question will be discussed hereafter, but it may be remarked that the effectual disarming of the natives and the stringent prohibition under severe penalties of any attempt to supply them with arms and ammunition, are among the first essentials of successful legislation on behalf of the vanishing game. Much has been written, by those unacquainted with the facts of the case, on the cruelty of depriving these indigent natives of the means of hunting animals for food. But, in the first place, it may not

be generally known that not one of the great settled tribes in the Matabele region, between the Zambesi and the Limpopo, can be regarded as regularly meat-eating. These natives are far too thrifty to kill their own cattle for food, preferring to await their death from natural causes. Such uncertain supplies would, no doubt, be eked out with an occasional buffalo or antelope, and for this purpose their native weapons sufficed. Lazy as they are, there is no good reason why they should be allowed to use modern arms of precision merely for the sake of saving themselves a little trouble. There is, by the way, little to fear in this respect from the many rides doubtless hidden away by the Matabele after their nominal disarming in 1896, for their present owners would never dare to advertise the possession by using them for purposes of the chase.

White ivory hunters are scarce nowadays, one of the latest being Mr. A. H. Neumann; and the best proof of the damage done by natives is seen in the undeniable fact that elephants have continued to decrease in regions in which white men are restricted in their destruction. Nine tenths of the ivory at the great sales is, as we are told on excellent authority, brought to market by native hunters. White sportsmen, so long as they refrain from the reprehensible practice of employing large bodies of native followers to kill game (with a view either to cover part of the expenses of the expedition or to exhibit as their own trophies horns or skins secured by their servants), are a negligible quantity. Their operations are, in any case, limited, their bag is defined on the licence, their ivory is easily checked at the port of embarkation.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that they have been guilty of grave waste. Sir Victor Brooke speaks on one occasion of five Indian elephants killed in three hours' shooting before breakfast. Small wonder, then, that the Indian Government, viewing with alarm the sufferings of the tame army elephants during the period of the Mutiny, and attentive rather to transport and commissariat than to sentiment, have legislated with some severity for the protection of this most valuable animal. The surprise is rather that legislation should have been postponed to the late seventies; and Sanderson's prediction that elephant hunting would soon again have to be permitted in India has not as yet been justified. Meanwhile, the plight of the African elephant continues desperate. The rapacity of the hunters on the spot is fanned by the greed of the buyers at home. When mention is made of the fact that one firm of cutlers alone has taken the tusks of from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five

hundred elephants annually, and was accustomed to keep about eight tons of ivory on hand,* it will be seen that the slaughter on which such markets rely for their regular supplies must be practically unlimited. White men and black meet on common ground in the work of extermination. Neumann speaks of the enormous bag of fourteen elephants, most of them cows, made in one afternoon; and a Somali poacher, armed with a rifle, is said to have destroyed seventeen in one day. The elephant has been driven across the Zambesi into the track of expeditions advancing through Portuguese Nyassaland. One such expedition, which left London recently, contemplated ivory among the financial fruits of the venture, and included, to our knowledge, more than one sportsman eager to kill elephant. Throughout the African continent the extinction of this noble and valuable beast is brought within measurable range, unless prompt action be taken to avert such a fate; and Major Swayne rightly deprecates its wanton massacre in Somaliland, since few of the natives will eat the meat and the ivory is notoriously poor†. There is a regulation in that country which restricts each licensee to two male elephants, besides inclosing a reserve in which only officers of the Aden garrison may shoot. Count Potocki criticises the one-sided operation of this order, and further very pertinently points out that the present-day haunts of Somali elephants lie outside the British sphere of influence.

With the same indifference and wastefulness men seem to have slaughtered the rhinoceros, and Andersson relates how on one occasion he killed eight of these mighty animals in the course of five hours. Even that inoffensive creature, the giraffe, found wherever its favourite acacia grows sufficiently distant from the dangerous neighbourhood of man, is pursued to a useless death, though few hunters, fired for the moment by the animal's size and swiftness, have not regretted a moment too late the bullet with which they laid it low. If such is the state of South Africa, it is greatly to be hoped that the Sudan, which appears to be one of the least depleted of African hunting grounds,‡ will not be emptied of its game under British administration.

The great significance of the improved sporting rifle as a factor in animal extinction must be sufficiently obvious, but there is another result of its introduction not so commonly observed. Constant improvement in the weapon has not been followed by a corresponding improvement in the marksman; nor is this unnatural, for, whatever the superiority of the

* *The Field*, July 24th. 1897, p. 136.

† *Sporting Trips through Somaliland*, p. 294.

‡ See Dupont, *Les Chasses au Soudan*, 1894.

combination, increased efficiency in the machine invariably carries with it diminished efficiency in the man.* The more the machine can do, the more the man expects of it and the less he attempts to do himself. The savage, compelled from childhood to practise with the assegai, knobkerrie, or boomerang, naturally becomes a marvellous judge of pace and distance. To send the iron of the assegai through a man at fifty yards is no unusual feat for a Kaffir, but it would puzzle most white men. The man who depends on such weapons for his meals, perhaps even for his life, will not fail to make the most of every opportunity; and some such policy may have guided the Boers of a previous generation in regard to the chase, in which they invariably preferred to rely on the single barrel of their ponderous 'Roers'—rifles that carried a ball weighing several ounces. A man accustomed to the single chance of such a weapon takes more careful aim than another who pumps lead rapidly and without judgment from a magazine rifle.

The inferiority of our national rifle shooting, with its evidences of carelessness in the man increasing with every improvement in the rifle, is unfortunately no new experience. Individual rifle-shots may be as good marksmen as those of old, or may even be better; but the more specialised the art becomes, the more the rank and file fall into the rear. The imposition of a gun licence for revenue purposes tends to discourage rifle practice among the masses, and affords a strange contrast with the encouragement shown to archery in the Middle Ages. War and the chase in those days went hand in hand, and it was doubtless partly for this reason that the French monarchs kept the *droit de chasse* sacred to the upper classes. The Revolution led to the decay of the chase in modern France,† but the esteem in which it once was held as a school for the battlefield has left its mark in such names as 'Chasseurs' or 'Jäger,' often applied to smart and valued Continental regiments. The Russians to this day encourage bear-hunting in their army, and there have always been men of authority who have opposed restrictions hampering sport in India, on the ground that these must tend to put shooting out of reach of officers on short leave and with only moderate means. It was, however, rather on the moral side that the training of the chase had its value; and the careful sighting of a modern

* See W. A. Bullie-Graham on 'Rifle Shooting as a National Sport,' in the 'National Gazette,' September 1899.

† See an article on 'La Venerie Moderne,' by G. de Warley, in 'La Nouvelle Revue,' December 1892.

rifle on a rhinoceros fifty yards distant must be regarded as a very different performance from that of walking up to a bear with no weapon more formidable than a hunting-knife.

This, however, is a digression. If the modern sportsman is himself less skilful, or at least not more skilful, than his predecessor, the improvement in his weapon makes him a far more formidable agent of destruction. The long-range achievements of our modern rifles are well known to the expert, and have been briefly described in a recent number of this Review, so that two or three examples of the power of these terrible enemies of the wild beasts must here suffice. An expanding bullet from a .256 rifle, entering the tail of a hartebeest running from the shooter and already two hundred yards distant when the shot was fired, has been known to 'mushroom' in the animal's neck; and another from the same weapon, entering broadside one shoulder of a waterbuck at one hundred and twenty yards, smashed the opposite shoulder.* An incident perhaps still more remarkable was recently reported from Ceylon, in which a leopard, suddenly put up at short range, was killed by a single ball from a .220 Marlin rook-rifle; and Mr. Bryden says that an ox has been known to fall dead with a single .303 bullet at the enormous range of one thousand five hundred yards. Even if this last incident be regarded as a chance shot in a thousand, there can be no question of the marvellous performances of modern arms and ammunition, whether in penetration, shock, accuracy, or range. Not satisfied with the deadly potentialities of the .303 bullet as it stands, sportsmen even resort to a number of tricks for increasing them, by filing off the point or by making longitudinal slits, according to the nature of the game and the thickness of its hide. As for penetration at short ranges—fifty yards may be regarded as the extreme average range for very heavy game—it may be mentioned that a .450 Winchester, taking ninety grains of powder and three hundred grains of lead, will at fifty yards perforate eight inches of hard wood.

The modern tendency is all in favour of small-bore weapons, nor is it safe to draw conclusions against them from the preference for heavier weapons shown by earlier sportsmen before the appearance of the modern weapons. Sir S. Baker might, for instance, have readily discarded his famous $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. shell rifle in favour of some of the modern light weapons which he never lived to see. At the same time, considerations of mercy have deterred many from using weapons of

* 'The Field,' September 23rd, 1899, p. 516.

very small calibre against the heaviest game. Sanderson, for instance, used in preference an 8 double rifle, firing twelve drams of powder, for fear that large animals might find a lingering death from the insufficient wounds inflicted by lighter weapons. Experts may wrangle over the technicalities of small *versus* large bore, choked *versus* cylinder, ejectors *versus* non-ejectors, black powder *versus* nitro-compounds, and other issues: these erudite conflicts take the thoughts of the reflective sportsman back to the not far distant time, about a century and a half ago, when men almost invariably shot birds sitting. What a contrast with the present day, when individual sportsmen are known to bag their fifteen thousand birds in a year, and seven guns have killed in three days the enormous total of six thousand four hundred head. Our point is that the vast improvement in the machinery of slaughter has enormously increased the slaughter done. So far as regards game bred in this or other countries for the purpose of sport, this destruction is, from our point of view, of little importance, for the supply can always be brought level with the demand. But with wild animals it is another matter, and we have to face the fact that the destructive tendencies of mankind have been rendered so terribly efficient by modern improvements in weapons that the extermination of a large number of the most beautiful and interesting species of animals inhabiting the earth is, if no active measures be taken to stop it, merely a question of time.

It remains, then, to take a general view of the protective or preventive measures adopted or suggested in the past, and to make some enquiry as to the extent to which they meet the requirements of the case. Our examination must, from deficiency of space, be restricted to the consideration of big game shooting. This inevitably excludes a number of kindred matters of equal, but distinct, interest. For instance, there is the miserable plight of the fur seal, fifteen thousand of which have before now been clubbed in a single night. Legislation and the enquiry that must precede it have, however, become international concerns, and pelagic sealing is too wide a question to re-open here. Again, the gradual extermination of the right, or whalebone, whale, as also in a less degree of the cachalot, or sperm whale, is another grievance of world-wide interest and importance. The inshore trawler is exterminating our soles and plaice; improvident crabbing is diminishing in an alarming degree the resources of our coasts. The principle is the same throughout, but legislation at all events on the lines about to be indicated—cannot apply to these cases.

We must be content with the single aspect of so wide a question if we would have space for any useful consideration of remedies.

There are, speaking in general terms, three means of moderating the destruction of game: close seasons; gun and game licences (the latter usually limiting the bag of horned or hoofed game); and the total prohibition of shooting certain threatened species, with the alternative measure of closing certain specified areas to the sportsman for longer or shorter periods. The last-named provision, which has in cases of extreme danger found favour in North America, and is now also being adopted in parts of Asia, is by far the most effectual, and is moreover open to fewer objections than attach to the others.

We need not here enter into the question how far our game-laws are efficient in attaining the object with which we are now concerned. It will generally be conceded that, without them, not only game-birds, but also that vast polity of wild creatures, furred and feathered, that harbour under the protecting hand of the preserver, would soon be as extinct in these islands as they already are in many parts of France. But such legislation is obviously not applicable to large districts of wild and barren country, to forests or deserts where the animals now under discussion find their last refuge from man. Such districts are of course to be found chiefly in Asia, Africa, or America; but some parts of Europe bear so close a resemblance to the wildernesses of other continents that a glance at European provisions may throw some light on the problem under consideration. The general intention of the existing game-laws of continental Europe may be summed up in a few words.

On the Continent, shooting rights mostly go with proprietorship, though throughout central Europe small lots (of less than two or three hundred acres in one property) are often combined and the sporting rights put up to public auction. There is a general close-time, averaging six months, with longer periods prescribed for certain animals specially threatened with destruction. In Switzerland there is the somewhat confusing dual operation of the Federal law, as affecting the whole federation, and the local regulations and restrictions of the different Cantons. The general law prescribes the usual close-time of six months, or rather more, while the Cantons close entire areas within their jurisdiction for indefinite periods. The chamois has on the whole benefited immeasurably by recent legislation, which came, however, too late to save the Alpine ibex, or steinbok. That animal is now preserved only in

some of the North Italian valleys for the benefit of the King and his guests. In Spain, outside of the royal preserves, destruction is understood to be practically unchecked; poaching is rife, and there is little attempt at preserving the game. Turkey regards its game with characteristic indifference, existing restrictions, which may indirectly act for the good of the game, being aimed rather against the indiscriminate carrying of firearms.

The case which has most interest for English sportsmen is that of the Scandinavian elk. For many years that noble beast went unprotected. In 1894 alone, a thousand elk were killed in Norway*. Then native opinion, which moves slowly in the far north, appears to have awakened to two facts. In the first place, the elk was sadly diminishing in numbers. In the second, its destruction was being compassed almost wholly by wealthy foreigners, who were willing to pay handsomely for the privilege. A considerable increase in the tax on such sport would have the double result of increasing a scanty revenue and deterring many from the work of extermination; and this object has just been effectually achieved by the Storting. The three years' close-time for the Swedish elk expires with the past year, and the coming summer will witness the enforcement of the new law, which limits the season for killing the animal in Norway to a period of twenty days from September 10th.

In many European countries the foreigner is more heavily taxed for his sport than the native, and this is also, as we shall see, particularly noticeable in the various States of North America. The 'native' question is, in Africa, among the most serious in its bearing on laws for protecting the big game. In North America, indeed, the question does not press, for the Indian is in a fair way of following the bison to extinction. In India, again, few of the natives are meat-eaters, and the majority of them follow the more peaceful calling of agriculture. But in Africa we have the serious case of natives who, though a meat diet is not indispensable to their welfare, kill large quantities of game, mostly for the market. The opinion of a well-known sportsman, whose words carry great authority, has already been cited to the effect that the natives are the chief offenders in Africa, and that any measure of protection that should fail to take account of their operations would be ineffective. Already there exist game-laws over the greater part of Africa. Morocco is an exception in this respect, as it is in the fact of still lying under native administration.

* *Land* •• *Nov.* October 3rd, 1897, p. 538.

It would be against the principles of Mohammedan fatalism to make any provision for the supplies of future generations. Moreover, the game of Morocco is not very valuable, being restricted, in the more frequented parts, to gazelles and wild pig. The bear and the stag of the Atlas have been pronounced by a recently returned traveller to be probably absent from the Moroccan portion of that range, and the aoudail, or 'mouflon,' found only on the higher slopes rarely visited by Europeans, is not seriously menaced by the obsolete guns and indifferent marksmanship of the natives. Close times and heavy licences have long been in force in other parts of the continent, at any rate since the inauguration of the thirteen-year-old Game Protection Association. But close times, which work smoothly enough in densely populated European countries, where the efforts of an adequate and widely distributed police are supported by a large contingent of interested landowners, are very much less effective in the vast interior of the African continent. It is of course possible to prohibit during nine months of the year the export of ivory and trophies at the coast, but there is nothing to prevent gunners amassing the spoils of the chase during the rest of the year. It is true that the imposition of heavy licences, limiting the bag to so many head of the rarer kinds of game, may act as a deterrent; but it tends to stimulate those who pay it to get, if possible, their full money's-worth—a natural attitude which the licensee will be found to take up from the New Forest to the Rocky Mountains.

Want of space precludes any attempt at exhaustive investigation of the different enactments now ruling in North America and South Africa, but a brief enumeration of the chief provisions may not be without interest. Antelopes are protected in Natal, in the Orange Free State, in the Transvaal, Zululand, Swaziland, and elsewhere, for periods varying in length from four to eight months and generally covering the summer months. There are in addition licences of various amounts, up to as much as 75*l.* in Bechuanaland and 50*l.* in Portuguese South East Africa. Nor are the penalties by any means merely nominal, for it is on record that two Europeans were fined 120*l.* each for shooting two white rhinoceroses in a Zululand preserve, and served in default a year's imprisonment.* Both close times and licences exist on a somewhat complicated basis over the whole of North America. In British Columbia, for instance, caribou, moose, deer, wapiti, mountain goat, and

* 'The Field,' September 25th, 1897, p. 509.

mountain sheep are protected for nearly nine months in the year; and a fifty-dollar licence, imposed on all non-residents, limits the bag of the holder in each season to ten deer, five each of caribou, mountain goat, and mountain sheep, two bull wapiti and two bull moose. This has, it will be seen, the very desirable effect of making it no longer worth the gunner's while to visit British Columbia for commercial purposes, and thus restricts the destruction of the game to the smaller class of *bona fide* sportsmen, though Mr. Baillie-Grohman regards the game-laws of British Columbia as inadequately enforced and framed to hamper the tourist rather than to protect the game. In New Brunswick, moose and caribou entail on residents a licence of only two dollars, but non-residents have to pay twenty. It is in Newfoundland that this taxing of the visitor reaches the highest point, for he is compelled to take out a licence costing no less than a hundred dollars. Such high licences are most desirable everywhere, but, if they are to attain the end of preservation which we have in view, they should be imposed on visitors and residents alike.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that the world is waking, even late in the day, to the need for reform. Even in India there has of late years been, from the direction of Kashmir, some movement in favour of protecting the big game, particularly in the direction of closing certain areas and absolutely protecting a few of the more immediately threatened species for several years. The most important theatre, however, of animal extermination, and the one to which these remarks have in consequence been in the main devoted, is South Africa.

The protection of our remaining big game is an international interest, for science is of no nationality. It is the cheap amusement of a certain class to belittle the study of field natural history, and even of the more scientific investigation of animals, on the ground that it has no bearing on the practical issues of life. Yet malaria is thought to be ending its career of evil on earth, and its banishment, if accomplished in the manner at present hoped for, will be due to the study of a group of insects hitherto regarded only in the light of tormentors. Can it for a moment be reasonably doubted that all the beasts and birds have their messages for us, when further study shall have prepared our understanding? The dodo, moa, and great auk, all extinct within modern times, perished while still, to all practical purposes, unknown to science. Some may be willing to insist that these species held no secret that may not with equal facility be learnt from their

surviving relatives. We prefer the more contrite spirit that feels shame that man should have exterminated animals without even taking the trouble to understand them. Science protests with all its might against this foolish and barbarous destruction of earth's creatures without care for the species. Humanity cries aloud against the spoilers on grounds both of economy and of sentiment. Every argument that establishes the final utility of these animals when the rifle has laid them low only strengthens the case of those who plead for moderation and for measures that, by at least protecting the females and the young, shall ensure their continuance to future generations.

The greed for trophies is a part of the modern curse of record-breaking, in which the healthfulness of moderate rivalry is vulgarised by playing to the gallery. The crowd cannot, it is true, applaud the sportsman as it does the cricketer, but it can gape in admiration over the trophies which he brings back and which perhaps his followers shot. The slaughter proceeds apace and is difficult indeed to stay. We have taken account of some of the measures currently in force, as also of the difficulties in the way of reform. The new century might most happily be inaugurated by an international movement of mercy to the beasts. M. Foa, a hunter of distinction, suggests a parliament of the nations, a kind of Zoological Peace Conference, to enact the necessary measures. Once, when the earth was younger, the mountains and prairies were a paradise of game. It would be foolish to hope for the restoration of such abundance; but let us not recklessly throw away the wealth of wild nature which still remains. The mischief has gone far, and much of it is irreparable; but there is still time to see that no more is done.

ART. III.—THE PLAYS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.

1. *Vor Sonnenaufgang : Sociales Drama.* 8te Auflage, 1898.
—*Die Versunkene Glocke : Ein deutsches Märchendrama.*
30te Auflage, 1897.—*Fuhrmann Henschel : Schauspiel in fünf Acten,* 1899. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin : S. Fischer.
2. *The Plays of Gerhart Hauptmann.* [*Lonely Lives ; Hannele ; The Weavers.*] Translated by William Archer and Mary Morison. Three vols. London : William Heinemann, 1894-99.
3. *The Sunken Bell.* By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by C. H. Meltzer. New York : Russell, 1899.
4. *Gerhart Hauptmann : sein Lebensgang und seine Dichtung.* By Paul Schleichner. Berlin : S. Fischer, 1898.
5. *Gerhart Hauptmann.* By Adolf Bartels. Weimar : E. Felber, 1897.
6. *Das deutsche Drama in den litterarischen Bewegungen der Gegenwart* 4te Auflage. By Professor Berthold Litzmann. Hamburg and Leipzig : L. Voss, 1897.

ON New Year's Day, 1863, there was a christening party at the sign of 'The Prussian Crown' in Upper Salzbrunn, in Silesia. The father was mine host, Robert Hauptmann. His wife was the daughter of an Inspector of Springs in the local principality of Pless; and the son whom they brought to the font, and who had been born on the previous 15th of November, received the name of Gerhart.

Mine host in those days was a man of presence and esteem. He ruled 'The Prussian Crown' as the second monarch in direct line, and his pleasant inn and posting-house enjoyed the regular patronage of an annual company of visitors. Physicians praised the medicinal springs of Salzbrunn; the fine air of the hills blew its own praises in the traveller's face; and Robert Hauptmann kept a decent cellar and courteous entertainment for his guests. These trooped to Salzbrunn from all quarters of Germany. From Breslau and Poland in the east, from Dresden and Saxony in the west, across the Bohemian border, and even from far-away Berlin, men came to drink the waters, and put up at the sign of the 'Crown.' The princely proprietor of the Baths made Robert Hauptmann his tenant, and in young Gerhart's early years his father was honourably and justly a person of importance in his native place.

The children of the inn were not at the co- visitors.

Their father's library, with its collection of miniature 'Cotta Classics,' was more familiar to them than his taproom, and their share in the business of the house was confined to being occasionally present at the exchange of views and news between mine host and his friends. The boys were sent to Breslau to be educated at the Modern School, with the ultimate chance of entering Breslau University, and Gerhart would have followed his elder brothers in this course had not his fifteenth year been marked by a change in his prospects. In 1877 'The Prussian Crown' passed to Robert Hauptmann's creditors. Mine host was sincerely to be commiserated on the shipwreck of his fortune. It was due to no fault of his own, but to causes beyond his control. A stone falling in the water makes not one circle, but many; and the proprietor of 'The Prussian Crown' was included in an outermost ring of the disturbance caused by his country's victory over France. Rich men grew richer after the war. Their wants increased with their resources, and they travelled further than Salzbrunn in search of holiday and health. The guests at the 'Crown' declined in quality, though its hospitality was not reduced; and a few years' experience of this gradual decay brought Robert Hauptmann to bankruptcy. He was assisted to the tenancy of the new station-bar at Lower Salzbrunn, and his fifteen-year-old son, with his copybooks smeared with verses, was summoned to the prose of life. His leaving-certificate, signed by the Director in April 1878, and countersigned by the fourth-form master, showed that his conduct was good, his industry fair, but his powers of concentration bad. His best subject was drawing; German, natural history, and the rest of the boy's pursuits were merely passed as moderate.

Ten years later we meet Gerhart Hauptmann in Berlin. The youngest son of the man who kept the railway restaurant at Lower Salzbrunn had found his own way to the capital, and the boy who left school at fifteen in an eastern province of Germany with but indifferent reports had reached the heart of the Empire, and was soon to conquer it by storm. We may skip the story of the interval. It contains nothing which the world might not know; but in Hauptmann's case, as in others, it adds little to the sum of human knowledge.

Literary Berlin in 1888 was living on its promissory notes. Thirty years were passing in one. A generation was spent in the waxing and waning of three moons. It is only to-day that thoughtful men in Germany are beginning to realise how large a part of the nation was buried at Potsdam in the grave of Frederic III. William I had died in March; William II was

seated on his throne in June. Between the two dates stretched the brief reign, the long-drawn agony, of ninety-nine days, which contained the summer and winter, the song time and silence, of the contemporaries of the patient Crown Prince. We have no taste for the unprofitable task of exalting the political might-have-been, nor is it altogether a happy omen that all the malcontents of the Empire should hold candles to the memory of Frederic. German Liberals regret in him the friend of English ideas; German Socialists deplore the champion of conciliation and progress; German Jews reverence him as the open foe of anti-Semitism. Death embalms hope, and the finger of death interposed between the hopes of these parties and their opportunity. But if we hesitate to ask how far their aspirations might have been satisfied, how far the experience of the Emperor would have corrected the idealism of the Prince, we cannot ignore the obvious effects on the development of the nation which flowed from the disinheritance of the sons in favour of the grandsons of Empire. Such influence might be marked in every department of public life. The new monarch flaunted it in the eyes of Europe; the new art flaunted it in the eyes of Berlin. And each example had its fascinating features. Grave statesmen watched with an indulgent smile the energy of the 'travelling Kaiser,' and trusted it would wear out by middle age. When his Majesty trailed the purple in the homes and workshops of the miners, the novelty and picaresqueness of the scene atoned for its palpable indiscretion. When the same youthful ardour found its conventional expression in an attempt to reform the world by congress, the world went to Berlin, as it went to the Hague last year, in a half cynical, half shamefaced mood. The charm and the wonder of youth were alive in Germany that year. Bismarck was brushed aside; Schiller and Goethe were dethroned. There were to be no more old men in Germany. The students instructed their professors; the sons warmed their hands at their fathers' hearths. What wonder if the joy to which they awakened should have turned to bitterness and gall for want of those herbs of correction—humility, prudence, patience—which withered on Frederic's tomb? It is not wholesome that responsibility should coincide in point of time with disillusion. If the history of Germany in the last twelve years be studied with close attention, this will be found to have been the root of her troubles. The safety-valve was utilised as the main channel of life. Wild oats were sown on the classic pains of Olympia. The noble dreams of youth formed the stuff and fabric of

It was a

desecration of the first fruits, and the gods are jealous of their dues.

The city thus agitated by a startling political catastrophe was now Gerhart Hauptmann's home. He had married young, and was already the father of three boys, when in the early spring of 1889 he came alone to Berlin. He lodged with a friend named Schmidt, in close proximity to the bachelor establishment of two other 'new' poets, Arno Holz, a contemporary of Hauptmann's, and Johannes Schlaf, by a few years their elder. Once more we resist the temptation of taking these friends too seriously. In their own eyes their *camaraderie* was a brotherhood, their *Quartier Latin* was a peak of Parnassus, the riot of their wits was the divine motion of the Muse. But we have learned to make deductions from such estimates. The Muse in England, silent though she be to-day, has at least the qualities of her years. She is too old and too staid to respond in *quadrius et angustis* to every capering discontent. Her partner too must be divine; and she would hear in the blandishments of a Holz and a Schlaf, who proclaimed a revolution in German art and wrote blank blasphemy to support it, merely the echo of the Pantisocrats of a century ago, who talked of planting freedom on the banks of the Susquehanna, and who reaped a tranquil harvest in the laurels of home-keeping lame. These 'patriots of the world,' whom Berlin has taken so earnestly, invoking to suppress them the frown of the Court and the long arm of the civil police, claimed their birthright in England a hundred years before, and lived to sustain an honourable old age on a wholesome diet of pottage. The poets of revolt in England rebelled against Time itself; and it is in their regenerate temper—trained to order by Wordsworth, and to beauty by Tennyson—that the modern English critic approaches the early works of Gerhart Hauptmann and his comrades. Berlin was waiting for a voice. New hopes, new fears, new problems, and new methods were ousting the accepted conventions. The canons of yesterday were antiquated, their impatient bears were leaping the to-day and rushing blindly on the morrow. Since the crowning ceremony at Versailles in January 1871, when Bismarck played his pawn on to the eighth square of the chess-board, no man had arisen in Imperial Germany to interpret the hopes of the nation. Ernst von Wildenbruch, the Hohenzollern laureate, had written a few loyal stanzas, but, though he continued to turn out industrious and patriotic dramas, he suddenly found his cloister invaded by a crowd of inspired gamins. The barriers that hedged his art were broken

down in a night; his walls were stripped of their hieroglyphs, and scribbled over with brilliant obscenities, and at the date of Gerhart Hauptmann's arrival in Berlin, the city, as a seat of literature, was in the first delirium of mob-law.

If we have given a clear impression of the artistic conditions of the capital at the dawn of the naturalistic movement in Germany, it should not be hard to discover what place the young genius from the provinces was at first to claim among his comrades. He was a ready pupil of the revolt, and from the dedication of his first play to Arno Holz we infer that Hauptmann was formally adducted to the school of that impudent master. Holz was determined to shock the Philistines. The more they resisted his attack the more he threw off his reserve, till, by the time his 'Book of the Age' had reached its second edition, he was fixed in his own esteem as the apostle-martyr of his generation. It is a perilous position for a man with a knack of the lyre. 'Our world,' sang its prophet, 'is no longer classic or romantic, but merely modern,' and the mere modernity, which was his theme, involved the complete jettison of every restraining principle in language, metre, and morals. He filed his pages with Gallicisms as a protest against the National League for the expulsion of alien immigrants from the dictionary. He would have nothing of the old-fashioned doctrine of a heightened language for poetry; and in the fervour of his renunciation his vulgarity became ferocious. Dowered thus with the love of hate and the cult of scorn, Holz mounted his pillar and took the world into his confidence. He told them that he was a heathen and a cynic, that his greatest enemy was the prude, and that least of all was he a misogynist; then, having fairly warned his readers of the kind of thing they might expect, he went on to prove his professions by transcribing his adventures with loose women, by an unblushing travesty of the Lord's Prayer, and by countless examples of social and political satire. We need not follow the aberrations of his clever but scurrilous wit. We touch in Holz the extreme point of the naturalistic movement in Germany, and it stands to Hauptmann's credit that he never went quite as far. Though each was bound to the other in a league of mutual admiration, we incline to believe that instincts of natural piety restrained Gerhart Hauptmann from complete surrender. The austerity of the Hills was in his blood, and if this fact be inadequate to account for his æsthetic asceticism, let us remember that he was an inexperienced provincial with the edge of his illusions unworn, and, further, that he was a husband and a father. But if Holz dived deeper than Hauptmann in the muddy waters of

revolt, they met on a common level in their devotion to foreign models. In a sense it recalls the line of Horace, '*Græcia capta serum victorem cepit*,' when we find a German lyric poet, within ten years of Sedan, writing stanzas with the refrain, 'Then shout, my soul, *Vive la France!* *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*' Holz confessed that he derived his inspiration from across the Vosges; and Germany, he declared, 'since *anno Tacitus*' (*sic*) had been 'the Eldorado of the Philistines.' Part of this pose was assumed in a mere spirit of mischief for the sake of exalting Heinrich Heine, the quasi-Parisian Semite, in defiance of the German nationalists; but when Hauptmann deliberately elected to serve under the same flag, and when he laboriously inscribed his shield with the names of Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoi, he swore his oath of allegiance with all the enthusiasm of a recruit. Holz was flippant in his revolt; he wrote for himself first, and next for the beer-table of his boon companions. Hauptmann took the infection more gravely; he was three years older than Don Carlos, and reflected with equal solemnity that he had done nothing '*für die Unsterblichkeit*.'

His first challenge to immortality was '*Before Sunrise: A Social Drama*.' It appeared in book form in the summer of 1889, and was dutifully inscribed to the authors of '*Papa Hamlet*'—a collection of sketches by Holz and Schlaf 'in acknowledgment of their determining influence'—a compliment which Holz was prompt to return by describing Hauptmann's play as 'the best drama ever written in the German tongue.' We hasten to add that the play is not quite as bad as such praise would lead us to expect. Nor did it altogether deserve the advertisement of a hostile demonstration, such as was accorded to it on its first production by the Free Stage Society in the autumn. The views of the persons who were responsible for that tasteless and exaggerated scene in the theatre may best be gathered from an anonymous review which appeared on the morrow of the performance:—

'It is high time,' declared the critic, 'for an energetic protest to be made against offences of this kind on the part of "youngest Germany." We must drive these gentlemen out of the temple of art with firm strokes of the lash. Those who find pleasure in such filth and vulgarity . . . may indulge their taste at their own risk. Still, they must permit others, who do not identify poetic truth with a prurient delight in immorance, to register their most emphatic conviction of the opposite opinion, and to take a determined stand against these dunces of literature, in order as swiftly as possible to expose their boundless self-conceit.'

Between these extreme opinions we may select a mean. Neither Hauptmann, nor Holz, nor any one of the set, was a member of the Free Stage Society which ventured to put 'Before Sunrise' on the boards. This compliment was solely due to the spontaneous admiration of the late Theodor Fontane, poet, novelist and war correspondent, who acted for many years in later life as the dramatic critic of the 'Vossische Zeitung,' the leading middle-class newspaper. Fontane had read the play in book form, and with his usual geniality he wrote a letter of encouragement to the unknown author, calling his work 'Ibsen's harvest,' and offering to press its claims on the committee of the Free Stage. Thus, by a single book, Hauptmann attracted the favourable notice of a veteran writer and critic; he was treated to a tumultuous reception at the first performance of his first play; and he was congratulated by Arno Holz in terms of unmeasured approval. Clearly he must be counted among the few sons of fame who win their kingdom in a single night. Happily for himself, he was not distracted either by the praise or the blame, but turned his face to the hills where he had lived as a boy.

Fontane showed his wonted acumen when he spoke of 'Ibsen's harvest.' 'Before Sunrise' belongs to a group of plays, in a diminishing scale of gratuitous unpleasantness, which were composed in the spirit of the Scandinavian playwright. The English critic has been terrorised by the scornful pity of the Ibsenites. He made a feeble stand at first, seeking to justify his attack on these dramas of the parlour and kitchen in terms of artistic condemnation. But the invincible cocksureness of counsel for the defence browbeat him into acquiescence. Realism and naturalism and art-in-ugliness were flung incessantly in his teeth, till he suffered judgment to go against him by default, and was content to express his disapproval by absenting himself from the theatre. We venture in all humility to take exception to this cowardice. It is permissible, we believe, to stand apart from the Ibsenites, and yet to retain our self-respect; and, so far at least as Ibsen's harvest in Germany is concerned, we do not despair of showing that Hauptmann's—or Sudermann's—firstlings were neither true literature nor right dogma. Alfred Loth, the hero of 'Before Sunrise,' is a Socialist with views on heredity. He wears his views on his sleeve, the sleeve which his Nellie rubs her pretty cheek on through the dreary irony of a whole act of love-making. For Nellie, the desirable daughter of an habitual drunkard, has a drunken sister in child-bed in the next room, whose unhealthy baby is born and dies almost within sight of the spectators. Thus, the taint of alcohol

the second and third generations. Loth stumbles on this obstruction with his love in one hand and his principles in the other. The love breaks in the conflict; he leaves a letter stating his 'insuperable' objections, and Nellie kills herself with a hunting-knife. We have omitted the by-play of adultery and incest, but enough will have been said to explain the heavy humour of a German *accoucheur* who proffered his services to the actors from his place in the stalls. Exit Nellie, enter Kitty. Kitty's happiness is wrecked on another 'insuperable' problem. When we first meet her in 'Lonely Lives' (1890-1) she is married to John Vockerat, the son of God-fearing parents and the intellectual disciple of Darwin. Their house-keeping is interrupted by the visit of a Zürich student, Anna Mahr, who discusses philosophy with her host, and specialises in the Platonic theory of love. John Vockerat neglects his wife, and expects her to share his infatuation for the other woman. But the neighbours begin to talk; Kitty grows pale and listless; John's indignant father arrives tempestuously on the scene, and the uninvited guest has to go. There is no open scandal, and but a single kiss. John and Anna, we are asked to believe, have not strayed from the path of philosophy, but are aroused from their studies as from a dream. Anna Mahr returns whence she came—to the limbo of superfluous women, and John Vockerat drowns himself. 'Mother! Father!' cries Kitty to her parents-in-law, 'it is you who have driven him to this'—by their conscientious efforts, we presume, to train him in the fear of God; and this is the sole hint of a solution which Hauptmann vouchsafes to our perplexity. The cold cruelty of the play reminds us of the close of 'Magda,' where the emancipated daughter of middle-class origin reproaches her father for the shipwreck she has made of her lot. We may compare in this light the conclusions of the two dramas:

'VOKKERAT: Be yourself again, my son. Think of your old teachers, John think of Pastor Peters and all his pious admonitions. Imagine . . .

JOHN (*frantic*): Father, stop these reminiscences, unless you want to make me laugh. Reminding me of my teachers, indeed!—a pack of blockheads who educated the marrow out of my bones!

MRS. VOKKERAT: Gracious heavens!

VOKKERAT: Quiet, Martha, quiet! (*To John*) Neither your teachers nor your parents have deserved this of you.

JOHN (*screams*): They were my destruction.

VOKKERAT: This is blasphemy, John.

JOHN: I know what I am saying. You have been my destruction.

VOKKERAT: Is this the reward of our love?

JOHN: Your love has been my destruction.

(Hauptmann's 'Lonely Lives,' act v.)

Now take the last scene between Magda Schwartz and her father, when he urges the claims of the family honour to induce her to marry her seducer—

*MAGDA (*in growing excitement*): Yes, what is it you want of me? Why do you cling to me so? . . . I had almost said, What concern am I of yours?

SCHWARTZ: That you shall soon see.

MAGDA. You reproach me for choosing my own road to destruction, without asking you and all the family for permission. And why not? Was I not free? . . . If you give us the right to starve—and I have starved—why do you deny us the right of love, as it is offered to us, and the right of happiness, as we understand it?

SCHWARTZ: You seem to fancy, my child, that because you are independent and a great artist, you can set yourself apart above—

MAGDA. Leave the artist out of the question. . . . Oh, we know what this family morality demands of us. . . . But if you give us our freedom, don't be surprised if we avail ourselves of it.

SCHWARTZ: Ah, there, there. There breathed the spirit of revolt, which is going through the world. My child, my dear child, tell me, you were not serious then—you—you—pity me—if (*he furtively glances at his case of pistols*). I don't know what would happen otherwise. . . . Child, have pity on me!

(Sudermann's 'Heimat,' act iv, sc. xii.)

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's fine acting has familiarised us with the rest of this scene, but it is the Magdas and John Vockerats of the German stage who convince us of the evil plight of a people which has skipped a generation in a year. 'Never,' says one authority, writing of the times before us, 'were parents and children divided by so deep a line of cleavage'; and the unregenerate Hauptmann deemed it the function of his art to subject such divided households to the ruthless investigation of the microscope. He introduced a bacterial problem in an isolated living organism, and invoked the protection of the stage for his experiment in social reform. Life itself rises in protest against this abuse of the drama. 'One cannot help one's nature—that's the miserable thing,' declares Kitty in 'Lonely Lives'; but Hauptmann's conception of a dramatic motive would make Aristotle turn in his grave. The mistake made by Ibsen and his imitators was to impute necessity where no necessity existed, and the unquestioned talent of the playwrights wholly fails to persuade us that failure and defeat are the law of life.

Gerhart Hauptmann himself reached a sense of his mistake. As we trace the progress of his genius through his work in the last ten years, the hot indignation of his early muse gives way to a humaner philosophy. In 'Before Sunrise' no detail omitted which might rouse the spectators to kick at the

of an assumed fate. The misery and brutality of the facts were dragged across the stage with a relentlessness unparalleled in 'L'Assommoir' or 'Ghosts.' But in 'The Teamster' of 1898—Hauptmann's latest idyl of the Silesian hills—this bitterness is chastened and subdued. It is true the hero commits suicide; he hangs himself for variety's sake; but he makes a stout fight for it first, and his sturdy, weather-beaten figure, shrunken by the excesses of his shrewish second wife, bears the stamp of honesty and respect. Superstition, too, is introduced, for Hauptmann would seem to concede that a man should struggle against misfortune so long as it comes in natural kind, but may fairly be beaten by the supernatural. As Macbeth is tormented by phantoms, and Hamlet haunted by an apparition, so Henschel, the teamster, is oppressed by the ghost of a promise to the dead. 'Quisque suos patimur Manes,' and there is no attempt in this play to lay the blame of the suffering at the door of social institutions. How peaceful and pathetic, in contrast with the earlier plays, are the concluding scenes of 'The Teamster':—*

SIEBENHAAR: Good evening, Henschel. What, up so late? Aren't you feeling well, then, eh?

HENSCHEL (*looks at him blankly a moment, simply*): I can't get no sleep. I've no sleep at all. I'd be right glad to take something for it, if I knew what. I dunnow how it comes. God knows, how it happens.

SIEBENHAAR: Tell you what, old friend—you go quietly to bed, and to-morrow, early, I'll send round the doctor. You mustn't neglect yourself any longer.

HENSCHEL: I'm thinkin' no doctor will do me any good any more.

SIEBENHAAR: Come, come, we'll see about that. Dr Richter knows his business. My wife got no sleep for weeks together, her head was splitting with pain. Last Wednesday he gave her a powder, and now she sleeps as sound as the dead!

HENSCHEL: Aye, aye, well, well, may be it will, may be it won't. I'd be up and about again, if I could only get some sleep. . . .

SIEBENHAAR: . . . Now, you go off to bed, Henschel. One man's shoe pinches here, another's there. Life is no jest, we all have to look after ourselves. And if you're worrying about something, don't take it so much to heart. . . .

. . . **HENSCHEL:** Nay, nay, I'd as lief talk as lie down. Look you, it's all my own fault, all through; I know it's my fault. Aye, aye, let that be. But before I began things with her—I mean, before I took Hannah—it had already got a start, and down, down, down it went—down to the bottom of the hill. First, my old

* We follow Hauptmann's translators in crediting the difficulty of the dialect. Siebenhaar is the proprietor of the inn where Henschel is in charge of the horses.

bone knife, that broke in two. Then, hark you, I mind me quite well of this, next I rode over my own dog. Poor wee doggie, the best I ever had. Then I lost three horses, one after the other—the fine stallion that cost his nine five poun' notes. And, hark you, the last thing was, my wife died. Aye, aye, I'd reasoned it out with myself, she wouldn't be spared me. But when she was took, I thought, now, I thought, there's an end, there's nothing more they can take away from me. But, look you, they made a full job of it. I'm not for saying naught of little Guasy. If the wife goes, the child goes. That's right enough. Nay, nay, a snare was laid to catch me, and I walked into the pit.

SIEBENHAAR. Nonsense, who's been laying snares for you?

HENSCHL. Maybe it was the devil, maybe another. But I can't help it, no, I can't, not I.

SIEBENHAAR. That's an unfortunate notion.

HENSCHL. Nay, nay, I don't lay store by that. Evil I've been, but I can't help it, not I. I just tumbled straight into it. Maybe it was my fault. Who knows? It's nobbut the devil's cleverer nor me.

If space permitted, and if our version of the original were less unjust to the shrewd, taut, elementary language, so typical of the peasant's mind, with which Hauptmann has invested the teamster, we should gladly continue our quotation till the end of the act. Poor Henschel! poor gentle giant of the mills, wasted by misfortune and the wrong done to his dead wife! fate dealt spitefully with him for marrying a second time against her wish. 'She can find no rest in the grave,' he tells us; 'she comes and she goes, and she has no rest.' Between the unrelieved ignobleness of the Loths, the Vockerats, and the rest of the company, with their exotic grievances against society, and the pastoral solemnity which broods on the central figure in 'The Teamster,' there lie the ascendancy and decline of Ibsen's star in Germany.

The star was at its brightest when Hauptmann's 'Weavers' was composed. We know no instance where the naturalistic stage of Germany touched so high a point of merit. Since February 1893 the piece has been performed about three hundred times at the chief theatre in Berlin, and the printed version of the play has passed through more than twenty editions. Doubtless there are faults in the drama. First, there is the tiresome abundance of dialect. The play exists in two author's versions, the one 'De Weber'—in unadulterated vernacular; the other—'Die Weber'—in fairly intelligible kailyard. Mr. Heinemann's translator has drawn on a slightly defiled well of English, but it should be remembered that German readers of the piece are compelled to submit to a

language test. Next, from a dramatic point of view, Hauptmann confides too much in stage descriptions—quite another thing from stage directions. Here is one:—

'Most of the waiting workpeople have the air of standing before the bar of justice, in torturing expectation of a decision that means life or death to them. They are marked too by the anxious timidity characteristic of the receiver of charity, who has suffered many humiliations, and, conscious that he is barely tolerated, has acquired the habit of self-effacement. Add to this an expression on every face that tells of constant fruitless brooding. There is a general resemblance among the men. They have something about them of the dwarf, something of the schoolmaster. The majority are flat-breasted, short-winded, sallow, and poor-looking—creatures of the loom, their knees bent with much sitting. At a first glance the women show fewer typical traits. They look over-driven, worried, reckless, whereas the men still make some show of a pitiful self-respect. . . . Some of the young girls are not without a certain charm, consisting in a wax-like pallor, a slender figure, and large, projecting, melancholy eyes.'

This would be proper in a novel; it has no place on the stage. Thirdly, the excess of realistic detail fritters away those broad effects at which the drama should aim, while its repulsive coarseness not infrequently betrays the peasant in the poet. Lastly, this play, like a greater masterpiece, is a story without a hero. The centre of interest is a riotous strike among the weavers in the Eulen hills, and Hauptmann has not strengthened—or weakened—his central theme by the introduction of any side-issue. Happily, however, he is content to tell a story without pleading a cause. The action of the play dates from fifty years back, and thus the playwright has been saved from the snares of contemporary bitterness. This drama without a hero is still dramatic in its movement, and, despite the deductions we have made, we cannot fail to recognise the power and greatness of the work. In contrast with the preceding plays, the sea of troubles in which the weavers are involved is genuine, elemental water, with genuine, elemental troubles; it is no artificial pool, preserved and stocked for the occasion. Some of the weavers take arms to oppose it; some resign themselves to it; some think to command it; but all alike are moved by natural sentiment and passion. The drama deserves its place among the classic annals of the poor.

These flat-breasted, short-winded, sallow, undergrown creatures of the loom, with their rough, halting speech of suppressed consonants and dull, broad vowels, who fought once, and once

only, in the fastnesses of the Silesian hills for dry bread and a living wage—we must note for fullness of comprehension that they had included the grandfather of the playwright. If he did not take part in the strike, yet he, too, had grown knock-kneed with much sitting; and, as Hauptmann studied the period in which he has laid his play—doubtless in the stirring account of the 'Rise and Fall of the Linen Industry in Silesia,' by a pupil of Schmoller, the economist—it was his own flesh which shrank with want, hunger, and disease, his own blood which rose against the oppression of the masters. His play is a labour of piety, a dutiful *descensus Averni* made by the poet in search of the weaver.

'I dedicate this drama to my father, Robert Hauptmann'—so runs the inscription. 'You, dear father,' it continues, 'know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyse them here. Your stories of my grandfather, who in his young days sat at the loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama. Whether it possesses the vigour of life, or is rotten at the core, it is the best "so poor a man as Hamlet is" can offer'; and the dedication is signed, 'Your Gerhart.'

Hauptmann kept close to his text. On June 3rd, 1844, according to the authority we have cited, a gang of labourers, singing—like the Gordon rioters—a coarse but powerful manifesto, marched to the mansion of a man called Zwanziger, and demanded their terms. Zwanziger had one of the gang arrested by the local police. On the following day they returned with reinforcements, and pulled his house about his ears. Zwanziger and his family fled; the rioters marched on till their courage was expended, when the movement ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The strike went out like the flame of a candle, and the weavers meekly came back to their stools. In Hauptmann's 'drama of the forties' Zwanziger becomes Dreissiger—a very transparent disguise—and a good-natured bully of a soldier is introduced to instigate the riot. 'Happen a man must get a breath of air once in a while'—this, in the language of one old weaver in the play, is the beginning and the end of the business.

The first act shows us the weavers' pay-day. Dreissiger's manager—himself formerly a weaver—is doling out the pence according to the weight and quality of the finished cloth. Becker, 'a young, exceptionally powerfully-built weaver—off hand, almost bold in manner,' is the least tractable of the workmen, who include Old Baumert, Heiber, Reimann, and others, besides a weaver's wife. Pfcifer, the manager, Neumann, his cashier,

and an apprentice, are behind the bench. The majority suffer the tyranny of the manager with tutored resignation, but it is plain at once that Becker is riding for a fall. His insolence to the foreman compels the intervention of the proprietor, and after a brief altercation, in which he relieves himself of some home-truths, Becker is summarily dismissed. This incident—assisted by a fainting child who has the bad taste to be starving—moves Dreissiger to harangue his workpeople and to state his own point of view. It is a passage full of acute character study, and deserves to be given at length.

'DREISSIGER (. . . walks up and down silently for a few moments): I sincerely trust such a thing will not occur again. Who gets all the blame for it? Why, of course the manufacturer. It's entirely our fault. If some poor little fellow sticks in the snow in winter and goes to sleep, a special correspondent arrives post haste, and in two days we have a blood-curdling story served up in all the papers. Is any blame laid on the father, the parents, that send such a child?—Not a bit of it. How should they be to blame? It's all the manufacturer's fault—he's made the scapegoat. They flatter the weaver, and give the manufacturer nothing but abuse—he's a cruel man, with a heart like a stone, a wicked fellow, at whose calves every cur of a journalist may take a bite. He lives on the fat of the land, and pays the poor weavers starvation wages. In the flow of his eloquence the writer forgets to mention that such a man has his cares too and his sleepless nights, that he runs risks of which the workman never dreams; that he is often driven distracted by all the calculations he has to make, and all the different things he has to take into account, that he has to struggle for his very life against competition; and that no day passes without some annoyance or some loss. And think of the manufacturer's responsibilities, think of the numbers that depend on him, that look to him for their daily bread. No, no! none of you need wish yourselves in my shoes—you would soon have enough of it. (*After a moment's reflection*) You all saw how that fellow, that scoundrel Becker, behaved. Now he'll go and spread about all sorts of tales of my hard-heartedness, of how my weavers are turned off for a mere trifle, without a moment's notice. Is that true? Am I so very unmerciful?'

He is assured in chorus of the contrary; 'and yet,' as he complains, 'these ne'er-do-weels come round singing low songs about us manufacturers, prating about hunger, with enough in their pockets to pay for quarts of bad brandy.' Dreissiger's grievances, he succeeds in convincing himself, are ten times worse than his workmen's; 'business,' he tells them, 'is as bad as it can be just now. . . . Instead of making money I am losing it every day.' Still, he is anxious to act fairly; he is

willing to run risks just to show his good will, and so he has arranged to employ two hundred more weavers; there sha'n't be starving people in his neighbourhood as long as he has work to give out. 'But,' he adds, 'I'll leave Pfeifer to give the particulars,' and 'Pfeifer's my manager,' or 'These are things Pfeifer must look into' is the sole reply which he vouchsafes, as he makes a hasty escape from the detaining hands and querulous voices of the suppliant crowd. And when Pfeifer condescends to explain his master's charity, it merely amounts to a reduction of the average scale of payment in order that more work-people may be employed.

Old Baumert, we imagine, makes his way home revolving the situation in his mind. The dull, dumb, unreasoning anger of the poor is denied the safety-valve of speech. They feel better than they talk; their broken murmurs and whispers of despair are but a faint indication of the turmoil raging below. We fancy that Baumert, as he returns to the six-foot room at Kaschbach, where his family and home are waiting, does not exchange many words. His toil-worn figure is bent with age; he has not the price of a decent meal in his possession, but he carries, wrapt up in a cloth, the carcase of his emaciated cur. It is a character ripe, not for villany—he has not the wits of a villain—but for hitting blindly at someone, for beating with the impotent anger of old age at the glass doors of his prosperous neighbours.

How subtly Hauptmann plays on this chord! The second act opens on the interior of the Baumerts' room, a room 'full of sound,' as the stage directions tell us; 'the rhythmic thud of the looms, shaking floor and walls, the click and rattle of the shuttles passing back and forward, and the steady whirr of the winding-wheels, like the hum of gigantic bees.' Mother Baumert, her two daughters, and the love-child of the elder girl are expecting Old Baumert's return. Moritz Jaeger, the soldier who has earned his discharge, and Ansoerge, the owner of the hut, subsequently arrive to complete the party. They sit down to a gruesome feast of dog's-flesh; and Jaeger works on the company, with his descriptions of their misery and the callousness or tyranny of the rich, till Baumert jumps up in articulate fury and declares—

'It's true, it's all true! Here I stand, Robert Baumert, master-weaver, of Kaschbach. Who can bring up anything against me? I've been an honest, hard-working man all my life long, an' look at me now! What have I to show for it? Look at me! See what they've made of me! Stretched on the rack day after day. Feel that! Skin and bone! "You villains all, you brood of hell!"'

And Ansoerge, moved by no less excitement, flings down the gage of revolt—'We'll stand it no longer, come what may!'

From this point the leash is slipped. The weavers march about the district; they booze, they boast, they shout. They flout the policeman and the publican, they encourage the young and intimidate the old. They terrify Dreissiger in his plenty; they drive him out of his house. They wreak their rage on his furniture, his rooms, his walls. They march from manufacturer's to manufacturer's, singing and destroying as they go. They respect neither woman nor priest. But their fury breaks on the stubborn rock of one God-fearing old weaver, a 'grave liver' such as Wordsworth might have conceived; it is exhausted in riotous excesses, and it is ground to the dust under the iron heel of the cavalry. Our readers must study these concluding acts for themselves. We shall be surprised if they rise from the recital with cold blood or dry eyes.

Hauptmann's painful ascent from this sordid valley of the shadow was made on the staff of mysticism. 'Hannele,' or 'Hannele's Assumption,' to give the full German title, was published and played at the end of 1893. It had the honour of attracting the notice of at least three kings. The Chaplain was despatched from the Palace at Potsdam to report on its value as Christian evidence—we believe with satisfactory results. The Court Theatre in Vienna was specially licensed for its production, and the playwright was granted an audience in the royal box at Stuttgart. The professional critics, though not unanimously favourable, combined to pay the drama the compliment of keen debate, which spread from the borders of Germany across the Vosges and the Atlantic. Mr. Archer's clever introduction to his English version of the play gives the talk of the Paris boulevards, and recounts the fate which befel the drama in New York, where the Mayor of the city forbade anyone but a grown-up actress to appear in the title-*rôle*. We revive the echoes of this discussion, not for the sake of any conclusions which were reached, but because it helps to explain the transition through which Hauptmann's genius was passing. Parts of 'Hannele,' especially the opening scenes in the village poor-house, were quite as naked in their realism as the pictures of Nellie's vicious surroundings or Baumert's squalid indigence. Parts, again—and the fusion was hardly successful—were drenched in a green-gold atmosphere of sentimental symbolism.

'There appear to Hannele in her fever-dream,' says the author in describing the *dramatis personæ*, 'her father Mattern, the mason; a female Figure, her dead mother; a great black Angel; three Angels of Light; the Sister of Mercy, Gottwald [the dominie] and his

school-children, the paupers, Meschke, Hauke, and others; Seidel (a forester); four white-clad Youths; a Stranger; many great and small Angels of Light; mourners, women, &c.

When we add that Hannele, who is about eleven years old, has tried to drown herself in the smithy pond, in consequence of her ill-treatment at her father's hands, it will be clear that the playwright has invoked the spirits of heaven and hell to avenge the grievances of this village Cinderella. He works as the magician militant. The delirium of an untaught child is exploited for social ends. Hauptmann was destined to improve his imperfect experiment in this art, but in 'Hannele' the supernatural, despite its poetical effects, leaves us uneasy and dissatisfied. The final apotheosis of the 'Stranger' in Hannele's levered vision, as the Lord of the resurrection and the life, filling the room with 'gold-green radiance,' beaming in a 'golden-white robe,' and marshalling a choir of angelic forms with censers and crowns and harps, is a device which crosses the border-line of profanity, and creates an unpleasant impression of an eternity of limelights and rouge.

We have seen Hauptmann at his worst and at his best, the best and worst which he has achieved hitherto. We have traced his emancipation from the yoke which Holz and the Ibsenites laid on him; we have marked his persistent turning to the hills, the source of his inspiration as of his life. As Hermann Sudermann, his contemporary and, in a sense, his competitor for public favour, has changed in the process of time from the playwright of social reform to the dramatist of John the Baptist, so Hauptmann has relinquished his experiments in the laboratory of family problems. Dante's legend, 'lasciate ogni speranza,' is written over that door. But if Gerhart Hauptmann has given us no more John Vockerats in the flesh, he has still reflected on the situation which 'Lonely Lives' was written to illustrate. In December 1896, six years after the production of that play, the literary world in Berlin was convulsed with conflicting emotions by the appearance of 'The Sunken Bell.' It has ever been Hauptmann's fate to 'win the vacant and the vain,' if not to 'noble raptures,' at least to a pleasurable excitement. More than one of his works has enjoyed the direct prohibition of the authorities, and hardly any has escaped an eager discussion of its dues. But no one whose business or pleasure took him to Berlin that winter, can forget the splash which was caused by the sinking of this magical 'Bell.' It was the intellectual wonder of the season: debates of realism or idealism were canvassed in clubs, rooms, and a sheaf of pamphlets appeared.

eric

significance. Still, if we shut our eyes to that turmoil, and look at the play itself—a far more agreeable occupation—there are but two things to be remarked. The first concerns the matter, and the second the manner of the drama.

The matter is a *réchauffé*. John Vockerat, householder and Darwinian, lent, we remember, a ready ear to the flatteries of Anna Mahr. She talked philosophy by the hour, she responded to his exalted moods, she encouraged him to prosecute his studies to the point of neglecting his wife. The aspiring pair were innocent in intention, till the claims of practical existence were forced on their bandaged sight. This was the problem of 'Lonely Lives,' a pitiful, unmanly problem, as we conceive it, which drove the irresponsible husband to drown himself out of his ill-doings. Hauptmann failed to solve the problem in real life, and out of his failure he constructed an ideal presentation of his theme. He idealized John Vockerat's experience, raising him thereby from the rank of a muddle-headed middle-class weakling to a type of human temptation. The 'plot' is the same in each instance, but the difference in effect is enormous. The action is moved from the villas of Brixton or Surbiton, where every sucking Darwinian might fit on John Vockerat's cap, to the higher planes of poetic truth, to which imagination is the passport. This, then, is the matter of the play. Instead of Herr Doctor Vockerat, there is Meister Heinrich, the master bell-founder. Instead of Fräulein Mahr, of Zurich, there is Rautendelein, the elfin spirit of the hills. Instead of the reproacher of the 'heavy father,' there are the children of the deserted wife, who bring to her husband in the mountains the full vessel of their mother's tears. Heinrich was kissed by Rautendelein, and the artist's vision of perfection, which had eluded him in the valley, came at the touch of her lips. And Rautendelein, the Undine of the heights, gained a soul at the contact, gained a woman's love and woman's tears, till Heinrich cursed her as a temptress.

As for the manner of the telling, it proves that Hauptmann is a poet. He takes us—like Arnold Böcklin, the painter—back to the Teutonic *Urwald*. Wood-nymphs, fauns, goblins, and water-gods are as vivid as the schoolmaster or the priest, and each portion of the drama is successfully wrought. Take the first temptation of Heinrich, when he awakes in enchanted ground:—

'How sweet thou art!
Stay, for my hand is innocent as thou.
Already I have seen thee—where, ah, where?
I serv'd for thee thro' hard, long years—how long?

Thy voice to prison in a cage of bells,
To wed it to the Sabbath-day's delights,
This was my labour, and therein I fail'd. . . .
How lovely is 't! How strange and full of awe.
The dark, mysterious branches of the pine
Are raised, and droop; how solemnly they bow
Their antic heads. O, woodland fay and fable,
Thy secret whisper trembles in my ears,
Stirs in the leaf, and rustles in the grass, . . .
Thou art the fay and fable! Kiss me, fay.'

The contrast between the fascinating wood-sprite, Rautendelein, half fairy, half woman, and the old witch-wife, Wittichen, with her weird and racy dialect, is that between the glamour and the weirdness of the forest, between the beauty and the horror of the superstitions that haunt its inhabitants. This is good, but in the handling of details a want of taste sometimes peeps out. We presume that the tobacco-pipe smoked by the wood-satyr, and the lucifer match which he strikes on his hoof, are meant to give modernity to an ancient creed, but we confess we regard them as an outrage upon the muse. As Rautendelein is a set-off to Wittichen, and the elves to the human characters of the drama, so Heinrich is contrasted with the priest; the poetry of the ancient world with this matter-of-fact age, the licence of unfettered emotion with the bonds of morality and common sense. Heinrich has been describing the inspiration which has come to him with Rautendelein on the heights:—

*PRIEST: Your flight of language is too high for me.
I am a simple man, of earth-born habits,
And know of transcendental matters naught,
But one thing know I, which you know no more -
What right and wrong, what good and evil are.

HEINRICH. And Adam knew it not in Paradise.

PRIEST: You toy with hollow phrases, but your sin
Cries with full voice to heaven. I am sorry,
And gladly had I spared you this reproof
You have a wife and children.

HEINRICH. Aye,—and then?

PRIEST: Your church-bells call'd you to the mountains—good!
But not that you should shun your home for months.
There sits the good wife waiting, and the bairns,
Drinking their portion from her rainy eyes.

HEINRICH: And I, good pastor, could I dry those
How gladly would I do it—but!
My days are spent in ecstasies
Which knows no remedy.

Renew'd by love, and may not pour my riches
To fill her empty pitcher,—for my wine
Would turn to gall and poison at her lips.'

Our imperfect version warns us to select the less passionate passages, or we should take, finally, the last scene between Heinrich and the witch-mother. He has had his chance, and has lost it. The forces of earth and water were bent by Rautendelein to his will. Nature, in a thousand shapes, was obedient to his art, and perfection—its own reward—seemed at last in his grasp. But the claims of the valley tugged at his heart-strings, till they broke.

'What's done is done, and what is o'er is o'er.
Thou'lt climb no more, lad Do not weep so sore,—
Thou wert a brave and hardy mountaineer,
But never brave enough; aye, aye, 't is clear,
Wert call'd, but wert not chosen, . . .'

And, sometimes, as we renew the enduring pleasure of this poem, as we follow the peasant-poet through the charmed country of his fancy, sitting with the water-sprite by his spring, and listening to his immemorial wisdom, watching the elf-dance by moonlight and scenting the satyr among his goats, as Rautendelein proffers her secret to the weary searchers after truth—sometimes we, too, are tempted to exclaim—

'Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.'

For that Hauptmann has had such glimpses in his home in the hills no reader of 'The Sunken Bell' can doubt. More doubtful is it if a 'creed outworn' is the most desirable possession for a poet who reached Berlin from the provinces barely ten years ago, and who is not yet forty years of age. Prophecy is the critic's pitfall. We should never have conjectured 'The Sunken Bell' from the author of 'Before Sunrise,' and we hesitate, therefore, to pronounce on the future of Hauptmann's genius. Still, we close perforce on this note of partial disappointment. We can only hope that of him, too, it will not be said—he was called but was not chosen; he was a German poet, but he was not the national poet of modern Germany.

ART. IV.—CANADA AND SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

1. *Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir John Alexander Macdonald.* By Joseph Pope. Two vols. London: Arnold, 1894.
2. *Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada.* By J. Edmund Collins. Toronto: Rose Publishing Co., 1883.
3. *House Executive Document No. 177, 40th Congress, 2nd Session.* Vol. XIII. (House of Representatives, United States.)
4. *Report of the Inauguration of the Royal Colonial Institute.* 'Times,' March 11th, 1869.
5. *Hansard Reports.* Vol. CLXXXV. 1867.

THE colonies of Great Britain, including in that description those which, four generations ago, laid the foundations of the United States, have produced not a few statesmen worthy to take their place along with the best to whom the mother country has given birth during the same time. The struggle with England called forth in America political actors and thinkers of the highest rank; the Civil War brought at least one to the front. Among men of such lofty and varied gifts and such illustrious performance as Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, it is difficult to assign to any one an absolute predominance; but it is doubtful whether as constructive statesmen, as practical creators of political systems, any one of those was superior to the Canadian, Sir John Macdonald. Nor has he any rivals in any other of the British colonies. In dignity and intellectual power the Australian-born Wentworth may have stood before him: in achievement he was immeasurably inferior. Sir Henry Parkes was oftener the demagogue than the statesman, and his name is identified with but one Imperial question—the federation of Australia—the solution of which he did not live to see.

In order properly to estimate the career of Sir John Macdonald one must have some idea of British North America as it was when he entered Parliament in 1844, and as it is now, nine years after his death. British Columbia, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories were the Great Lone Land, whose silence was broken only by savage tribes and the traders of the Hudson Bay Company; now they form one of the granaries of the Empire. Canada was divided into four Provinces, whose single bond was a common allegiance; now it is a nation an England's own. The entire po a million and a half,

now it is considerably over five millions. There were sixteen miles of railway; now there are sixteen thousand. The whole volume of trade was valued at 6,500,000*l.*; now it is valued at 63,456,600*l.* Mr. Pope tells us that the Provinces could, with great difficulty, borrow in the markets of the world at six per cent., and sometimes not at all; now Canadian three-and-a-half per cent. bonds are gilt-edged. In other words, half a century ago our North American Colonies were poor, weak, and divided; to-day they are rich, strong, and united. The history of nearly the whole of the intervening period is the history of Sir John Macdonald, a record of administrative continuity in the person of one man without a parallel in the annals of representative institutions.

In his maiden address to the electors of Kingston (1844), Sir John laid down the principle which was to guide him throughout his life. 'I need scarcely state my firm belief that the prosperity of Canada depends upon its permanent connexion with the mother country, and I shall resist to the utmost any attempt . . . which may tend to weaken that union.' Forty-seven years later, weighed down with age and honours and with the shadow of death on his face, he stood before the same constituency and affirmed the same principle. 'With my utmost efforts, with my latest breath, will I oppose the veiled treason which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance. . . . A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die.' However devious his course, he always worked towards an unvarying ideal, and all the great measures of his long tenure of power were not only in harmony with it, but inspired by it. That is to say, he was the first British statesman since Pitt who, as the word is understood now, was also Imperial. Until the rise of Lord Beaconsfield, no Minister during the early years of the present reign can truthfully be so described. As a matter of fact, the colonial policy of our rulers, if policy it could be called, tended towards Little Englandism, which it eventually became. In other words, they wished the Mother of Nations to stand alone, instead of expanding into a world-wide Empire. Sir John Macdonald was not, indeed, the first to see the infinite possibilities of British unity, but he was the first to make it the basis of a policy. His opponents, who possessed 'principles,' and very little else in the way of political equipment, were wont to deny him what they regarded as a saving grace in themselves. They were wrong. His whole career was dominated by two over-mastering principles, each dependent on the other. These were the interests of Canada as a nation, and the interests of

Great Britain as an Empire. What an inspiration they were, the Dominion is living witness. To him Free Trade, Peace, Progress, were means to an end; to most of his English contemporaries they were an end in themselves. He cared little for theory, and, unless it squared with the facts of life, for the teaching of economists and philosophers. In his political outlook he resembled Lord Beaconsfield. Both these pioneers of Imperialism united the imagination of the idealist with the severely practical methods of the business man; both founded their policy on fundamental principles of government in harmony with the national character and development; both were above the party system of which they were obliged to make use. It is the average politician who is the obstinate partisan, never the statesman. Sir John Macdonald's views have outlived the parochial aims which forty years ago divided parties, and to-day his creed is accepted by the whole Empire. Excepting Bismarck and Cavour, with the latter of whom he may especially be compared, no other political figure in the latter half of the nineteenth century stands out with the same impressiveness as this illustrious Scottish-Canadian, because no other statesman has served a great race-conception with a genius so creative and a fidelity so unbroken.

A statesman is, however, not measured by his achievements alone, but by the difficulties which he overcame and the conditions under which he lived. Sir John Macdonald's political life down to 1867 was one long struggle against adverse circumstances. Lower Canada was French-Canadian and Roman Catholic; Upper Canada was peopled by English, Irish, Scottish, Orangemen, and the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, who were partly Church of England, partly Nonconformist, and partly Roman Catholics. Politically they were divided into Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Clear-Grits, and Rouges. To drive this unruly team, Sir John Macdonald had no better instrument than that Downing Street blunder, the Union Act of 1840, which was so unworkable that, after causing the death of more Ministries than it would be prudent to count, it finally produced a deadlock. At times the ministerial majority was so narrow that, 'if a single member left his seat for half an hour, the Ministry ran the risk of being defeated.' Sir John's matchless gifts as a party leader alone kept the political machine from falling to pieces. Moreover, down to 1867, though always the virtual, he was never the nominal head of Liberal-Conservative Governments. Hence he had all the responsibilities of the Premiership without the

of the double majority, which was held to be constitutional. When, therefore, he found himself in a minority so far as Ontario was concerned, he was accused of ruling that Province by means of the French-Canadian vote. To add to his difficulties, the social and political consequences of French rule, as well as the crying mistakes of the Colonial Office, became acute problems in his time, and he was called upon to settle them. As he said many years afterwards, all his great battles were fought before Confederation—a fact which no one familiar with Canadian history will dispute. Thus for the first twenty years of his career he was strictly confined to the administrative field, in which, however, he laid the foundations of Canadian Imperialism so solidly that it has the strength and permanence of an Old-World institution. To this early period belongs the abolition of feudal tenures. In England this was the slow work of generations: in France it was the work of the Revolution: in Canada it was carried 'without excitement, disturbance, or individual wrong.' The Clergy Reserves—one of the main causes of the rebellion of 1837—were secularised in the same manner, and indeed nearly all Sir John's great administrative measures distinguish the two decades between 1844 and 1864. The worst constitution with which an English colony was ever burdened would have crushed a smaller man; in him it only served to develop the extraordinary gifts with which he had been endowed by nature.

The tendency of his policy could never be mistaken. Montreal citizens, despairing of a country which tolerated such legislation as the Rebellion Losses Bill, drew up and signed the Annexation Manifesto of 1849, which advocated a friendly separation from the British Empire, as a preliminary step towards union with the United States. Among the signatories were men afterwards honourably known in Canadian public life, as well as representatives of several United Empire Loyalist families. Sir John's reply to this indiscretion was the formation of the British North American League, which, as it preceded the inauguration of the Royal Colonial Institute by twenty years, was the first English association whose object was the unity of the Empire. 'Under its influence,' said Sir John to his secretary and biographer, Mr. Pope, 'the annexation sentiment disappeared, the feeling of irritation died away, and the principles which were laid down by the British North American League in 1850 are the lines on which the Conservative-Liberal party has moved ever since.' These were the maintenance of Canada's connexion with the mother country, the necessity of a confederation of all the Provinces, and the form

national policy. In 1856 Sir John, who was then practically Prime Minister, sent in his resignation to the Governor-General, because the 'Finance Minister had assumed the responsibility of giving 100,000*l.* of exchange to the Bank of Upper Canada without such advance being submitted to and approved by his Excellency in Council'—an act which he (Sir John) regarded as a slight to the Crown. The matter was afterwards smoothed over in some way not yet explained. It was, however, only one of many incidents in his political life which proved that, where the prerogatives of the Queen were concerned, he was as conservative as Lord Beaconsfield himself.

The party which enabled him to carry out his Imperial policy was a creation of his own, and one of his first political triumphs. In it were to be found men of every shade of opinion: French and British Canadians, Orangemen and Roman Catholics, Free-traders and Protectionists, Prohibitionists and Anti-prohibitionists—all held together by his personal magnetism and the confidence inspired by his wisdom and ability. The homage, obedience, and devotion which he received from his followers are absolutely without a parallel in modern times. Alone among party leaders, he could boast that nearly all the statesmen of his country for a generation had, at one time or another, sat in a Cabinet of which he was chief. By 1854 he had made it clear that the bounds of his party were elastic enough to include every person desirous of being called a 'Progressive Conservative,' and that the existing alliance between the Radicals and the French Canadians was unnatural. In other words he saw that the Provinces could be ruled only by compromise. The problem which confronted him resembled in some respects that which has confronted our statesmen in South Africa, but, owing to the neighbourhood of the United States and the existence of deep religious differences, was yet more complicated. In Ontario the task was more difficult than in Quebec, because, like most British communities, it was divided in politics, varied in origin, and, unlike any other North American colony, aggressively Protestant. In Lower Canada he had to deal with a race problem even more thorny than the race problem in South Africa, because it was intensified by religious differences as well as by the constitutional lack of sympathy between Briton and Gaul. Moreover, French Canadians are solidly entrenched in a Province of their own. Like the Dutch of the Transvaal, are conservative by and tradition. Sir John saw in their support ength. which was absolutely essential to his

party. He therefore detached them from the Radicals to whose ranks the misguided policy of a generation had driven them—and by his scrupulous observance of the Quebec Act, by Old-World courtesy, Celtic charm, and genuine respect for the French Canadians as a people, he carried their sympathies with him till the day of his death. The place taken by Mr. Hofmeyr, as representing the Dutch, in Cape Colony, was occupied in Canada by Sir George Cartier, as representing the French; but, fortunately for Sir John Macdonald, there was no political association in the Dominion which corresponded to the Afrikaner Bond. It may be doubted if the French-Canadian leader would have countenanced such a body. Had his judgment been at fault, his loyalty would have warned him that, in politics as well as in love, it is dangerous to play with edged tools.

The Imperial policy of Sir John Macdonald was triumphantly justified by confederation. His enemies, to dim the lustre of his fame, denied that the idea was his, waxing eloquent on the labours of other men. On similar grounds, originality might be denied to Bismarck, because German unity was an idea centuries old before his time; or his reputation as a statesman might be depreciated because he had such able allies as Kaiser Wilhelm I and Moltke. Nevertheless the Old-World Empire born in 1870 will always be identified with the name of Bismarck, as the New-World Empire born of England three years earlier will always be associated with the name of Sir John Macdonald. George Brown, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Cardwell, Sir George Cartier, and other fathers of the Dominion, were able men, but they could serve better than they could lead; or, to put it in another way, they were excellent officers under a brilliant general. None of them saw beyond the threshold of the future. Joseph Howe, from being an ardent supporter of confederation, became its bitterest opponent. At a most critical moment Lord Carnarvon resigned his office as Colonial Minister, and his successor, from the bent of his mind, was incapable of rising to a great Imperial occasion. George Brown, by his patriotic course in 1864, indeed made union possible, but he merely aimed at 'setting Upper Canada free from the Lower Canadian yoke.' Consequently he withdrew from the Coalition Ministry the following year, and thereafter did all in his power to render the passage of confederation difficult. Sir John Macdonald, on the other hand, served the cause with a loyalty as unflinching as it was unselfish. He alone read the full Imperial significance of a united Canada; he alone grasped its changed relations to the mother country,

to the United States, and to the world. With the exception of Lord Carnarvon, English statesmen saw in confederation nothing more than an arrangement for simplifying the work of the Colonial Office, and a step towards independence; he saw in it 'the right arm of England, and a powerful auxiliary of the Empire.' To bring it about he made many personal sacrifices—how many his private papers reveal, with a certain pathos which is none the less real because it is unconscious. He even served in a Ministry the leader of which was politically so colourless as to be acceptable to all sections of the Liberal-Conservative Party.

That Sir John himself regarded confederation as his greatest achievement is clear from his letters. True, the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick contained a population of less than three millions; nevertheless, divided as they were by provincial jealousies, and racial, religious, commercial, and constitutional differences, the task of bringing them into line on the subject of union was as difficult as the federation of an Empire. Happily for the Dominion, Sir John's unerring instinct chose the right moment. There was deadlock in Canada. The United States, in a fit of petulance, had terminated the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and had emerged from the Civil War stronger than ever. A Fenian raid and the Trent affair had brought home to each and all of the colonies their weakness and defencelessness. A movement for the union of the Maritime Provinces had found expression in a conference at Charlottetown. This gathering gave Sir John the opening he desired, and in a few weeks his energy had transformed it into the Quebec Conference, empowered to devise a scheme for the federal union of British North America. The result of their labours was a series of resolutions which, after being drafted and redrafted several times, finally became the Confederation Bill of 1867. But between the conception of the Dominion at Quebec and its birth at Ottawa extended three anxious and harassing years. Through a tactical mistake, the movement towards union was checked in New Brunswick; and this encouraged the anti-confederates in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. A second Fenian raid created something like a panic in Canada; and popular excitement, inconsistent in its clamour, enormously increased the difficulty of providing for the defence of the country. The details of the various local constitutions had to be thought out and formulated, a party composed of Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals kept together, and the ordinary business of Parliament carried through. We can readily

believe Mr. Pope when he says that, at this period of his career, Sir John Macdonald 'worked night and day.'

As his had been the master mind of the Quebec Conference, so it dominated the conference in London. Without his magnetic personality, tact, persuasiveness, and fertility of resource, the best efforts of the Imperial authorities might have been in vain. His knowledge of constitutional precedent was unsurpassed even in England, while his command of details was such that, when provincial interests threatened to be irreconcilable, and thorny questions of finance, representation, and other matters of federal moment came up for discussion, his guidance was indispensable. Above all he has impressed the British North America Act with his own passionate loyalty. It is, as he said it should be, in his opening speech at the Quebec Conference, 'an image and transcript of the British Constitution.' That it is a less faithful transcript than it might have been is due to inevitable conditions, to local particularism, and the necessity of conciliation by compromise. For instance, Sir John was in favour of a full legislative union, which he described as 'the best, cheapest, most vigorous, and strongest system of government' which the Provinces could have adopted; but unfortunately their constitutions only admitted of a federal union. Again, he was anxious, for Imperial reasons, that the Confederation should be called the Kingdom of Canada; but Lord Derby, afraid that the title might give offence to the United States, opposed the suggestion. The name 'Dominion,' which was actually adopted, was a compromise between monarchical and republican ideas.

If the negotiations, which led up to the North America Act, required statesmanship of the highest order, no less was required to lay the foundations of the new Dominion. What a herculean task it was few Englishmen realized at the time, and fewer still realise it now. The danger of the Fenian raids was not yet over. On the south was a strong and ambitious Power, which for eighty years had ostentatiously paraded her desire of annexing, by peaceful means, the British colony which it had twice failed to take by war. When the Dominion was born, that Power was striving to cut off its possible advance to the Pacific; it was encroaching on Canadian fisheries; it was aggravating the San Juan boundary dispute by high-handed proceedings. Nor was the delicate geographical situation of Canada her only danger; internally she was weak by reason of her ethnological diversity. That is to say, Sir John Macdonald had not only to face every internal problem which has vexed
-ouls of Australian federationists, but, in addition, a hostile

State on the frontier; while at home, a large minority, Roman Catholics, French in origin, and united in their aims, were opposed to a not overwhelming majority of English, Scottish, and Irish, partly Roman Catholic and partly Protestant. That he was able in such circumstances to set in motion the machinery of the Federal Constitution and its six Provincial satellites so that they worked harmoniously from the first, speaks volumes for the creative skill and the tactful management of a born Parliamentary statesman. Had any untoward incident deprived Canada of his services in 1867, the history of confederation, even with the aid of the Colonial Office and such able and patriotic statesmen as Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley, might have been very different; it was the Dominion's good fortune that her greatest son remained at the helm until confederation was clear of every rock and shoal, and was floating towards the harbour of safety on the flood-tide of national feeling.

To pass the Act of Federation was a triumph indeed, an indispensable first step; but it was only a first step towards real union. Legislation, effective as it may be on occasion, is very far indeed from being the magician's wand which modern writers love to paint it. The most potent factor in the creation of Canadian unity was less an Act of Parliament than two steel rails and an electric wire. The British North America Act did indeed establish the Dominion, but the machine which it provided was, so far, inanimate. Confederation was a slow process, which began in 1864 with the first meeting of the Quebec Conference, and ended in 1885 with the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway—two eventful decades in which Sir John Macdonald was at the zenith of his powers. No serious thinker can claim that the Federation Act of 1867 was more than a step in the great work of union, for the Dominion, in that year, embraced only the Canadas and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia, under the leadership of Joseph Howe, one of the greatest orators North America has ever produced, refused to enter the Confederation at the last moment; and, for nearly a year, feeling on the subject ran so high that finally it was not to be distinguished from sedition. The Colonial Office did much to relieve the strain; but, as usual, the chief factor in the situation was Sir John Macdonald. Never even in his long record of diplomatic triumphs were his tact, sympathy, and knowledge of men shown to better advantage than in the delicate negotiations, during the course of which his brilliant opponent was transformed into a supporter of the Dominion Government and

President of the Privy Council. With Howe's conversion the agitation in Nova Scotia came to an end, and the Province was admitted into the Confederation under a financial agreement popularly known as the 'Better Terms.' The school of political thought, which demands a standard of morals in public affairs that it has long ceased to require in business transactions, described Sir John Macdonald's diplomacy in Nova Scotia as 'bribery.' A similar arrangement was also the basis of the American Union, but, to a certain school of thinking, what is a virtue in Republicans such as Franklin and Hamilton is a vice in a great Imperialist such as Sir John Macdonald.

To secure the western territories was a still more difficult task. Canada's prosperity, nay, her very existence as a British State in America, depended on an outlet to the Pacific; but between her and the sea-board lay Rupert's Land, the truly Imperial Dominion of the Hudson Bay Company. She was, therefore, as completely cut off from British Columbia and the North-West as though an ocean rolled between. In a vague way she had always regarded herself as the direct successor of the Company—an aspiration which received practical expression many times during the fifteen years previous to confederation, as well as in the British North America Act itself. Further delay would, however, have been fatal. 'If Canada is to remain a country separate from the United States,' wrote Sir John Macdonald in 1865, 'it is of great importance to her that the United States should not get behind us by right or by force, and intercept the route to the Pacific.' Three years later he went further.

'If this country is to remain British, it is only by being included in the British North American scheme,' he said in the House of Commons; 'and in addition to the necessity which we recognise, with a stronger Power in our front and flank, of extending over the whole of the British possessions here the just and beneficent institutions of government which we ourselves enjoy, we are also swayed by the interested object of finding fresh lands for the outlet of our adolescent population. . . . If offered to the United States, the recent purchasers of a tract of ice adjoining, can we doubt that they would consent to pay for it an amount equal to the whole debt of Canada four times over? It was but the absorbing interest of the late internecine war that prevented the country from having been overrun already.'

Early in 1868 an address was sent to the Queen praying Her Majesty to unite Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories with Canada. At first it looked as though former

diplomatic failures were to be repeated; but the desire of all parties for a settlement had now become so strong that the question almost solved itself. The Colonial Office, believing that the independence of Canada was at hand, was anxious to 'speed the parting guest'; the Hudson Bay Company saw that their princely day was done; and Sir John Macdonald, representing the Dominion, was determined to secure the West with its littoral before it was too late. Early in 1868, the Duke of Buckingham officially announced to the Government at Ottawa that the transfer of Rupert's Land could be effected at their pleasure by arrangement with the Company under authority of an Act of the Imperial Parliament, which Act was duly passed in July of the same year. After much negotiation it was agreed that 4,500 acres in the vicinity of the great-trading posts, and one-twentieth of the fertile belt, should be reserved to the Hudson Bay Company, all other rights, privileges, and interests being vested in the Crown on payment of 300,000*l.*

To understand the magnitude of the task accepted by Sir John Macdonald on behalf of Canada, it is necessary to grasp the extent and nature of this region. The total area of Rupert's Land and the North-West is 2,665,000 square miles, an area larger than Russia, Austria, and Germany combined. At that time the area of Canada herself was only 389,141 square miles, or less than one-seventh of the territory she was called upon to administer. During the past half-century Russia, France, and the United States have each absorbed districts larger than European kingdoms, but the process has been gradual. Canada at one bound carried her frontier across half a continent. A sudden accession of territory so vast has no parallel elsewhere. Moreover this region of magnificent distances was a trackless wilderness, tenanted only by the naked savage and the wild animals on which he preyed. Roads there were none, and the posts of the Hudson Bay Company were as widely sundered as the oases of the Sahara Desert. The only countries in modern times which have had to overcome physical obstacles on the same scale are Russia and the United States. But it should be remembered that Tartars and Chinese had made a track, rude as it was, for the advance of the Cossack in Central Asia, and that the stately Spaniard anticipated the advance of the American in the south and west. Moreover these States had no serious rival on their frontier, and were, on this account, able to build up an empire at their leisure. Canada was in a very different position. Neither the Indian nor the Hudson Bay Company had done anything towards
West,

the former from incapacity, the latter from interest; and every step of Sir John Macdonald's policy was keenly watched by a strong and jealous Power across the border. Any sign of weakness on his part, and the path of England to the Pacific would have been cut off for ever. It must be remembered, too, that he was Prime Minister, not of a great Empire, but of a colony with a population of less than three million souls, which, though rich in potential resources, had few of these at command. The Confederation, moreover, was less than three years old, and had absolutely no experience in dealing with subject races. The position of Canada as a loyal colony was against her. British capital, which should have flowed into the North-West, flowed into the United States, because in those days the Cobden Club fallacies were received by gullible capitalists as articles of faith, and the Great Republic was supposed to be safe from 'foreign complications.' But with greater natural difficulties to contend against, fewer resources, and no experience, Canada has performed her task in the North-West better than Russia has performed hers in Central Asia or the United States here in the West.

This task had hardly been begun when the outlook in the North-West became dark and lowering. During the summer of 1869 parties of Canadian surveyors had been engaged in making a waggon road from the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry, and a track from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods. The transcontinental telegraph was begun, and some progress had been made in surveying the North-West. Unfortunately, however, the civil servants employed in this necessary work were neither wise nor prudent, and to their tactlessness much of the half-breed trouble can be directly traced. Moreover, the appointment of the Honourable William McDougall as Lieutenant-Governor was unfortunate; it was one of Sir John Macdonald's few errors of judgment. Instead of carrying out his instructions by laying a foundation for the new order of things as a private individual until he was officially notified that Canada had taken over the Territory, McDougall assumed the functions of his office on the 1st of December, the date on which it was understood that the formal transfer would be made, and blindly rushed into a course as injudicious as it was feeble. Indeed, so little did he comprehend the situation, that a report on half-breed discontent, sent to him before he left Ottawa, was forgotten almost as soon as it was read. Even more unfortunate for the Dominion were the illness of Governor McTavish, the highest official of the Hudson Bay Company, and the absence of Bishop Taché, who was in Rome. Here,

then, were all the elements of serious trouble. The Indians were rendered restless by the many signs of coming change, and the intrigues of Mr. McDougall. The half-breeds were irritated by his proclamation, and by the conduct of Canadian surveyors, and were, moreover, afraid that the leasehold title by which they held their lands would not be recognised by the Dominion Government. The priests and the French owed no allegiance to the Queen, and had no love for Canada. The officials of the Company, who felt that they were being set aside for new-comers, naturally resented the change of sovereignty. To the jarring elements of the situation the wild words and actions of the Lieutenant-Governor only added another irritating factor; the smouldering discontent was fanned into flame; and one day Ottawa was startled by the news that a rebellion had broken out in the North-West under Louis Riel.

The position was critical and complicated. On one side was Sir John Macdonald, representing the Imperial policy of expansion; on the other was the Colonial Office, only anxious to avoid responsibility; the Hudson Bay Company was selfishly seeking its own ends; while the United States stood by, eagerly watching for a chance to play the same trick which had proved so successful in Texas. Sir John was, however, equal to the occasion. So clearly did he see every point in the game that neither Lord Granville nor the Company was able to hurry him into making a false step. The shedding of blood in an encounter between the two peoples might have sown seeds of hatred towards Canada and Canadians such as would have hampered good government for a generation. In the event of hostilities, the Indian tribes of the North-West and the adventurers of the United States would have been almost irresistibly tempted to join the insurgents. As it was, the Fenian organisation sent men, money, and promises to Fort Garry, and actually appointed General Spear, of St. Alban's Raid fame, to lead a force across the border as soon as the fruit should seem ripe. A single mistake, and not only Canada and the North-West, but England and the Republic might have been involved in war. The sole desire of the Company and the Colonial Office was to wash their hands of the Territory by throwing the whole responsibility on Canada, when she would have been left to get out of the trouble as best she could. This would have 'thrown the game into the hands of the insurgents and the Yankee wire pullers'; consequently the aim of all Sir John's diplomacy was to secure the active co-operation of Imperial authorities and the Hudson Bay Company, so that they could obtain peaceful possession of the Ter-

pointed out to Lord Granville that, upon the Company's surrender of their rights and privileges to the Queen, the responsibility for the peace of the North-West would rest with the Colonial Office, and not with the Government of Canada, which absolutely declined to accept the transfer in the then disturbed state of the country. In reply to a disingenuous complaint of the Colonial Secretary, he pointed out that the Dominion had not bound the Company to hand over the Territory in a state of peace because no one dreamed that it would be handed over in any other way. The Hudson Bay Company he blamed for taking no steps to prepare the people under their rule for the change that was to take place. The half-breeds were allowed to believe that they had been sold to Canada without any regard to their rights, until their discontent became a source of public danger; and yet this state of things had not been reported either to the Dominion Ministry or to the Colonial Office. The wisest course, therefore, was to maintain for a time the old and fully organised government of the Company, while steps were being taken to allay the suspicions of the half-breeds and the Indians.

This advice was fortunately acted on, and the North-West was saved from anarchy. A combined force of Imperial and Colonial troops was despatched under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, to Fort Garry; and Governor McTavish and his subordinates, in response to urgent messages from London, performed the task which should have been performed a year earlier. When, therefore, Riel and his followers heard the first sound of the British bugles, heralding relief to the sorely pressed inhabitants of the Red River, they fled; and the rebellion came to an end without a shot being fired. On the 2nd of May the Manitoba Bill, embodying a constitution on the Canadian Provincial model, was introduced by Sir John Macdonald, and passed the Canadian House of Commons almost without comment. On the following day, the purchase money (\$500,000*l.*) was paid over to the Hudson Bay Company; and on the 20th, the Honourable A. G. Archibald was appointed Lieutenant-Governor in place of Mr. McDougall. A fortnight later an Order in Council transferred Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories to Canada.

The goal of Sir John's ambition was now in sight. True, British Columbia was British territory, but so also were at one time Washington and Oregon, over which now floats an alien flag. That it was the fixed intention of the United States to force England from the Pacific coast is clear from every move they have made in the diplomatic game since 1814, when

England foolishly threw away one of her trump cards in the Peace of Ghent by giving up, without equivalent, the posts which British troops held in Maine, Michigan, and Oregon. In 1846 advantage was taken of this improvident concession to secure all the region drained by the Columbia. On the discovery of gold in British Columbia in 1858, that district was flooded with American miners and adventurers, who played the same part which had already proved so successful in enlarging the boundaries of the Republic elsewhere. Numerous attempts were made by squatters to settle the island of San Juan; the property of the Hudson Bay Company was sold by an American official; and in 1859 the fire-eating General Harney occupied British territory with United States troops. In 1867 Mr. Seward purchased Alaska from Russia on the understanding that America was 'to close up its coast to 54° 40'.' Indeed, so sure was Washington of the final success of its policy, that, in 1869, at the inauguration banquet of the Royal Colonial Institute, the American Minister, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, referred to it in these plain terms:—

'It was quite possible that with the consent of this country [*i.e.* Great Britain] and the people more immediately concerned, some of the colonies which now flourished under the dominion of her Majesty a dominion of which they had just cause to be proud might find themselves under the Stars and Stripes of the flag of the United States.*

It was an amazing indiscretion, but English statesmen, who believed and acted on the theory that colonies are a source of weakness, not of strength, to the mother country, were alone to blame. Their colonial policy led the whole English-speaking world to understand that England and empire were no longer to be synonymous; and when the '*Times*' advised British Columbia to seek admission into the Union rather than into the Confederation the impression was confirmed. As a shrewd American remarked at the time: 'The United States is watching, and I guess she'll pick up anything you let drop.' 'Anything' was British Columbia, described by a Colonial Secretary, with more wit than political insight, as 'a motley inundation of immigrant diggers,' and by Mr. Blake, the Irish Canadian, 'as a sea of mountains.'

But there was one British citizen who saw as far into the future as the Russian Tsar or the American statesmen who dealt with him, and that man was Sir John Macdonald. At first his designs were paralysed by the unfriendliness of Hudson

* The '*Times*,' 11th March, 1869, D.

Bay officials and of the Governor, Mr. Seymour, who, representing the apathy of Downing Street, was averse to the union. Another hostile element in the situation was a party largely composed of American citizens who desired annexation to the United States. But the diplomacy which in Rupert's Land forced the Hudson Bay Company to see that their interest lay in working with, rather than against, the Canadian Government, was equally effective in British Columbia. At the critical moment, too, death removed Governor Seymour; and, at the request of Sir John Macdonald, Mr. (afterwards Sir Anthony) Musgrave was appointed to fill the vacant place. In concert with the Hon. Joseph Trutch, an arrangement was made by which the Province agreed to join the Confederation on condition that the Dominion should build the Canadian Pacific Railway within ten years. On the 20th July, 1871, a memorable day in the history of the British Empire, Canada looked out on the Pacific. In 1867 her western boundary was the 90th degree of longitude; in 1870 it was the Rocky Mountains; in 1871 it was the Great Sea; so that in four years she had carried her frontier westwards fifteen hundred miles, and England in America was continuous from ocean to ocean.

On account of its proximity to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the extent of its fisheries, the acquisition of Prince Edward Island by the Confederation was a political necessity. To this, however, the Province was so strongly averse that, in 1865, it declined a union which it believed 'would prove politically, commercially, and financially disastrous to the rights and interests of its people'. In the following year this emphatic expression of opinion was repeated by the House of Assembly, which was convinced that no terms likely to be offered by Canada would have any chance of acceptance by the island. At that time there were only ninety-four persons in the whole colony who could be induced to sign an address of thanks to seven members of the Legislature who were in favour of the scheme. In 1866 Sir John Macdonald offered most generous terms, and these were repeated in 1869 through Sir Leonard Tilley, but without result. In 1872, however, the circumstances of the Province forced it to sue for what it had hitherto refused. Having failed to float its railway bonds, which could only be done by the Dominion, overtures were made to the Federal Government through Sir John Rose. After further negotiations delegates were sent to Ottawa, who arranged with Sir John Macdonald the terms of union, based on the assumption by Canada of the Prince Edward Island railway debt. Thus in

July of 1873 the British North American Confederation was as complete as legislation could make it. Newfoundland, in spite of Sir John's liberal offer, chose and still chooses to remain aloof. The loss is entirely hers, for surely it were better to be part of Canada as a free agent than to be held in mortgage by a Canadian contractor.

That a region as large as Europe without Switzerland could not long be held together by an Act of Parliament only was taken for granted by the terms of the Confederation Act. But, with a superb audacity, which frightened his friends and exasperated his foes, Sir John Macdonald had induced the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia to cast in their lot with Canada by guaranteeing a transcontinental iron road, which is the real bond of union. The fulfilment of the pledges which he had given on behalf of the Dominion forms an interesting chapter in the history of British confederation. Sir John Macdonald had no support to rely on but a shifting party majority, he possessed none of the financial resources which have facilitated railway enterprise in South Africa and the United States, still less the autocratic power which is now driving an iron road across Northern Asia. Nevertheless, in the annals of railway expansion he stands without a rival, not only on account of the length of mileage of the roads with which his name is identified, but on account of their enormous strategical, political, and commercial importance. With coast lines and with Port Said and Simon's Bay easily accessible by sea, the African transcontinental railway beyond Bulawayo would have small significance politically, and less strategically. The only system which rivals the Canadian Pacific as a factor in the game of nations is the Trans-Siberian—Russia's answer to British enterprise in North America, as the occupation of Port Arthur is the sequel to the creation of Esquimaux as a naval base.

As the British North America Act provided for a railway connecting the Canadas with the maritime Provinces, to be commenced within six months after the date of union, Sir John Macdonald lost no time in getting the sanction of Parliament to a Bill enabling the Government to raise by way of loan 4,000,000*l.*, and in pushing forward the work of survey. The chief difficulty was the choice of route, in regard to which the Cabinet and the country were divided. As the project of an inter-colonial railway was first mooted in 1850, and, in spite of great promise, had fallen through at least three times before 1867, the merits of every possible line had been so thoroughly discussed that the Government had only to choose between two.

Sir John Macdonald, after consulting every authority on the subject, decided in favour of the route surveyed by Major Robinson in 1848, under the instructions of the Home Government, but at the expense of the Colonies. The road, which is over a thousand miles long, was finished in five years, at a cost to the State of ten millions sterling. As it was built solely to serve military and political purposes, it is not, and never has been, a paying concern, being part of the price which Canada pays for a united British North America.

So far railway expansion sailed in fairly smooth water. The necessity of an inter-colonial railway had been so long recognised that its construction was taken almost as a matter of course. This was not the case with the Canadian Pacific Railway, a monument to the genius of Sir John Macdonald not less enduring than confederation, of which it is the sign and outcome. Surely never before in the history of the world did the political leader of three millions of people, scattered over a region as large as the Roman Empire, undertake a public work at once so vast and so little likely to be productive except in the remote future. A member of the Opposition once remarked that the road 'would not pay for its own axle-grease.' The sovereign of a mighty State, with all the wealth, resources, and organisation of ages at his disposal, might well have shrunk from such a task. Sir John Macdonald was merely the Premier of a colony whose unity was of yesterday. Not only had the road to be carried across a thousand miles of prairie, but across four stupendous ranges of mountains, presenting engineering difficulties on a scale such as no other railway has yet encountered. Even its terminus was an uncertainty, and the Province which it was to connect with the Canadas only contained fifty thousand inhabitants. Nor was this all. The project met with the most determined opposition known in the Parliamentary history of the Dominion, 'as the most utterly extravagant, reckless, and impossible scheme ever formulated by a Government or put into practice by a Chartered Company.' In 1873, it produced the 'Pacific Scandal,' which drove Sir John Macdonald from office; and the road was begun as a Government work by his successor, Mr. Mackenzie. The result was the construction of seven hundred and fourteen miles at a cost to the taxpayer of 7,000,000*l.*, nearly three times as much as it ought to have been. In 1878 Sir John was again in power, with the Canadian Pacific still little more than a great conception. Unlike Mr. Rhodes, he had no standing in the financial world. He could not start a Company by providing half its capital; nor could he attract the British capitalist by

'uniting philanthropy with a five per cent. dividend.' But, having what the Hindoos call the great gift, he was able to form a syndicate of Englishmen, Canadians, and Americans, and to animate them with some of his own invincible spirit. In 1880 the highway to the Pacific was begun; in 1885 it was finished, five years before contract time, an act of faith on the part of the Dominion Ministry, and an effort of financial and organising skill on the part of the Company, without a parallel in modern times. Like Lord Kitchener's re-occupation of the Soudan, it was almost mechanical in the swiftness, completeness, and thoroughness of its advance. The day on which the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven by Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, saw British North America become practically as well as theoretically a confederacy.

It must indeed have been a supreme moment for the aged statesman when he first looked out on the Pacific. More fortunate than Moses on Mount Pisgah, he surveyed the Promised Land into which he had led the Canadian people after their weary wanderings through the wilderness of disunion, provincialism, and weakness. From an Imperial point of view he had materially altered the position of England with regard to the world by giving her that western route to the East which fired the imagination of Columbus. The Canadian Pacific is one of the strongest links in the chain of defence with which the race has encircled the globe, inasmuch as by it troops and stores can be landed in India and China in thirty-five days from London. At one end of it is Halifax, one of the keys of the North Atlantic, at the other Esquimaux, the key of the North Pacific. Moreover it has brought British Columbia, with the only valuable coal fields on the Pacific coast, nearer to Liverpool by ten thousand miles; opened up to Europe's starving millions the North-West Territories, and linked Australia to the mother country by way of the West.

Nothing is more irritating to the colonial mind than the air of calm superiority with which Englishmen take it for granted that, while the colonial view of a question is provincial, theirs is Imperial. History tells no such flattering tale; the present attitude of Canada and Australasia disproves it; and the public life of Sir John Macdonald gives it the lie direct. In his view of the relations which should exist between England and her colonies, and the course which should have been taken when confederation became an accomplished fact, the Premier of Canada showed a sounder political instinct than

Ministers. Again, when Fenianism reach

the colony, which Government showed the widest outlook, the Home Government or the Colonial Government? In her attitude towards boundary questions, commercial treaties, and the never-ending disputes with the United States, and in connexion with the fisheries, Canada, through her Premier, has always acted as became England's eldest daughter; but never did she play a more Imperial part than in 1872, when, though she knew her interests had been sacrificed, she accepted the Treaty of Washington. The very fact that Canada has never entangled the mother country in a war with the United States demonstrates conclusively that she has a capacity for restraint, a respect for international law, and a sense of dignity and honour which are more often associated with great and ancient Empires than with young and struggling countries.

Consider, on the other hand, England's attitude towards the delegates who came to lay the proposals for Canadian confederation before the Home authorities. Had they represented an obscure scientific or professional body instead of colonies developing into a nation, their presence in London could not have created less stir. Their arrival passed unnoticed, save for a tiny paragraph carefully hidden away in a corner of the 'Times'; and thenceforward, until the end of their visit, for all the public heard of them, they might still have been deliberating in Quebec. One solitary banquet was given in their honour by the Canada Club, at which the only distinguished English guests present were Lord Carnarvon and Sir John Pakington. The newspapers were as silent about their personalities and careers as they were about the errand on which they were bent.

Nor was this all. The British North America Bill was introduced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Carnarvon in a singularly able and telling speech; but, incredible as such an omission may seem, the name of Sir John Macdonald was never once mentioned. The noble lord was so anxious to do justice to his predecessor in office, Mr. Cardwell, who with 'zeal, ability, and vigilance' had 'laboured' to bring 'the matter to a satisfactory conclusion,' that he entirely neglected to do justice to the man whose name will be identified with the Confederation of Canada when the names of Carnarvon and Cardwell are forgotten. That is to say, the Earl remembered party tradition better than he remembered his position as an Imperial Minister. His speech gives the idea that Sir Edmund Head, several Colonial Secretaries, and the Colonial Office, shared the credit of the Bill with the delegates, whereas they did nothing of the kind. Earl Russell, though he referred to

Sir James Kemp, Governor of Nova Scotia, and to Lord Durham, never once alluded to Sir John Macdonald. The House of Commons was animated by the same spirit. Mr. Adderley, who introduced the Bill, did indeed describe the delegates as 'some of the most eminent men in the Provinces,' but the only statesmen to whom he referred by name were Mr. Howe, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Monck. Mr. Cardwell also omitted to speak of the services of the real authors of confederation. As the delegates were merely delegates in the opinion of the public and the press, so they were merely delegates in the opinion of Her Majesty's Ministers.

On the morrow of the debate most of the newspapers devoted a leading article to the British North America Bill, and in none of them did the name of Sir John Macdonald occur. The 'Standard,' the 'Post,' and the 'Globe' were sympathetic. The 'Daily News' described the measure as 'gathering up the fragments, but silencing the masses.' The 'Daily Advertiser' was more interested in an American federal dispute than in the founding of a new England. The 'Times' regarded confederation as a means by which this country would be 'relieved from much expense and much embarrassment.' The 'Pall Mall Gazette,' then edited by Mr. Greenwood, looked on it as a preliminary to independence, which 'of course could be had for the asking,' and it would 'not be sorry that the request should be made.' The 'Spectator' and the 'Saturday Review' were more far-seeing and kindly, but the monthly journals were dumb. As Sir John Macdonald wrote to a friend, the union of the Canadas attracted less notice in England than the union of two English parishes would have done. Such indifference is hardly conceivable at the present day; and yet the slight attention which has been paid to the federation of Australia during the last twelve months shows how far we are still removed from an intelligent comprehension of the British Empire.

It has been said that the British North America Act is the foundation stone of Canada's future greatness, and the Canadian Pacific Railway the iron band which gives its scattered Provinces material unity. Something more, however, was required to make the Dominion a nation, and this Sir John Macdonald conferred on it in the National policy, than which nothing else in his long career has been more adversely criticised. But, like the true statesman that he was, he argued that it is the duty of a political leader not to lose himself in abstractions or to be frightened at a word, but to deal with facts so as to meet the varying needs of the moment. The

economic conditions of Canada were not such as to permit the adoption of Free Trade, while other arguments made Protection imperative. These were set forth by Sir John in a carefully drawn-up State paper, from which the following words are taken:—

‘That this House is of opinion that the welfare of Canada requires the adoption of a National policy, which by a judicious re-adjustment of the tariff will benefit and foster the agricultural, the mining, the manufacturing, and other interests of the Dominion; that such a policy will retain in Canada thousands of our fellow countrymen now obliged to expatriate themselves in search of the employment denied them at home; will restore prosperity to our struggling industries, now so sadly depressed; will prevent Canada from being made a “sacrifice market”; will encourage and develop an active inter-Provincial trade, and moving as it ought to do) in the direction of a reciprocity of tariffs with our neighbours, so far as the varied interests of Canada may demand, will greatly tend to procure for this country eventually a reciprocity of trade.’*

It was, in fact, impossible for Canada to flourish with a tariff of fifteen per cent. side by side with a rich and powerful country which levied fifty per cent. The strongest justification of the National policy is its success. It has stimulated the internal and external development of the Dominion, checked the movement for annexation to the United States and the flow of emigration thither, and above all enabled the agricultural and manufacturing industries of Canada to compete successfully with those of other countries. It has also contributed largely to the formation of a strong national sentiment, without which a colony, like a nation, is apt to drift towards political dissolution or political dependence. That he was able thus to foster local patriotism without allowing it to become provincial, to combine Colonial and Imperial interests, was perhaps the greatest mark of Sir John Macdonald's genius. He understood that unity in variety, harmony in diversity, is the essence of our political system and the condition of our national existence. One spirit in many forms must animate this Empire if it is to hold together. To infuse this spirit was the aim of Sir John Macdonald's life; to found a policy which has now been adopted by the whole British race was his almost unique achievement.

* ‘*Journals*,’ House of Commons, 12th March, 1878, p. 78.

Ann. V. —TOLSTOI'S VIEWS OF ART.

1. *Qu'est-ce que l'art?* Par le Comte Léon Tolstoï. Traduit du russe et précédé d'une Introduction par Téo^dor de Wyzewa. Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1898.
2. *Le Rôle de l'art d'après Tolstoï.* Par E. Halpérine-Kaminsky. Paris: De Soy^e et fils, 1898.
3. *Pensées de Tolstoï, d'après les textes russes.* Par Ossip-Lourié. Paris: Alcan, 1898.

LEO TOLSTOI'S recent volume on Art closes significantly the series of his arraigments of what we have been pleased to call civilisation. Like all his later works, be their shape polemical, illustrative, or allegorical, treatise or play or novel or parable, this volume on art shows Tolstoi in his character of lay prophet, with all its powers and all its weaknesses. For it would seem—we notice it in two other great lay prophets, Carlyle and Ruskin—that the gift of seeing through the accepted falsehoods of the present, and foretelling the improbable realities of the future, can arise only in creatures too far overpowered by their own magnificent nature to understand other men's ways of being and thinking; in minds so bent upon how things should be as to lose sight of how things are and how things came to be. While Carlyle, embodying his passionate instincts in historical narrative, was moderated at least by his knowledge of the past and of the consequent origin and necessity of the present—while Ruskin, accepting the whole moral and religious training of his times, was in so far in touch with his contemporaries—Tolstoi has broken equally with everything, if ever he had really much to break with. Destitute of all historic sense, impervious to any form of science, and accepting the Gospel only as the nominal text for a religion of his own making, he has become incapable of admitting more than one side to any question, more than one solution to any difficulty, more than one factor in any phenomenon. He has lost all sense of cause and effect, all acquiescence in necessity, and all real trustfulness in the ways of the universe. Most things are wrong, wholly, utterly wrong; their wrongness has never originated in any right, and never will be transformed into right until—well, until mankind be converted to Tolstoi's theory and practice. Economic and domestic arrangements, laws, politics, religion, all wrong; and now, art also.

Unreasonableness like this is contagious, and Tol

criticisms have often been dismissed as utterly wrong headed. But we should not forgo the benefits which the prophetic gift can bring us, if only we know to extract them. We should endeavour to eliminate the hallucinations which usually accompany such penetrating moral insight, and to apply some of this vast spiritual energy with more discrimination than was compatible with its violent and almost tragic production. The use of a genius like Tolstoi's is to show us in what particulars human institutions, habits, and thoughts are morally wrong; it is for us to find out what his very prophet's one-sidedness prevents his doing—the scientific reasons for this wrongness.

With regard to art, Tolstoi's opinion of its moral wrongness can be analysed into two very separate and independent views. Art, as practised and conceived in our times, is immoral, according to Tolstoi, first, because it fails to accomplish its only legitimate mission of directly increasing the instincts of justice, pity, and self-renunciation; and secondly, because any mission, good or bad, which it does fulfil is limited to a very small fraction of mankind. In other words, according to Tolstoi, art is a useless, often a corrupting, luxury; and a luxury of that minority which already enjoys more luxuries than are compatible with the material welfare of the rest of the world and with its own spiritual advantage.

The two propositions must be taken separately for examination in the light of certain sciences which, alas, Tolstoi condemns outright as themselves useless, mendacious, and corrupting. Now this condemnation by Tolstoi of all science, this misconception of the very nature of science, will help us to a rapid understanding of one half of his condemnation of art—its condemnation as morally useless. There is not enough justice or sympathy, not enough purity, endurance, or self-renunciation in the world—that is the gospel Tolstoi has to preach; and, with prophetic onesidedness, he condemns everything which does not directly and obviously increase these virtues. So long as it is neither unjust nor cruel nor rapacious nor impure, it matters nothing to Tolstoi whether life be varied or monotonous, elastic and adaptive or narrow and unadaptive, lucid or dull, enterprising or stagnant, complete or mutilated, pleasant or devoid of pleasure; it never occurs to him that in the great organic give-and-take, those very qualities which he so exclusively desires depend for their existence on the fulness and energy of every side of human existence. Tolstoi wants virtue, and only virtue, dominant, exclusive; and he thinks that virtue can be got independent of everything else, perfect and instan-

taneous. Hence he naturally disdains mere intellectual activity, and misunderstands the object of all science.

'The important and suitable object of human science,' he writes explicitly, 'ought not to be the learning of those things which happen to be interesting; but the learning of the manner in which we should direct our lives: the learning of those religious, moral, and social truths without which all our so-called knowledge of nature must be either useless or fatal.'

Hence, practically, no science; for Tolstoi's definition of a moral or social truth is not a moral or social fact or generalisation, but simply a precept for conduct; truth, in his special vocabulary, means no longer the faithful presentation of what is, but unflinching insistence on what ought to be. As with science, so with art.

'The religious consciousness of our time consists, speaking generally, in the recognition that our happiness, material and spiritual, individual and collective, momentary and permanent, consists in the brotherhood of all men, in our union for a life in common . . . and those works of art only should be esteemed and encouraged which grow out of the religion of our day, whereas all works of art contrary to this religion should be condemned, and all the rest of art treated with indifference.'

Like science, therefore, art is set by Tolstoi to enforce virtue; not, as he orders science, by precepts, but by embodying and communicating such emotion as conduces directly to greater morality, no reference being made, in this case either, to the fact that virtue cannot long exist save in a many-sided, energetic, and harmonious life, of which the impulse to art, like the impulse to science, is an essential element. On these principles, 'art,' continues Tolstoi, 'should always be valued according to its contents,' that is to say, according to the definite moral example which it exhibits, or the definite moral emotion—chiefly pity, of course—which it awakens. The practical result is the banishing, as no longer consonant with our moral purposes, of nearly all the art of former times, including Antiquity and the Middle Ages; and the absolute condemnation of more than two-thirds of all modern art, including not merely Wagner, Impressionism, Symbolism, Pre-Raphaelitism, but all Tolstoi's earlier work—'Anna Karénina,' and 'War and Peace'—nearly all of Goethe's, and, after minute examination, even the 'Ninth Symphony.' There remain, besides the Gospels, the more obviously moralising works of Victor Hugo and of Dickens, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' whatever painting, sculpture, and music may be having a moral purpose as definite as

This statement is crude, and Tolstoi's plea, judging from it, would seem to be mere fanatical dogmatism. But this is far from being the case: Tolstoi is learned and is subtle, and twists facts powerfully to suit his views. Tolstoi has read, or caused to be examined for his benefit, almost everything that ever has been written on the nature and aims of art; and, in a chapter where profound lack of sympathy is thinly disguised as intellectual impartiality, he has reviewed and dismissed every theory of art which differs from his own. The science of æsthetics, necessarily dependent as it is upon psychology, sociology, and anthropology, all as yet imperfect, is in a backward state; and an immense proportion of the 'philosophy of art' is either pure metaphysics, scornful of concrete fact, or mere polemic founded on the practice of one school or period. This backward state of æsthetics has rendered it, from Plato to Spencer, and from Ruskin to Whistler, the happy hunting ground of every philosopher lacking the experience of art, and of every art connoisseur lacking the habit of philosophy, and has given Tolstoi the immense advantage of finding not merely a marvellous amount of foolish utterance to scoff at, but, what is more to his purpose, a mutual contradiction between all the main theories. All philosophers, Tolstoi is able to tell us, have insisted on the extreme nobility of art, and a great many have dogmatised about beauty being art's special object; but there is not one single intelligible account of beauty, and there are three or four conflicting main definitions of art—a proof that, as Tolstoi has so often proclaimed, all science and all philosophy are worthless, and that art can have no legitimate object save the moral one which he assigns to it. But it happens that even nowadays the psychological and historical treatment of æsthetics is beginning to put order and lucidity into the subject, and to reconcile while it explains the conflict in all previous views. It is in the light of such science, however much despised by Tolstoi, that we shall attempt to show that art, like science itself, like philosophy, like every great healthy human activity, has a right to live and a duty to fulfil, quite apart from any help it may contribute to the enforcement of a moralist's teachings.

It is necessary to premise that, like nearly every other writer on æsthetics, Tolstoi has needlessly complicated the question by considering literature as the type of all other art. Now it is clear that literature, although in one capacity an art as much as music or painting, is at the same time, and in varying degree, a mode of merely imparting opinion or stirring up emotion, the instrument, not merely of the artist, but of the

thinker, the historian, the preacher, and the pleader. This being the case, it is unfair to judge the question of art by the whole practice of literature; it is necessary, on the contrary, so long as we are dealing with æsthetics, to consider only those sides of literature in which it resembles the other, more purely artistic, more typical arts. Putting literature therefore aside, on account of the multiplicity of its appeals to human interest, we shall find that, roughly speaking, while philosophers have given to art one of two large functions, imitation or expression—and practical craftsmen have inclined to judge of art as if its chief function were either invention or execution, newness of construction or dexterity of handling—the immense majority of art-loving mankind, including the philosophers and the artists in their merely human capacity, have accepted or rejected, cherished or neglected, single works of art, exactly in proportion as these works gave them the particular kind of pleasure connected with the word *beauty*. The meaning of this word *beauty* it is difficult, and, in the present backward state of æsthetic science, perhaps impossible, to define. It implies a relation between certain visible or audible phenomena (and in literature certain still more complex purely mental phenomena) and the spectator or listener; and the exact nature of these visible or audible phenomena, which we objectify in the word *form*, differs from art to art, from style to style, and from individual work to individual work, there existing practically endless numbers of ways of being *beautiful*—that is to say, of producing in the human being the very specific emotion aroused by what we call *beauty*. What may be this common character of all these different so-called beautiful visual or audible forms or patterns, is evidently a question of psychological and, in part, of physiological science; and, different as are the modes of action of different arts and different styles of art, and deficient as is at present our analysis and observation of the modes of influence of any of them, we may yet affirm with confidence that the progress of science will one day explain that particular relation between certain visible and audible forms and the human being which is brought about by what we call *beauty*, as a relation involving, whatever its particular kind, a general momentary advantage to the vital, nervous, mental, and bodily conditions, and accompanied, as all beneficent conscious phenomena are, by the condition called *pleasure*.

To return: the quality called various kinds and style specific sort of pl

aised in the most
wakening of a
analysable nor

explicable, but which, like all the other varieties of pleasure, can be instantly identified, though not described, by anyone who has experienced it. But although it is this quality of *beauty*, this specific pleasurable emotion connected with the word *beautiful*, which practically decides the eventual acceptance or rejection of a work of art, yet the theories connecting art with imitation and expression, with invention and execution, represent also a large and important side of the question. For history and anthropology point clearly to the fact that art very rarely originates from a conscious desire for beauty, but that it arises out of the practical requirements, material or spiritual—building, weaving, pottery, dress, war, and ritual—of mankind, and out of a superabundance of the great primary instincts of imitation and expression, of construction, invention, and manipulation. These instincts, which are explicable only as immediate reactions of the human organism upon its surroundings, have been carried by natural selection to an intensity so considerable as often (in the case of children, for instance) to surpass all practical requirements, so that they have to vent themselves in that gratuitous exercise which has suggested to Mr. Spencer (as it had done to Schiller) the notion that art was the result of special *play instincts*. Play instincts, as such, there are probably none; but it is certain that all art has arisen from the activity—whether utilitarian or aimless—of the tendencies to imitate, to express, to invent, to construct, to manipulate, and to perform. But what differentiates art from the mere practical or aimless exercise of these impulses is the fact that, in its case, these impulses have been controlled by that totally different and specific instinct which demands that, useful or useless, the forms presented to the mind through the eye and the ear should possess the absolutely peculiar quality of *beauty*. That which has caused the imitation of an object or the expression of an emotion to be repeated after the utility thereof has vanished or the impulse to imitate or express has died out; that which has caused the shape of a building, the pattern of a stuff or a pot, the movements of a dance, the picture of an object, to be desired for their own sake, is the peculiar kind of pleasure which the quite unpractical, quite passive contemplation of the object or pattern or representation or game has been able to produce by virtue of its beauty. The instinct for beauty is not, in all probability, one of the creative faculties of man. It does not set people working, it does not drive them to construct, to imitate, or to express, any more than the moral instinct sets people wishing and acting, or the logical instinct sets them reasoning. It is, even more typically than the moral and li

instincts, a *categorical imperative*, which imperiously decides whether given forms are to be tolerated, cherished, or avoided.

In thus recognising that the instinct for beauty is not a creative but a regulative impulse of mankind, modern psychology, so far from diminishing its importance, increases it enormously and explains it. For the very fact that the instincts of expression and imitation, of construction, invention, manipulation, and performance, have in all their most practical applications (in building, clothing, fabrics of all sorts, and every kind of ritual) been so constantly interfered with, and in their *play capacity* (save in children) been so utterly captured, by an instinct so merely regulative as the instinct for beauty, proves, to anyone accustomed to modern scientific thought, that this mysterious, unaccountable, apparently useless pleasure arising from certain form relations which we call *beautiful* must eventually be explained and accounted for by some deep-seated vital utility to the mind and the nervous system of the human race. Therefore we would answer, not to Count Tolstoi, for whom all scientific explanations are mere lumber, but to those readers of Tolstoi whom his arguments may have shaken, first, that the apparent conflict in æsthetic theory represents only the various factors of a complex problem; and secondly, that the constant return to the belief that art's eventual aim is to produce beauty, and even the very mystery which at present surrounds this indefinable and as yet inexplicable quality, go to prove that, in a world different from the monotonous ascetic unorganic world conceived by Tolstoi, in a world of life the most complex, overflowing, and organic, not merely negative moral virtue, but physical beauty, as much as intellectual lucidity, is required, and, by the nature of things, will eternally be required and produced.

But Tolstoi's plea against art is double, and we have so far disposed, even in our own eyes, of only one of its halves. Even if the theory were right, the practice would remain wrong, and could not be set right by any amount of arguing. For, however beneficial the enjoyment of beauty, the benefit must be confined to the cases where the beauty is actually enjoyed; and, however desirable a function art may fulfil in human existence, the function is limited to the lives into which art does actually enter. Now beauty, Tolstoi points out, even supposing it to exist, requires, in nine-tenths of all art, a special training before it is so much as perceived; and, moreover, art of any kind, appreciated or not appreciated, does not (he says)

existence of the immense majority of mankind—
 , of all the classes who work with their hands,

On the one hand, there are galleries, exhibitions, and concerts where works of art are displayed and performed which can give pleasure only after elaborate initiation; on the other hand, there are millions of human beings who never come near a gallery, an exhibition, or a concert room, because they have neither the money nor the leisure to enter it. This being the case—and Tolstoi seems to us irrefutably right in this matter so far at least as he is speaking of actualities, and not of what is abstractly true or possible—it is mere nonsense and cant to talk of the usefulness of art to mankind as a whole; and the only sincere statement is that of the cynical and immoral persons who calmly admit that art is one of the many luxuries of the rich and leisured minority, and maintained for their sole enjoyment (according to Tolstoi's economics) by the labour of the poor and overworked majority.

In attempting to answer this second plea against art we must again premise that we can do so only with the aid of those psychological and historical sciences which Tolstoi disdains like all others, and in the light more particularly of that same critical knowledge of art which he denounces as a chief source of perversion in these matters. Let us begin with the question of the necessity of training before artistic beauty can be enjoyed, and with Tolstoi's implied corollary that beauty which is not spontaneously recognised cannot really respond to any deep-seated or indeed genuine demand of human nature. One of Tolstoi's chief instances in point is that of the modern school of impressionist painters. He describes, without any exaggeration, the hopeless mental confusion of an educated person on first being introduced to a collection of impressionist pictures. We can all of us remember similar remarks on dozens of similar occasions, and, if our memory is good, and we do not happen to have been brought up in impressionist studios from our infancy, we can probably also remember having said or thought the very same things ourselves: the objects represented are in most cases not recognised, the drawing and perspective seem utterly wrong, and the effects of colour and light the result of something near akin to lunacy.

Tolstoi's description is perfectly accurate, but his deductions are unwarrantable, for what he has not seen is that impressionist painters represent the most advanced section of a school of painting which has broken with all past tradition and which is avowedly seeking to represent effects of perspective, of colour, and of light which have never been attempted before, and to do so in reference to subjects—casually chosen pieces of landscape, for instance—which have hitherto been disdain

and in disregard of all the established tenets of symmetrical composition. Now the most advanced art of any age, like the most advanced thought of any age, is really not for the period which produces it, but for the next, whether that *next* come within two years or within twenty or a hundred years; and the art of a class, like the mode of dress and speech of a class, takes time to descend to the classes below. From the nature of things no novelty can arise save in a comparatively small circle, originally in the small circle of an artistic school, or even in the mind of one individual artist. We cannot feel the beauty of an artistic form which we do not really see, any more than we can feel the cogency of an argument we do not really follow; and the act of perception is not any simpler or more rapid or spontaneous than the act of intellectual apprehension. We do not see an unfamiliar pattern, we do not hear an unusual combination of sounds, with the rapidity and completeness given by habit and by expectation. The enjoyment of the quality called *beauty* is the enjoyment of a certain set of visible or audible relations, and these relations are by no means taken in immediately. The emotion of æsthetic pleasure can take place only when any given kind of artistic form has been assimilated by the mind; and the possibility, the mode, of assimilation is handed on by imitation from the more prepared individual to the less prepared, while, on the other hand, each new form, like each new thought, is assimilated in proportion as it resembles an already familiar one. Every new work of art, nay, every form of which a whole work of art consists, is different from all its predecessors, at least in its combinations; it is a new individual, which we get to know at first by what it has in common with previous individuals of the same class. The new picture or poem or song, which we see or read or hear for the first time, represents a mental, æsthetic, emotional step made by us; it means an alteration, great or small, of attitude, like that produced by a new logical proposition, even if the new picture or poem or song be as closely connected with a previous one as a new proposition of Euclid is with earlier propositions. To expect a person totally unfamiliar with all similar art to comprehend, to see, let alone to enjoy, an impressionist picture, is like expecting a person, who is familiar with nothing beyond a rule-of-three sum, to follow some new problem of the higher mathematics.

Such facts and principles as these have never occurred to Tolstoi. He has human faculties as being in a state of solution; he does not recognise it and apparently

spontaneous in the present has been brought about by the adjustments and the efforts of the past; and he mistakes for innate tendencies what in reality are the result of long unconscious or conscious training. 'The majority of men,' he says, 'has always understood all that we consider as the highest art: the book of Genesis, the parables of the Gospels, and the various popular legends, stories, and songs.' No doubt, the 'majority of men' has understood them in those countries and times in which they happen to have been familiar. But would the opening chapters of Genesis be more comprehensible to a person brought up entirely out of touch with Christianity or Judaism than the Prologue in Heaven of 'Faust'? Would the intricate forms and special allusions of the north-country ballad, of the Tuscan lyric or the Spanish song, be more intelligible to a person totally unacquainted with anything of the kind than 'Sister Helen,' or a 'Sonnet from the Portuguese,' or Verlaine's 'Clair de Lune'? What Tolstoi mistakes for a naturally, inevitably intelligible and enjoyable character in art is in reality an affinity, a resemblance, with forms of art already familiar. We are now beginning to see in what way all artistic enjoyment can require a degree of previous training, and yet be, to all appearance, absolutely spontaneous. For just as a capacity to appreciate the new grows insensibly out of familiarity with the old, so also does a new form of art, under normal conditions, grow out of an old form by a series of alterations very gentle and easy to follow, although their extremes may represent styles of art as utterly unlike as the music of Wagner and the music of Paestrina, or may be as far apart as the pointed architecture of the thirteenth century and the round-arched architecture of the fifth, from which it undoubtedly sprang—a process which we can realise if we remember that although Latin is no longer intelligible to an uneducated Frenchman or Italian, yet there could never have been a moment of non-comprehension during the centuries which evolved the modern languages from the ancient one.

But mere gradual evolution would not be sufficient to explain the insensible training which has made the appreciation of various artistic forms apparently spontaneous; the art, whatever it might be, was not only absolutely continuous, but widely diffused. We must here remember what we before pointed out, that the desire for beauty is a regulative function, and that it imposes its preferences upon the expressive and imitative impulses, the activities of invention, construction, and execution which mankind displays for practical purposes as a mere pastime. Hence, in times which are normal, any a

form is found—and all art-history is there to prove it—not merely in those very conspicuous and developed branches which we think of more particularly as *art*, but in every form of cognate craft. The language and the allusions employed by even so learned and artificial a poet as Dante were the language and allusions of the least cultivated of his contemporaries, to the extent of making his poem the favourite reading of artisans and peasants. The forms, the modelling, the anatomy, the essential ways of being of line and surface in Greek sculpture can be recognised, to a greater or less degree, in the commonest Greek pottery, bronze work, cheap domestic ornaments, and so forth; the very special forms, so difficult to imitate, and even to grasp after much study, of what we call Gothic, appear in the very humblest building, in every chair, table, embroidery, or piece of iron-work of the later Middle Ages; while the modulations and rhythms, and in great part the harmonies, of every past form of music have always been common to the most humble and to the highest categories of the art: the lower, like the more provincial branches of art, according to the law of imitation we have before alluded to, being always just a little behind the work of the creative masters in the highest branches and in the greatest centres. This universal diffusion of a given fashion in art—fashion in dress is perhaps the only modern representative of this state of things—explains how a whole population could be, so to speak, constantly in presence of any given style of art, and able gradually to appreciate its variations without any apparent previous training. The mediæval artisan was as able to appreciate the most far-fetched and subtle of all forms of art, the Gothic—and for the same reason—as the modern Japanese of the lower class is able to appreciate peculiarities of perspective, of form, and of execution which strike even the educated European as exotic, and which cannot be enjoyed by him without some special study.

This, as we have remarked, is the state of affairs in *normal times*; for we must be careful to underline this qualification. Tolstoi, with his deficient historical sense, and his tendency to believe in an unvarying typical man (more or less represented by the Russian peasant of to-day), has not recognised the prevalence of this normal condition throughout the past, nor, of course, the reasons through which, as Mr. Ruskin taught some forty years ago, this normal condition has become more and more exceptional in the present. It is, however, easy to understand why our century, with its accelerated rapidity and complexity of change, must stand out from all others. As regards the continuity

of artistic development, there have been and still are two notable causes of disturbance: the opening up of foreign civilisations and the importation of exotic kinds of art (like that of Japan), and the archaeological revival of the art of the past, for instance, the Greek and the Gothic. From these have resulted both an impulse of imitation and an effort after novelty, the latter due both to facility of new combinations and to resistance against foreign or historical influence. Now an art which, like that of Burne-Jones or of Whistler, is half archaeological or half exotic, cannot possibly be appreciated without some degree of familiarity with the mediæval or the Japanese art from which it has partly sprung; while, on the other hand, an art like that of Manet, Monnet, and Rodin has evidently been pushed into excessive novelty by a violent aversion from the officially accepted forms and methods of the painting and sculpture of the Renaissance and of Antiquity.

There is in the art of this century a degree of individualism, an amount of archaeological and exotic research, an obvious desire for novelty at any price, which renders it less organic, less natural, than the art of past times. The result is that its appreciation is no longer attainable by the unconscious training which is conferred by familiarity with previous art, but demands special initiation through critical study. Among our contemporaries it is a matter of everyday experience to find persons extremely appreciative of Greek or Gothic art who yet, like Mr. Ruskin, can see absolutely nothing in the art of modern France; while there are practical artists who can see absolutely nothing save archaic quaintness in the art of Antiquity and of the Renaissance—to such an extent are the perception and enjoyment of one kind of form impeded by the habit and preoccupation of another. Such being the case with the artistic classes themselves, how much more must it be the case with the general public! And from this general public we are obliged in our century to exclude completely the enormous majority of mankind. Tolstoi has not exaggerated matters in saying that barely one man in a hundred comes nowadays within reach of art, appreciated or unappreciated. For here we find ourselves in presence of the other and far greater difference which separates the æsthetic conditions of our century from those of every previous one. The industrial and economic changes accompanying the development of machinery have virtually, as Mr. Ruskin pointed out, put an end for the moment to all that handicraft which formed the fringe of the artistic activity of the past, and which kept the less favoured classes in such contact with the artistic forms of their time and country that,

for instance, the pottery and brass-work of the humbler classes of Greece, and the wood-work and textile fabrics of the poorest citizens of the Middle Ages, let alone every kind of domestic architecture, afforded sufficient preparation for the greatest art of temples and cathedrals—a daily, hourly preparation, embodying in many cases actual mechanical familiarity. Nowadays, on the contrary, objects of utility, machine-made, and no longer expressive of any preferences, are either totally without æsthetic quality, or embody, in a perfunctory and imperfect manner, the superficial and changing æsthetic fashions of a very small minority. Nor is this all. The extreme rapidity of scientific discovery and mechanical invention, the growing desire for technical education and hygienic advantage, the race for material comfort and the struggles for intellectual and social equality—in fact, the whole immense movement of our times, both for good and for evil—have steadily tended to make art less and less a reality even in the lives of the leisured classes, and have resulted in virtually effacing all vestige of it from the lives of working men.

Art, therefore, we may concede to Tolstoi, is in our days largely artificial, often unwholesome, always difficult of appreciation, and, above all, a luxury. Violent and even fanatical as are Tolstoi's words on this subject, they hardly exaggerate the present wrongness of things.

But we hope to have suggested in the course of these criticisms that the present condition of art does not justify Tolstoi's proposal that in the future art should be reduced to being a mere adjunct of ethical education, or, failing that, should be banished from the world as futile or degrading. In pointing out, as we have done, the imperious nature of that desire for beauty which normally regulates all the practical constructive energies of mankind, and subdues to its purposes all human impulses to imitation and expression, imposing a *how* entirely separate and *sui generis*; and in clearing up that confusion among conflicting æsthetic theories of which Tolstoi has taken such advantage, we have brought home, we hope, to the reader the presumption that an instinct so special and so powerful must play some very important part in the bodily and mental harmony of man. Further, while indicating the natural mechanism by which, under normal circumstances, the appreciation and enjoyment of artistic forms have kept pace with their changes, and familiarity with the various kinds of beauty in the humblest and commonest objects of utility has rendered spontaneous the perception of the same kinds of beauty in their higher, more complex, and less artificial developments,

we have shown that this special and imperious æsthetic craving has created its own natural and universal modes of satisfaction. We have seen that art, considered as the production of beautiful objects or arrangements, has been spontaneously produced, spontaneously enjoyed, and universally diffused, in one or other of its categories, throughout the whole of the past; and, having taken notice of the disturbing influences which have interrupted this normal condition of things in the present, we have shown reason to expect a return thereunto in the future. The wrong condition of things with regard to art is the result of other wrong conditions, intellectual, social, and economic, inevitable in a period of excessive, complex, and, so to speak, compound, change; and as these wrong conditions cannot fail to right themselves, the adjustment of the question of art will follow as the result of other adjustments. In what precise manner this may take place it would be presumptuous to forecast; but this much may be affirmed, that the ascetic subordination of art to ethical teaching will play no part in it. Imperfect, and even in some ways intolerable to our moral sense, as is the present condition of art, as Tolstoi has victoriously demonstrated, let those among us whom it offends reflect that even under such evident wrong conditions it is not mere selfishness to preserve the art of the past and foster the art of the present for the benefit of a more just and wholesome, a more developed and more traditionally normal, future. Moreover art, like science and like practical well-being, will in the long run take care of itself; because, despite Tolstoi's statement to the contrary, art, like morality itself, is necessary to mankind's full and harmonious life.

ART. VI.—THE REFORM OF COMPANY LAW.

1. *Report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire what Amendments are necessary in the Acts relating to Joint-stock Companies incorporated with Limited Liability under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, with Appendix* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London: 1895 (C. 7779).
2. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Companies Bill [H.L.]; together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence.* 1896: 342.
3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Companies Bill [H.L.]; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* 1897: 384.
4. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Companies Bill [H.L.]; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* 1898: 392.
5. *A Bill intitled An Act to amend the Companies Acts.* Prepared and brought in by Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Attorney-General, and Mr. Solicitor-General Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 12th February, 1900.

MR. LOWE once remarked in the House of Commons* that it had been the misfortune of joint-stock companies always to be legislated for by persons in a state of excitement. The present Government appears to be fully alive to the danger of legislating for companies without due deliberation. For five successive years a Government Bill on the subject has been laid before Parliament. The Bill of this year may possibly be passed. There is a feeling abroad, stimulated perhaps by certain quasi-judicial pronouncements from the Bench, that 'something ought to be done.' But the opinions of those who are best qualified to estimate the probable results of litigation are not unanimous on the question how far this aspiration for reform can be satisfied without unduly trammelling commercial freedom.

The law of this country provides for several different types of company; but the public interest, so far as projects of reform go, is practically centred in one class of companies, namely, those incorporated under the Companies Act, 1862, and certain later amending Acts, as companies with limited liability. The Act of 1862 was based on the principle of affording the most complete freedom for the formation of joint-stock

* Hansard, 3rd ser. ca. vol. cxi. vol. 116.

companies with or without limited liability. The best evidence of the soundness of the principle on which the Act was based, and of the practical efficacy of the machinery which it provided, is to be found in the fact that a sum of at least 1,500,000,000*l.* of capital is invested in companies constituted under the Act. Further, very large sums are invested in Indian and colonial companies constituted under Acts or Ordinances copied in their main features from the Act of 1862. The operations of companies constituted under the Act of 1862 are not confined to the United Kingdom; they are to be found in full business operation, not only in other parts of the British Empire, but throughout the world. No accurate returns are available as to the capital of similar companies constituted in foreign countries; but it is believed that the capital of French joint-stock companies does not exceed 420,000,000*l.*, and that the capital of German joint-stock companies does not exceed 300,000,000*l.* It would therefore appear that the capital invested in companies incorporated under the Act of 1862 amounts to, and perhaps exceeds, twice the combined capital of the corresponding French and German companies. These figures show the magnitude of the interests which are concerned with the reform of company law, and amply justify the deliberation which the Government has shown in dealing with the question.

The law as to companies embodied in the Companies Act, 1862, still remains substantially unaltered. Various amending Acts have been passed. Some of these Acts effect mere alterations of detail suggested by practical experience of the working of the Act; others effect reforms of procedure, as in the case of the Winding-up Act of 1890, which vested the control of the liquidation of companies in the Board of Trade. None of the amending Acts touch the principle on which the Act of 1862 hinges, viz. that of allowing companies to be formed and managed with the utmost freedom. This freedom has sometimes been abused; and a feeling in favour of fettering it has from time to time been roused by its abuse—for instance, when the Liberator Society collapsed in 1892. This collapse caused wide-spread misery among the lower middle classes, and pointedly drew public attention to the ease with which fraudulent balance-sheets and delusive reports could be manufactured. The year 1893 was not propitious for pressing on projects of reform in such matters, but in 1894 an important step was taken. Mr. Bryce, as President of the Board of Trade, appointed a Departmental Committee, which was directed to enquire what amendments were necessary in the Acts relating to joint-stock companies incorporated with limited liability,

especially with a view to the better prevention of fraud in relation to the formation and management of companies; and to consider and report upon the clauses of a draft Bill which was laid before the Committee for the purpose. The Committee was exceptionally strong. The judicial Bench was represented by Lord Davey, the late Lord Justice (then Mr. Justice) Chitty, and Lord Justice (then Mr. Justice) Vaughan Williams. Lord Davey and Lord Justice Chitty had had, both at the Bar and on the Bench, very extensive experience of the working of the Act of 1862, while Lord Justice Vaughan Williams had for upwards of two years been in charge of the winding-up business of the High Court of Justice. The Bar was represented by Mr. Buckley, Q.C., who has recently been raised to the Bench, and Mr. F. B. Palmer, both of them authors of books on the Companies Acts used daily by all concerned in the administration of companies. The interests of the Board of Trade were protected by the appointment of Mr. John Smith, Inspector-General in Bankruptcy. As regards the practical working of Company Law, solicitors in large commercial practice have a wider experience than can be gained at the Bar. This was wisely recognised by the appointment to the Committee of Sir Albert Rolitt, Mr. John Hollams, and Mr. Frank Crisp. Two accountants, Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. G. A. Jamieson, represented the views and the interests of the auditors. With these eleven gentlemen of professional experience only two representatives of commerce were associated, namely, Sir William Houldsworth and Mr. Alexander Wallace. The commercial interests of the country were, it must be confessed, meagrely, though ably, represented.

Lord Davey's Committee, as it has usually been called, began to sit in November 1894, and reported to the Board of Trade in July 1895. It embodied its recommendations for reform in a draft Bill which is appended to the Report. This Bill was introduced into the House of Lords in 1896 as a Government Bill, with a few amendments suggested by the Board of Trade, and was referred to a Select Committee, which proceeded to take evidence. The Committee was reappointed in 1897, and again in 1898, for the purpose of taking further evidence. In these three years it examined eighteen witnesses. In 1899 the Select Committee was once more reappointed, and without taking further evidence reported the Bill with amendments. The Bill as so amended has this session been introduced into the House of Commons as a Government measure.

The event has amply proved the wisdom of originally referring the question of reform to a strong Departmental

Committee. The labours of that Committee, and of the subsequent Committees of the House of Lords, have done much to clear the ground. It must be recognised that among the classes most interested in and concerned with limited companies there are wide divergences of opinion as to the expediency and practicability of particular reforms. But the discussions of the last five years have been of great assistance in showing what differences of principle lie at the root of these diverging opinions. There appear to be three fundamental questions round which discussion centres. The first question is how far it is expedient, generally speaking, to give unrestricted facility for trading with limited liability. The second question is how far a body trading with limited liability ought to be put upon special terms as to disclosing its affairs to persons who trade or intend to trade with it. The third question is how far persons who utilise the Company Laws for the purpose of inviting others to join with them in commercial enterprises ought to be placed under special liabilities towards, or for the protection of, the persons whom they so invite. The projected reforms which have been discussed during the last five years may conveniently be considered in three groups, which correspond with these three questions, namely, first, reforms aimed at fettering the free use of limited liability; secondly, reforms aimed at securing disclosure of the accounts and balance-sheets of limited companies, and registration of their mortgages and charges; and thirdly, reforms aimed at protecting persons who invest their money on the faith of public prospectuses.

The experience of the last forty years and the rapid growth of limited-liability companies might have been expected to furnish a conclusive answer to the question how far unrestricted facility for trading with limited liability is expedient. But it must be confessed that a section of the commercial world is still doubtful of the advantages of limited liability. Lord Davey's Committee was furnished with an interesting memorandum by Mr. Samuel Ogden, senior director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and president of the Association of Trades Protection Societies of the United Kingdom, in which the views of those who distrust the limited-liability system are forcibly expressed. Mr. Ogden says that—

‘Unrestricted limited liability by registration is in some respects a serious danger to the whole trading community, from its tendency to alter the character and objects of mercantile transactions generally. The social and personal consequences of bankruptcy, which result from unlimited liability, impose prudence on private traders;

but, being non-existent in the case of limited companies, business involving large risks is more easily undertaken by such companies. This fact considerably handicaps ordinary traders with unlimited liability in their competition with companies with limited liability, and has a tendency either to drive them out entirely or to induce them to abandon their cautious rules of conduct in trading. The spirit of speculation and recklessness which is thus fostered by limited liability ceases to be confined to such companies, and inevitably spreads in the trading community which trades in competition with them. The resulting demoralisation of the trade affected and the discouragement of honest enterprise is, in some respects, of more serious importance than the actual loss to the shareholders and creditors of the companies themselves.'

These remarks represent with much force the views of what it may perhaps be pardonable to call the old-fashioned section of the commercial world. They carry the reader back to the discussions which preceded the passing of the Act of 1862. It is now too late to discuss the question in the abstract. The gigantic operations of modern commerce depend to a very large extent on the facilities which limited liability gives to the operator for obtaining capital. The real answer to the opinions of which Mr. Ogden is the exponent is that 'the spirit of speculation and recklessness' cannot (at all events by legislators) be differentiated from the spirit of enterprise; and that, though the enormous development of enterprise during the last fifty years has brought evils in its train, the good has largely outweighed the evil. But the question is not a practical one. The principle of limited liability was at one time on its trial, since 1862 its acceptance is *chose jugée*.

Still, the old views as to the dangers of limited liability are not without their influence in the present day. Reforms are frequently advocated which are really inconsistent with the acceptance *ex animo* of the principle of limited liability. One proposal, advocated by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams in his addendum to the report of Lord Davey's Committee, is to attach compulsorily to all shares in limited companies (except possibly shares paid up in full on the formation of the company) a 'reserve' liability—that is to say, a liability to pay up further capital in the event of the company being wound up. This proposal was rightly rejected by Lord Davey's Committee, on the ground that it would render the shares of companies less eligible as an investment, and would make it almost impossible for trustees to hold the shares of any company as part of their trust estate. Another proposal was unfortunately adopted by Lord Davey's Committee, but was afterwards

the House of Lords; it was a proposal to give the winding-up Court power to declare the liability of any one or more of the members of a company for all or some of the debts of the company to be unlimited, in case the Court should be satisfied that the company was formed or carried on for any 'fraudulent or illegal purpose.' The proposal seems at first sight plausible, especially if its operation be limited, as some of its advocates have suggested, to members implicated in the fraudulent or illegal purpose; but there are grave objections to it. One is that strongly urged by Mr. Justice Buckley before the House of Lords Committee in 1898. Why should a creditor, who has given credit to a limited company, have a benefit for which he never contracted, the benefit of putting his hand into the pocket of a man who has never contracted to pay him? A further objection is that this sweeping power is left in the discretion of the Court, with no principles to guide it, the punishment being perhaps quite incommensurate with the fraud or illegality punished. But apart from these weighty objections, the proposal should stand condemned on the ground that it implies the reactionary view that limited liability is a dangerous privilege which should be taken away from any person who is guilty of non-meritorious conduct.

There is one more proposal, based on a distrust of limited liability, which it is necessary to mention. The Act of 1862 confines the right of incorporation with limited liability to seven or more persons. The late Sir George Jessel drew attention many years ago to the curious want of logic in this provision. Why should seven persons have a right which is denied to a less number? The logic of facts has corrected the want of logic in the law. For many years past single traders, or partnerships of less than seven traders, have in fact been able to trade with limited liability by the simple device of associating with themselves as many relations, clerks, or servants as might be necessary to make up the number of intending corporators to seven, and thus forming an incorporated company. The objection at one time urged to this mode of obtaining limited liability was that it was contrary to the spirit and intention of the Companies Acts that a body consisting nominally of seven persons, but really, so far as substantial interests were concerned, of one or two persons, should trade with limited liability. The House of Lords, in November 1896 (in the case of *Salomon v. Salomon and Co.*), decided that as a matter of law this objection was unfounded. From the point of view of expediency it is difficult to see what valid objection can be urged to the existence of such a company, so long, of

course, as the company is, by the use of the word 'limited,' clearly differentiated from the persons composing it, so as to give full notice to creditors that they are dealing with a body with limited liability. It is quite true that there have been instances in which companies of this kind have been used as engines of fraud. There have been cases in which insolvent traders have attempted to delay and defeat their creditors by 'turning themselves into a company,' as the phrase goes; but such manoeuvres as these have more than once been defeated by the Courts, and there seems to be no doubt that the law is strong enough as it stands to prevent them. Another abuse should be mentioned which has occurred in connexion with such companies. A trader sells his business to a limited company consisting, in substance, of himself and six 'dummies.' He takes his purchase-money in debentures—that is to say, in securities covering the whole of the new company's assets. The company proves unsuccessful. When the trade creditors of the company proceed to have the company wound up, they find that the original founder, who has throughout been conducting the business, steps in by right of his securities and sweeps away the whole of the assets, leaving nothing for the unsecured creditors. But it is to be observed that this abuse does not arise from the fact of the Act being used to procure limited liability for (in substance) a single person. The difficulties of the creditors arise from the fact that a company can issue debentures which will charge the whole of its property, and that persons who have given credit to a company may therefore find that its power of issuing debentures results in preventing them from recovering their debts. It may be that the power of issuing debentures ought to be controlled; but that is a different question—the difficulties of the creditors would be precisely the same if the company had a hundred real shareholders instead of only one.

Before discussing the second group of reforms, namely, those aimed at securing disclosure of the balance-sheets of limited companies and the registration of their mortgages, it is well to consider how far a body trading with limited liability ought to be put on special terms as to disclosing its affairs to those who trade or intend to trade with it. On the one side it is urged that to require companies to make a greater disclosure of their affairs than other traders are required to make, would unfairly handicap them in competition with individuals and unincorporated firms carrying on similar businesses. On the other side it is pointed out that corporations are in a different position from individuals, in that they are created by the use of

reckless or excessive credit by the penalties of the bankruptcy law; and that the privilege of limited liability should carry with it a corresponding obligation to disclose the company's true commercial position. It must not, however, be forgotten that disclosure may operate to benefit others besides those whom it is intended to benefit. Some interesting evidence on this point was given in 1897 before the House of Lords Committee by Mr. Sinclair, who represented the views of the persons interested in about eighty limited trading concerns carrying on business in Belfast and the neighbourhood, with an aggregate capital of 5,000,000*l.* Mr. Sinclair's evidence was directed primarily to the question of whether or not a limited company's balance-sheet should be disclosed to the public; but his remarks have a direct bearing on the general question. In his evidence he stated that

'So far as Belfast industries are concerned, foreign competition is being felt with increasing severity, . . . and it seems to the manufacturers of Belfast that the policy which would compel them to publish even the slightest degree of information which could be used against them by manufacturers abroad is at once short-sighted, dangerous, and unjust. . . . I know, as a matter of fact, that foreign manufacturers keep a close watch on the proceedings of their competitors in the United Kingdom, and I know that the Register of joint-stock companies is periodically searched on their behalf, and that details of the memorandum and articles of association, capital, &c., of new competitive undertakings in their own line of business are fully sent abroad to them. . . . Many of the companies registered in Belfast have, as competitors, corporations registered abroad, where no obligation of publication is laid upon their directors. The severest competition in my own business is from corporations of gigantic resources in America about whose affairs no information can be obtained. Another most serious objection to the publication of assets and liabilities is the use which would be made of them by editors of those financial journals well described by the 'Economist' of March 24th as 'gutter journals' and 'organs of corruption.' It is well known that these newspapers make unscrupulous use of facts contained in public balance sheets of companies to which they are hostile, and by intendo as well as by direct criticism often occasion considerable injury to perfectly solvent institutions.'

Mr. Sinclair also dealt with the argument that a company which has obtained the privilege of limited liability should give a *quid pro quo* in return by publishing its affairs. He pointed out that, as a matter of fact, experience shows that the credit of a concern which is turned into a limited-liability company is thereby considerably curtailed, and that this curtailment of credit is, by itself, a heavy price to pay. With

this may be compared a very significant statement by Mr. Harold Brown (a City solicitor with great experience of the working of the Companies Acts), in a memorandum presented by him, as a representative of the London Chamber of Commerce, to Lord Davey's Committee. Mr. Brown states that the usual result of the conversion of a private business into a limited company is to restrict its general credit, especially if it has the power of borrowing on debentures; and that it is his practice, when he is advising upon the conversion of a trading business into a limited company, to recommend the provision of additional cash to compensate for the reduction in credit. There seems to be good reason for supposing that limited liability carries with it considerable commercial disadvantage in the matter of credit, and, if so, the ordinary unlimited trader is not justified in complaining that limitation of liability is a privilege which carries with it no compensating disadvantage. As a matter of principle, it is not easy to see why a man who gives credit to a limited company, and who therefore knows that he is to look to the company's assets, and not to the private resources of the members, for payment, is entitled to ask for more disclosure than the man who gives credit to an ordinary trader, whose ability to meet his engagements is limited by the extent of his assets. The argument that companies should in this regard be placed under different obligations from those of ordinary individuals, because the former are not restrained by the penalties of the bankruptcy laws, is not very convincing. The fact no doubt suggests the need of increased caution in giving credit to companies, and it may be an argument in favour of protecting the interests of shareholders against reckless directors; but it has little bearing on the question how far creditors are entitled to require disclosure.

Lord Davey's Committee recommended in effect that a public register be kept of the following charges effected by companies: (1) floating charges; (2) charges on chattels; (3) charges on unpaid and uncalled capital; and (4) charges securing debentures. The Committee advised against a general register of mortgages and charges. The recommendations of the Committee on this matter of registration of charges have been adopted in the Government Bill. On the whole these recommendations appear to be satisfactory. A floating charge is a charge which authorises the company to deal in the ordinary course of business with the property charged, but which becomes a fixed charge, giving a priority over other creditors, in case the company ceases to carry on its business. A charge of this nature cannot be effected by an ordinary individual; if

a company is allowed to effect such a charge, it seems not unreasonable that it should have to give public notice of it. A somewhat similar observation applies to charges on chattels. The Bills of Sale Acts prevent an individual trader from creating a charge on chattels without the publicity of registration; and there seems to be no reason why a company should not be subjected to the same restriction. Companies are bound by the law as it stands to make annual returns of the amount of their uncalled and unpaid capital. No objection has ever been taken to the making of these returns. The registration of charges on uncalled and unpaid capital is the natural complement of the obligation to make these returns; for unless such charges are registered the returns are misleading. It is perhaps not quite so easy to justify in principle the provision requiring registration of charges securing debentures. If the debentures are secured by a floating charge, the charge will have to be registered as such; and it is not altogether easy to see why a fixed charge should have to be registered merely because it happens to secure an issue of debentures. An individual trader who trades with capital which he has borrowed on a mortgage of his factory is not bound to disclose this mortgage to the world. Why should a company be in a different position? However, as a matter of fact, charges securing debentures are usually charges of a more or less permanent nature; they can therefore be disclosed without hampering the company's operations; and, as returns have to be made of capital raised by shares, there can be little objection to like returns of capital raised by debentures. The scheme, rejected by Lord Davey's Committee, of requiring a public registration of all mortgages and charges, would have been most onerous in practice; it would also have had the effect of enabling trade competitors to pry somewhat closely into many of the company's business transactions, an effect which will not follow from the registration of charges of a permanent nature.

In some quarters objection has been made to the proposed provisions as to registration of mortgages, on the ground that they will be difficult to work in the case of companies carrying on business abroad. The objection, if justified, would be one of great importance; for a very large number of British companies carry on business in the colonies or abroad. But such companies must always have some central office in England; and it is hardly likely that a charge on uncalled capital, or to secure debentures, would be executed except by the central authority of the company, and at the British office. A floating charge is also hardly likely to be executed abroad,

and indeed would be invalid in most foreign countries. The Bill is so worded that charges on chattels will only require registration if the chattels are in the United Kingdom. The objection would have been almost fatal if the provision for registration had extended to all mortgages and charges; but as the Bill stands the objection carries but little force.

As an alternative to the registration of mortgages and charges, it has sometimes been suggested that trading debts, if incurred in the ordinary course of business within three months of the winding-up of the company, should have priority over the debentures of the company. A clause to this effect was moved and carried in the House of Lords Committee by Lord Macnaghten, and figures in the Government Bill. It is difficult to see what justification there can be for the clause, if the proposals of the Bill as to registration of mortgages and charges become law. To give priority to trading debts incurred within three months of winding-up would inflict serious hardship on ordinary secured creditors, and such a provision could hardly fail to hamper companies in obtaining subscriptions for debentures. Further, such a provision would inevitably produce a crop of litigation. The 'ordinary course' of business, in the case of a company on the verge of failure, is often reckless. This clause would add new temptations to recklessness, and give new opportunities for dishonesty. Every trade creditor will (having regard to the registration clauses of the Bill) be aware, or will have the opportunity of becoming aware, of the existence of the company's debentures. If he nevertheless gives the company credit, why should he be entitled to priority over the debentures in case winding-up supervenes within three months? The clause is not aimed merely at protecting creditors for small amounts, on whose behalf it might be said that they could scarcely be expected to search the register before entering into trifling current transactions; it would operate in favour of all trade creditors. The clause would in any case be dangerous. As matters will stand if the Bill is passed, it will be quite unnecessary. It is to be hoped that it will disappear from the Bill.

The Government Bill no longer contains certain provisions of great importance which were recommended by Lord Davey's Committee. That Committee recommended a provision that the company's annual balance-sheet should either be sent to each member or should be deposited at the company's office for inspection by the members. On the other hand a proposal that the balance-sheet should be

Registrar of Joint-stock Companies, so as to be open to further inspection, and stated that—

‘The balance of opinion, as shown by the communications with which your Committee have been favoured, is decidedly adverse to this proposal. And after a very full discussion your Committee have determined not to recommend it. The primary duty of the directors is towards their own shareholders, and your Committee have adopted the view tersely expressed by the Wakefield Chamber of Commerce, that “the true financial position of the company should be honestly disclosed to shareholders not less than once a year, but not for public use.”’

There seems to be very good ground for the view that Lord Davey’s Committee went too far in recommending a compulsory provision for disclosing the balance-sheet to shareholders. It must be remembered that disclosure to shareholders, even in a small company, may (and in a large company, as a rule, must) be equivalent to publication to trade rivals. There is no doubt that there are many companies of the very highest class in which it is the practice, for trade reasons, to keep the balance-sheet secret; and the remarks quoted above from Mr. Sinclair’s evidence show how strong the reasons for secrecy may often be. It has sometimes been suggested that balance-sheets may be kept secret in order to defraud shareholders. This may possibly occur; but only directors of the very highest standing can venture to insist on absolute secrecy. A fraudulent board would merely court suspicion by refusing to publish a balance-sheet to the shareholders. It is easier for directors to manipulate a balance-sheet so as to make it misleading than to face the outcry which shareholders would make if unjustifiably refused information.

But whether the views of Lord Davey’s Committee on this point were right or not, they have been attacked on another side. The most important alteration made in the Committee’s Bill before its introduction into the House of Lords in 1896 was the modification of the clause relating to the balance-sheet. The Bill, as altered, provided for the filing of the balance sheet with the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies. This unfortunate provision was much pressed upon the House of Lords Committee in the evidence given on behalf of the Board of Trade. If the publication of a balance-sheet were compulsory, many manufacturing companies would be hampered not only in their competition with their rivals, whether British or foreign, but in their relations to their workmen and servants. No doubt mercantile opinion is divided on the subject. A trader in a small way of business may often find it more important to

know the financial position of those with whom he is dealing than to avoid the disclosure of his own. It is therefore to be expected that a small manufacturer, who considers himself to be forced by the pressure of competition to accept orders from any customer without making proper enquiries as to credit and standing, will take up on this question an attitude differing from that of the head of a prosperous and progressive concern with jealous competitors at home and abroad eager to discover the secrets of his prosperity and progress. The question of the publication of balance-sheets is however not at this moment a pressing one. When the Government Bill was considered by the House of Lords Committee in 1899, the clause as to publication of balance-sheets was omitted without a division, and it does not appear in the present Bill.

The proposed reforms already discussed are of great importance to the trading interests of the country; but they bear mainly on the relations between limited companies and those who do business with them. The reforms which remain to be considered are, in some respects, of more popular interest than those already discussed, but are comparatively unimportant from the point of view of the genuine trader. These reforms are directed towards protecting persons who invest their money on the faith of public prospectuses.

The formation of a company under the Companies Acts as they now stand is a matter of extreme simplicity. Any seven persons who desire to be associated together for any lawful purpose may prepare and sign a memorandum of association, setting out the name of the proposed company, its objects, and its nominal capital. Upon registration of this memorandum with the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies, a certificate is issued stating that the company is incorporated. The original Act of 1862 makes no provision for anything in the nature of promotion. The Act seems to have contemplated that the business would be formed, as it were, automatically, by the persons intending to carry on the company's affairs. No provision is made for the issue of any prospectus, or for an application of any kind, public or private, to persons intending to invest. As a matter of practice a company is in fact formed on the initiative either of a single person or of a small body of persons. If the initiators of the company are in a position themselves to supply all the requisite capital, they register the company and then issue shares to themselves and their friends either for cash or in exchange for assets, in the way originally contemplated by the Act. More usually the promoters are persons who have no capital themselves, but who intend to

public. In many cases the promoter is in possession, or at all events in control, of some business or property, as for example, a contract for building a railway, or a lease of a gold mine. He enters (by himself or through some nominee) into a contract with a trustee for the intended company. By the agreement he binds himself to sell his rights to the new company, when formed, at the price and on the terms stated in the agreement. He then procures persons to consent to act as directors of the company, and prepares a prospectus setting forth the merits of the intended concern in language of, as a rule, a somewhat sanguine character. When the prospectus has been printed and is ready for issue, the formal steps necessary for bringing the company into being are taken. The memorandum of association has to be signed by seven persons. But the memorandum must be registered, and is thus thrown open to the public gaze. It has therefore become the practice to have the memorandum signed by seven clerks or other persons whose names will not reveal to an inquirer the personality of the promoter or of the capitalists interested in the concern. As soon as the company is formed a meeting of the directors is held, and the preliminary sale agreement (the terms of which were of course fixed by the promoter) is adopted on behalf of the company. At this moment there is in existence a perfectly and legally formed company bound by agreement to purchase the promoter's property at the promoter's own price and on his own terms; the profit, which is often excessive, being made by 'loading' the purchase money, that is, by selling at an excessive price. The prospectus is then issued, and is distributed through the post to such persons as are known to be already interested in enterprises of a nature similar to that of the new company. The prospectus is accompanied by forms of application for the shares or securities of the company. In theory the intending investor, who obtains a copy of the prospectus, reads it and forms his judgment as to the prospects and advantages offered by the company, and, if his judgment is favourable, applies for shares. The practice however is different. Even if prospectuses were always prepared in the utmost good faith, and with the fullest desire to place the facts before an intending investor, mere limitations of space would, as a rule, prevent the prospectus from containing all the information really necessary to form a sound judgment on the prospects of the concern. Practically the intending investor pays but little attention to the statements in the prospectus. In fact he is influenced either by his confidence in the persons who appear on the prospectus as directors or managers or solicitors, or by his

knowledge as to the success of similar concerns. It would perhaps be rash to say that no real investor ever takes shares solely on the faith of a prospectus; but there is strong ground for the belief, which is undoubtedly prevalent among those who are most conversant with the genesis of the ordinary speculative company, that applicants for shares are, as a rule, either persons with private information of some kind, who are not in fact much influenced by the prospectus, or persons who guess that, on account perhaps of some 'boom' in the trade in question, the shares will go to a premium, and for that reason apply in the hopes of realising the premium.

There can be no doubt that certain prejudices are prevalent on the subject of promoters. A company promoter is, in the popular view, a person of evil fame. Promoters, however, do not always deserve the obloquy which has been heaped upon them as a class. The business of the promoter is to act as a middleman, and to introduce to the investor or, it may be, to the speculator some concern which would otherwise have been hampered for want of capital. Every agency which facilitates the free flow of capital to concerns and enterprises where capital is wanted should command public approval. The honest promoter, who gains by the promotion only such profit as he can fairly claim as his due for the risks which he undertakes, and who is willing to disclose the amount of his profit to the persons from whose pockets the profit comes, performs a useful function, and should not be discouraged. But the position of a promoter is one of great temptation. He aims at buying in a cheap market, and selling in a dear one; and the market in which he sells is composed, as a rule, of persons of little business capacity and with little information at their command, in search of advantageous employment for their money. It is no matter for wonder that promoters are not always conscientious enough to confine their profits within legitimate bounds.

Applicants for shares are, even as the law stands, not unprotected. If an application for shares is made on the faith of an untrue statement in the prospectus, the applicant will be relieved of his bargain, and he will, as a rule, be entitled to compensation against the directors whose names appear on the prospectus. Indeed the right of rescission is not infrequently abused. A disappointed speculator, who finds that the shares for which he applied have not gone to a premium, and at the same time finds some inaccuracy in the prospectus, persuades himself without much difficulty that, but for that inaccuracy, he would not have applied.

It is not, however, easy to say whether applicants should be allowed to

serve further pro-

tection. On the one hand an applicant has practically no time to make independent enquiry into the facts relating to the new company; it may be conceded therefore that he is entitled to rather more protection than the law concedes to a person who enters into an ordinary contract. On this ground there is much to be said in favour of statutory provisions which aim at enforcing a full and fair statement in the prospectus of the leading facts which the applicant would ordinarily wish to know. But on the other hand such provisions should not be so framed as to play into the hands of the blackmailer, or of the person who has gone recklessly into a speculation and is on the look-out for some means of slipping out of it. Further, any provisions which are aimed at protecting the applicant for shares must not be so framed as to place obstacles in the way of the formation, or of the honest promotion, of genuine concerns; and, if it be the fact that most of the persons who apply for shares upon public prospectuses are speculators rather than investors, especial care should be taken not to protect them at the expense of restricting legitimate business. It is to be remembered that legislation can scarcely make deliberate fraud impossible; nor can it, as Lord Davey's Committee points out, protect people from the consequences of their own imprudence, recklessness, and want of experience.

Lord Davey's Committee appears to have examined these difficult questions with the utmost care. The Committee considered various proposals for preventing companies from starting business or entering into contracts until after the prospectus of the company had been considered and the contracts with the vendors or promoters had been sanctioned by the shareholders in general meeting. All these schemes the Committee rejected, on the ground that they would cause complication, delay, and expense, and would be of little real protection. The Committee's ultimate recommendations in this connexion involve, among others, five proposals: (1) that the prospectus shall contain certain details of importance which are intended to effect a disclosure of the promoters' profits and of the main features in the history of the promotion; (2) that no allotment of shares shall be made until a minimum amount of the capital, to be named in the memorandum of association and prospectus, if any, of the company, has been subscribed; (3) that business shall not be commenced nor contracts adopted until after allotment of the minimum subscription; (4) that a meeting of the shareholders shall be held soon after the formation of the company, to enable them to obtain disclosure of the main facts bearing on the promotion and prospects

of the company; and (5) that the directors shall take up their qualification shares before their names are placed before the public as directors. These five proposals are reproduced in the present Government Bill, with a few alterations of minor importance. The Committee's Bill also contained clauses defining the duties and liabilities of directors and promoters. These clauses were probably merely declaratory of the existing law, but they were rejected by the House of Lords, on the ground, presumably, that they would be unnecessarily frightening to timid directors and promoters.

The five proposals stated above are aimed primarily at enforcing proper disclosure, and secondarily at preventing a practice which is a frequent source of loss—namely, the practice of going to allotment on an insufficient subscription. The promoters of a company usually spend, or make themselves liable for, considerable sums in connexion with the formation of the company and the preparation and advertisement of the prospectus. It may happen that the public applications for shares are so few that there is no reasonable prospect of starting the concern successfully. But in such a case the promoters, and consequently the directors (if they are nominees of the promoters), are sorely tempted to allot shares to the persons who have applied, so as to utilise their subscriptions for the purpose of defraying the formation and promotion expenses. Thus the applicant for shares gets nothing for his subscription but the privilege of helping to indemnify the promoter against the promotion expenses; for the company, being without tangible capital, must inevitably come to grief.

That the object of these proposals is an excellent one will scarcely be questioned. But it is far from easy to form an opinion as to the results which will ensue if they become law. On the one hand it is said that these provisions will place obstacles in the way of forming honest companies. As regards the clause enforcing disclosure in prospectuses, it is said that the effect will be to make prospectuses bulky and unwieldy, and that honest directors will shrink from the risk of committing some accidental breach of the somewhat elaborate provisions of the clause. The clause which enacts that business shall not be commenced or contracts adopted before allotment, has been criticised on the ground that it will cause prejudicial delay in starting the company as a going concern. These objections would have had more force if the Bill had remained in the form in which it was prepared by Lord Davey's Committee. The prospectus clause, as it then stood, required a statement of the purport or effect of every material contract (with certain

exceptions) and of every material fact known to the directors or promoters. The clause was however considerably cut down by the Select Committee of the House of Lords, and its requirements can now be satisfied without any undue increase in the size of the prospectus. The objection, that the clause preventing the commencement of business and the adoption of contracts before allotment will cause prejudicial delay, would be a serious objection if it were justified; but it may be doubted whether such delay could prejudice a *bona fide* concern. In the case of a large company there is always a transitional stage during which the company, though fully formed so far as legal requirements go, is practically in a dormant condition, because its capital has not yet been subscribed, the officers have not yet been appointed, and the business or property which it has been formed to take over has not yet been effectually acquired. It is scarcely likely, and there is certainly no evidence to show, that a prolongation of this transitional stage until after allotment will be prejudicial. On the other hand the provision which prevents the company from entering into contracts before allotment will practically force the directors to enter into such contracts only as the extent of the public subscriptions justify.

It is right however to point out that, while these provisions are on the whole satisfactory, too much must not be expected from them. They will make it more difficult for the promoter to realise an undue profit; they will not by any means prevent his making a profit. The practical effect of the provisions, if they become law, will be watched with much interest. In some quarters it is believed that the effect will be to discourage the issue of public prospectuses, and to drive the promoter to make his profit in other ways. Those who take this view point to the results which have been experienced in Germany from an increased rigour in the conditions imposed by the law on the formation of companies. These results are explained by Dr. Ernest Schuster in an able and interesting memorandum prepared by him for Lord Davey's Committee, and in the evidence given by him before the Committee. It seems that formerly German promoters made their profits, as British promoters do now, by selling property to a company at an inflated price, and then offering the shares to the public at par. The reforms introduced into the German law involve stringent investigations and valuations upon the formation of a company, and the result is that now the promoter sells his property to the company at a fair price, and makes his profit by subsequently selling the shares at a premium. It may be anticipated that if the effect of the reforms as to promotion proposed in the present

Government Bill have the effect of discouraging the issue of prospectuses, similar results will follow. The investor or speculator will not apply for shares, but will purchase at a premium in the market. The rash speculator will not be much more protected than he is at present. He will be the victim, not of the adroit framer of prospectuses, but of the outside broker. It may be, however, that the more sober minded investor will be in a safer position. For, such a man a purchase of shares involves, as a rule, resort to a stockbroker. It is no flattery to the stockbrokers to suppose that most investors will find it safer to trust a stockbroker than to rely on a prospectus.

There are several provisions of minor importance in the Government Bill. There is a valuable clause legalising, under certain safeguards, the application of capital moneys in paying commissions for underwriting or procuring subscriptions for shares. Hitherto there has been a doubt as to the legality of applying capital for the purpose. There can be no objection to the payment of reasonable underwriting commissions, if only they are not paid secretly; but the effect of the doubtful condition of the law has been that underwriting commissions have usually been paid by the promoter, ostensibly out of his own moneys, and that he has recouped himself by secretly adding to his purchase money, as a further 'load,' the amount of the commission. The new clause, while necessitating disclosure, will recognise the legality of a practice which, under disguises, has been all but universal. The Bill also contains clauses enabling the holders of one tenth of the capital to force the directors to convene a general meeting of the company, and making it necessary for every company to elect an auditor. These clauses reproduce provisions which are almost always to be found in the articles of association of respectable companies. There is a useful clause enabling creditors of the company to apply to the Court in a voluntary liquidation, without going through the costly process of presenting a winding-up petition; and another clause increases the power, already possessed in some measure by the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies, of putting an end to the existence of companies which, though practically defunct, have not been formally dissolved. The ingenious persons who devote themselves to finding means of evading the provisions of the Companies Acts will be interested in a clause dealing with companies limited by guarantee. In companies of this class the members do not share, but merely guarantee certain payments in contribution. Incorporation in this form is used

clubs and charitable institutions. Some years ago a plan was invented by which companies of this class, by adopting special regulations, turned themselves into share companies without becoming subject to various restrictions which affect share companies. This plan was thwarted by the Board of Trade, who refused to recognise it as valid; but it is doubtful whether this refusal was justified in point of law. The clause in question will, in effect, sanction the view taken by the Board of Trade.* It is to be hoped that the Bill in its final shape will make it clear whether the 'prospectus clause' is to apply to the case of a prospectus issued, not by the company, but by persons who wish to make a market for the shares. There also seems to be a doubt how far the application of the Bill to unlimited companies is intentional.

The Government Bill may be regarded as, on the whole, satisfactory. It is the outcome of the deliberations of an experienced Departmental Committee. It has been fully considered, and, by omissions, improved by a Select Committee of the House of Lords. Its provisions are not revolutionary. It will not necessarily protect fools from their folly, nor will it always deter rogues from roguery. It will however place a few obstacles in the way of the dishonest promoter; and companies will, if the Bill is passed, be obliged to disclose certain mortgages and charges which they have the privilege, denied to individuals, of creating. But the highest compliment that can be paid to those responsible for the Bill as it stands is the recognition of the fact that it contains nothing that can hamper legitimate commerce.

* The Bill contains clauses of some importance remedying errors of drafting in the Pharmacy Acts and the Medical Acts. If the Bill is passed it will be no longer possible for unqualified practitioners to evade these Acts by trading under cover of a company. These clauses have however, in structure, nothing to do with Company Law as such.

ART. VII.—JOHN RUSKIN.

1. *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty*. Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne by the Countess of Gallo-way. London: George Allen, 1899
2. *The Art-Teaching of John Ruskin*. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A. Cheaper issue. London: Rivingtons, 1900
3. *John Ruskin, Social Reformer*. By J. A. Hobson. Second edition. London: James Nisbet, 1899.
4. *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mil, and other literary estimates*. By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan, 1899.

THE last of the prophets is gone. The most eloquent of all the voices which have stirred the heart of England during the century now drawing to a close has passed into silence. The great life is over, and John Ruskin sleeps in the quiet churchyard on the shores of Coniston Water, among the mountains that were his home and his daily delight. On all sides we mourn for him to-day; in all lands the same expressions of respect and honour are heard, alike in France, where the 'glorious old man' numbers some of his most devoted admirers; in Germany, where Professor Begas has lately paid a splendid tribute to his memory, in Italy, which owes him so large a debt of gratitude; and in the New World, where his works are studied by an ever-increasing multitude of readers. Here at home the soul of the nation has been deeply moved, and generous amends have been made for any neglect or injustice that may have been done him in the past. A year or two ago Count Tolstoi remarked that he himself thought Ruskin the greatest of his contemporaries, but that he was pained to find how few Englishmen agreed with him. No man, he added, is a prophet in his own country; and the greatest men are seldom recognised, for the very reason that they are in advance of their age and that their countrymen are therefore unable to understand them. Certainly no living writer has provoked more scorn and ridicule, or been more fiercely assailed, than Ruskin. But if he was the best-abused, he was also the best-praised man in England. To-day the strife of tongues is hushed, and all hearts go out to him in love and reverence. We recall the vast treasure of beautiful and inspiring thought which he has left us, the charm of the voice that we shall never hear again. If for many years of his long life he seemed to himself and others a lonely prophet crying in the wilderness, now as we look round we begin to realise how

the words which he flung on the winds have sprung up and borne fruit in a hundred new and unexpected forms.

The excellent biography published a few years ago by Mr. Collingwood, and the charming recollections given us by Ruskin himself in the pages of '*Præterita*,' have already made us familiar with the chief outlines of his life. Before long a full and authoritative record is to appear, which will include Ruskin's letters to his parents—a correspondence of priceless value and interest. This being the case, we will not attempt to repeat the story of his life, but will endeavour to give our readers a brief estimate of his work as teacher, art-critic, moralist, and social reformer.

The four works at the head of these pages illustrate the wide range of Ruskin's teaching, while they bear witness to the far-reaching effects of his influence. First of all, we have a lively and picturesque study of the great Englishman's life and work from the pen of a distinguished French critic. M. de la Sizeranne's intimate acquaintance with English art is well known, and the deep impression which Ruskin's writings have made upon him is evident on every page of this book, which, having been widely read in France, has now been admirably translated into English by Lady Galloway. His judgment is the more valuable because it is that of a foreigner, and because he has inherited both the classical traditions and the keenly critical faculty of his race. The three other writers have each of them dealt with a separate aspect of Ruskin's teaching. Mr. Collingwood, a faithful friend and follower of the great man whose loss we lament, has drawn up a clear and concise statement of the fundamental principles of Ruskin's art-teaching, which is especially to be commended to students who are anxious to arrive at an exact understanding of his doctrines and of the real unity of design underlying his somewhat discursive criticism. Mr. Hobson, on the other hand, treats exclusively of Ruskin's social teaching. He describes the process of thought by which Ruskin was led to leave art for social reform, and gives an exhaustive analysis of his views on political economy, as well as a very interesting account of the different industrial experiments which he initiated or encouraged with Quixotic generosity, and to which he devoted so large a proportion of his time and fortune. Mr. Hobson frankly admits the fallacy of some of Ruskin's theories and his failure to solve many of the problems with which he was confronted, but justifies his claim to rank as the foremost social reformer of his age, 'not merely because he has told the largest number of important truths upon the largest variety of vital matters, in

language of penetrative force, but because he has made the most powerful and the most felicitous attempt to grasp and to express, as a comprehensive whole, the needs of a human society and the processes of social reform' (p. vi). Lastly, Mr. Frederic Harrison has come forward to maintain the supremacy of Ruskin as a consummate master of English prose, of whom it may be said, not only that he had 'a soul' as sensitive to all forms of beauty as Shelley, but that, as Villari tells us of Dante, he had the most exquisite style that the language ever produced. And it is the glory of our great teacher, Mr. Harrison remarks in his essay on Ruskin as a prophet, 'that he has used this gift with unfaltering courage and perseverance to irradiate with ennobling ideas the whole field of morality, education, industry, art, poetry, and religion' (p. 103).

In the first place, then, Ruskin stands before the world as an art-critic—probably the greatest art-critic that has ever lived, certainly the greatest that this country has produced. Coleridge and Burke, Hazlitt and Reynolds had discoursed on the spirit of art and beauty, and theorised on the grand style; but Ruskin invented art-criticism as most of us understand it to-day, and showed that the critic could be at the same time poet, historian, and ethical teacher. Nature had endowed him with an exquisite sensibility to beauty, and a faculty of close and accurate observation. He combined in a remarkable degree the sympathy and imagination of the artist with the scientific tendency that made Mazzini call him 'the most analytical mind in Europe.' Not Leonardo himself was more keenly interested in geological studies, in the formation of rivers and mountains, in the life of plants and birds. Fortunately for mankind these natural gifts were stimulated by foreign travel and by the careful education which he received from his parents. The child of an artistic father and an evangelical mother, born in London and bred in the suburbs, he early became acquainted with our English lake-country and with the Swiss mountains, and was familiar from his boyhood with the drawings of Turner and Prout. He tells us how at four years old he rambled with his nurse among the gnarled trunks and rocky heights of Friar's Crag, on Derwentwater, and he has left us an imperishable record of the summer evening when he first saw the Alps from the terrace at Schaffhausen:—

'It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue, gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of W- -shire,

or Dorking of Kent—suddenly behold beyond! There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us, not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death. . . . Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume—I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and to the shore of the lake of Geneva my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it hope or peace.’ (*‘Præterita,’* i, 195.)

Like all clever children, John Ruskin began by writing poetry. Skiddaw and Snowdon inspired his first verses, but the sight of Turner’s vignettes to Rogers’s *‘Italy’* turned his thoughts into another channel. On a journey abroad, when he was fourteen, he sketched the Alps, and made careful architectural drawings in the style of Prout and Turner. He became an exquisite draughtsman, and for sensitive delineation and accurate detail nothing can surpass his drawings of Venetian palaces and other subjects now in the University galleries at Oxford. From the first, architecture had a special attraction for him, and, because he found that Gothic architecture reproduced the forms of trees and stems of leaves and flowers the most faithfully, he always preferred this style to any other. This ‘violent instinct for architecture’ prompted his first prose essays, a series of articles on the Poetry of Architecture, or the architecture of the nations of Europe ‘considered in its association with Natural Scenery and National Character,’ which he contributed to *‘London’s Magazine’* during his first two years at Oxford, under the *nom de guerre* of Kata Phusin—‘according to nature.’ By degrees the study of Turner’s landscapes opened his eyes to the primary function of Art as the interpreter of Nature, and he determined to renounce alike his poetic dreams and artistic inspiration, and to devote his life to what he felt was his true vocation. It was at Chamouni, in the summer of 1842, that his final decision was made. He had been reading Carlyle’s *‘Heroes,’* and there, under the snows of Mont Blanc, he vowed to go forth on his heaven-sent mission and tell the world that ‘Art, no less than other spheres of life, had its heroes; that the main-

spring of their energy was sincerity, and the burden of their utterance truth.

Early in the following spring the first volume of *'Modern Painters'* appeared. In this first volume, originally undertaken with the express object of vindicating Turner from the charge of untruthfulness, Ruskin already lays down the fundamental principles of his art-teaching. All art, he insists, must, first of all, rest upon a patient study and a thorough knowledge of Nature. 'Go to Nature!' he cries in the famous sentence which created Pre-Raphaelitism, 'rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing.' For there—not in dreams of the imagination, not in some conventional ideal imposed by tradition—is Beauty.

What matter if there are irregularities and imperfections in Nature? These are signs of life. To banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to paralyse the source of beauty and vitality. 'All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.' Perfection in composition, skill and success in the painting of a picture, matter comparatively little, for the true artist does not make art for art's sake, in order that men should praise his cleverness, but seeks after Nature, and in her for Beauty. By the light of this doctrine Ruskin framed his great indictment against the post-Raphaelite masters, and principally Claude and Poussin, Canaletto and the Dutch landscape painters, whom he held guilty of the deadly sin of conventionalism. Thus at one blow this daring young author swept away the old superstition of the grand style, as advocated by Reynolds and his contemporaries, and boldly proclaimed his belief in an art as wide as nature and humanity.

But although art is based upon nature, it is no mere transcript of phenomena. On the contrary, says Ruskin, the primary aim of the artist should be to convey great ideas to the spectator; and the right definition of a great artist is that he is one who succeeds in embodying the greatest number of the greatest ideas in his work. First of all, there must be 'the earnest and intense seizing of natural facts, then the ordering of these facts by the strength of natural intellect, so as to make them for all who look upon them to the utmost serviceable, memorable, and beautiful.' Already, in this first volume of *'Modern Painters,'* Ruskin lays stress on a want of solemn and definite purpose as the chief defect in contemporary painting, and maintains that great art consists in the habit of noble and elevating

subjects. This brings us on to his third point, the vital relation of art to morality and religion. In the early chapters of *'Præteritū'*, Ruskin tells us how as a child of three he climbed on a chair to preach his first sermon, and, thumping on a red cushion before him, repeated the words, 'Be good, people, be good'. It is a sermon, as Mrs. Ritchie has already remarked, which he has been preaching all his life long. Alike in *'Modern Painters'* and in his Oxford Lectures he insists on the same theme: 'Be good; you must all be good, or real art is impossible.' Everywhere he tells us that the moral character of the artist is an essential condition of good work. If his thoughts are pure and his aim is great, his work will live; if not, however perfect it may be, it will perish. Thus Venetian art, splendid and successful as it was, perished by reason of this one fatal fault—recklessness of aim—and fell away because the later Venetian painters ceased to care for anything but to delight the eye. To seek whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, to raise the hearts of men by the habitual presentation of noble ideas, must be the aim of all true artists. So he reaches his final conclusion, 'All great art is praise'—that favourite maxim which he has told us comprises the whole of his art-teaching. To sum up the whole matter, as Ruskin afterwards wrote in his *'Two Paths'*, fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man all go together, and the true artist must be alike realist, idealist, and moralist. Or, as Mr. Hobson puts it, clearly and concisely, the imagination of the artist must work 'upon an intellectual and emotional basis of close knowledge of reality, under the supreme control of the spiritual faculty' (p. 29).

The first volume of *'Modern Painters'* appeared in April 1843, and met with great and instant success. The sensation which this work by a youth of twenty-four excited is unparalleled in the annals of English literature. It, on the one hand, it was fiercely attacked by some writers as illogical and heretical, opposed to the orthodox canons of art, on the other it was hailed with delight by the finest intellects of the day, by Tennyson and Jowett, by Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Encouraged by these signs of interest and confidence, the young Oxford Graduate prepared to write his second volume, *'On the Nature of Beauty and Imagination.'* On his way home from Switzerland in 1844, he spent some days in Paris, and saw the old Italian masters in the Louvre. The works of Perugino and Bellini were a revelation to him. He had been scoffing at the ancients, at Poussin and Canaletto and the Dutchmen, because in his opinion they could not draw rocks and trees:

now he discovered that there had been a great age of art before Raphael and Michelangelo. He spent the winter in reading Rie and Lord Lindsay and Mrs. Jameson on Christian art, and the next spring he went to Italy to study Florentine and Venetian painting for himself. Then in the Duomo of Lucca he saw the sleeping figure of Maria del Caretto, which became at once and remained ever afterwards his ideal of Christian sculpture, 'the most beautiful extant marble work of the Middle Ages faultless as far as human skill and feeling can or may be so'. He dreamt away the days in the glowing sunlight at Pisa, gazing on the fretted pinnacles of Santa Maria della Spina, and lived for two months in the shadow of Giotto's Tower. He spent the long mornings copying the frescoes of Angelico and Masaccio in the cloisters of San Marco and the dim chapels of the Carmine. He read Dante, and made hay with the Franciscans in their orchard at Fiesole, and talked with friendly Dominicans in the spice-garden of Santa Maria Novella. Then he went on to Venice, where Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion' at San Rocco made him feel that he had seen the art of man in its full majesty for the first time. That journey marks another turning-point of his life. Tired with the rapure of discovery, 'which turns the head like Chianti wine,' and conscious of the 'strange and precious gift' entrusted to him, he came home to assume his true function as the interpreter of Italian art, and wrote the glowing chapters on Giotto and Angelico, on Bellini and Tintoretto, in his new volume.

One of his first acts on his return to England was to write to the 'Times,' urging the purchase of early Italian pictures for the newly formed National Gallery, and lamenting the large expenditure on works by Guido and Rubens when we had no Perugino or Angelico and only one Bellini. His feelings were vigorously expressed in a letter which he wrote from Venice to his old friend Joseph Severn, who shared Mr. Watts's generous dreams for the regeneration of art in England by means of mural paintings:—

'With your hopes for the elevation of English art by means of fresco I cannot sympathise. It is not the material nor the space that can give us thoughts, passions or power. I see on our Academy walls nothing but what is ignoble in small pictures, and would be disgusting in large ones. It is not the love of fresco that we want it is the love of God and His creatures; it is humility and clarity and self-denial and fasting and prayer. It is a total change of character. We want more faith and less reasoning, less strength and more trust. You want neither walls nor plaster nor colours—"ça ne fait rien à l'affaire"; it is Giotto and Ghirlandajo and An

that you want, and that you will and must want until this disgusting nineteenth century has—I can't say breathed, but steamed its last.'

The second volume of '*Modern Painters*' appeared in 1846, and was followed, three years later, by '*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*,' a treatise on the conditions of greatness in building and decoration, setting forth the power of religious and moral sincerity and its manifestation in the development of technical skill. This book, originally intended to be an episode of '*Modern Painters*,' was illustrated with fine plates from the author's drawings of Giotto's Tower, the churches of Lucca, and palaces of Venice and Verona; and its chief aim was to prove the necessity of reviving the spirit, if we would revive the art, of the primitive masters. The same subject was treated with greater fulness and elaboration in Ruskin's next important work, '*The Stones of Venice*' (1851-53). Tintoretto had first led him to examine the architectural details of St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, and then to make a prolonged study of the history of Venice and the causes of her decay and ruin. Now he did for Venice what neither Daru nor Sismondi nor any of her historians had done before. He made the story of her great past live again, and breathed the passion of his love and poetry into every stone of her sea-stained walls. His real aim, as he always declared, was not merely to describe the different styles of architecture which flourished at successive periods of Venetian history, but to prove the close connexion of architecture with the religion and morals of the people who produced it, and to illustrate his theory of the dependence of national art upon national character.

Meanwhile a new movement, to which Ruskin could not long remain a stranger, had sprung up at home. The enthusiastic young men who joined the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood and founded the romantic school of art in England had caught their inspiration from '*Modern Painters*.' They carried out the Oxford Graduate's doctrines to the letter, and were moved by the sincerity and earnestness which he had looked for in vain among English artists. When their efforts met with opposition and ridicule, Ruskin came forward as their champion and threw himself into the fray with all the chivalry of his nature. He not only wrote letters to the '*Times*' in their defence, but helped them generously with money. He bought Rossetti's drawings, introduced him and his comrades to liberal patrons, and took Burne-Jones with him to Italy. His famous pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism appeared in 1851; and both in the lectures on architecture and painting which he delivered at

Edinburgh two years later, and in the third and fourth volumes of *'Modern Painters'* (1856) he hailed the members of the new school as the leaders of a genuine revival. Closely connected with this movement, which was to exert so potent and enduring an influence on the future of English art, was the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, which was opened by Frederic Denison Maurice in the autumn of 1856. In this effort to bring culture to the working classes Ruskin recognised a definite step towards that improvement of the artisan's intellectual life which he never ceased to advocate; and it is significant that his fine chapter *'On the Nature of Gothic,'* from *'The Stones of Venice,'* was read and distributed to all who were present at the opening of the College. Ruskin himself took charge of the art class, and engaged Rossetti as his assistant in giving drawing lessons every Thursday evening. His *'Elements of Drawing'* (1855) and of *'Perspective'* (1857) were written as text-books for the use of these classes; and the plates were cut from Ruskin's own drawings by his new pupils, many of whom, like Mr. George Allen and John Bunney, have done excellent work in different directions. But after the publication of the last volume of *'Modern Painters,'* in 1860, the question of social reform took possession of Ruskin's mind, and wholly absorbed his time and thoughts. A few stray lectures and papers, which have been reprinted in *'The Two Paths,'* *'On the Old Road,'* and *'The Queen of the Air,'* were his only utterances on artistic subjects during many years.

His election to the newly-endowed chair of Fine Art at Oxford in August 1869 marked a new period of art-criticism. In spite of broken health and divided interests, in spite too of the disappointment of his cherished hopes and of his aversion to the changed atmosphere of modern Oxford, the new Slade Professor devoted himself with youthful courage and fire to the arduous task of revising his old teaching, and planned a complete and systematic statement of his views and theories upon art. The first or inaugural course of lectures, delivered in 1870, dealt with art in its relation to national character, morals, and religion, and laid down the chief laws of line and colour, light and shade, for practical use. The second, which bore the fanciful title of *'Aratra Pentelici'* (1871), was an essay on sculpture, in which the Greek spirit was contrasted with the Gothic, and an elaborate comparison was instituted between Michelangelo and Tintoretto. This was followed in 1872 by a third course, *'The Eagle's Nest,'* treating of art in its relation to science, and another, entitled *'Ariadne Florentina,'* on early Tuscan engraving, in which Botticelli was first introduced to

the notice of Oxford students. In Lent term, 1873, the subject was varied by a course upon birds, bearing the name 'Love's Meinie,' and this in turn was succeeded by another brilliant series upon the work of the great Tuscan sculptor, Niccolò Pisano, afterwards published as 'Val d' Arno.' But these lectures were repeatedly interrupted by serious attacks of illness; and, after delivering a final course on Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1875, Ruskin resigned his post. Eight years later he was again elected Slade Professor, and returned to Oxford once more. This time he delivered his memorable lectures on the art of England, in which he paid a splendid tribute to Rossetti and Holman Hunt, as well as to Watts and Burne-Jones, as the representatives of sacred and imaginative art in this country. Once more he took up his parable in the autumn of 1884, and began a course on the 'Pleasures of England,' intending to give his hearers a sketch of the main currents of English history from his point of view. But overwork and prolonged mental strain had told heavily upon his enfeebled frame, and at the end of the year he resigned his professorship, impelled to this step, he declared, by the foundation at Oxford of the new physiological laboratory, which in his eyes meant the endowment of vivisection and defiance of all moral law.

Although the original scheme of instruction which Ruskin had planned was never completed, the Oxford Lectures are, as Mr. Collingwood justly says, the sum and crown of his art-teaching. If with these we take into consideration the smaller studies published during this period, 'Giotto and his Works in Padua,' 'Mornings in Florence,' 'St. Mark's Rest,' 'The Laws of Fesole,' and 'The Bible of Amiens,' we have a body of criticism not unworthy to rank with 'Modern Painters' and 'The Stones of Venice.' These works of Ruskin's second period, although less striking and less famous than the earlier group, contain an immense mass of valuable and suggestive thought, while they reveal an amazing amount of work and learning. They are, we feel, the fruit of long years of strenuous labour and close study, and, at the same time, the expression of views and convictions ripened by the experience of a lifetime. The principles laid down are in the main those which we have already found in his early works, re-stated with new vigour and illustrated by a whole world of new material. In these later works, above all, Ruskin undertakes the office for which he felt himself to be especially fitted, and comes before us as the interpreter of the finest Christian art.

'I say with pride,' he writes in 1883, in his epilogue to the second volume of 'Modern Painters,' 'that it was left to me, and to me

alone, first to discern and then to teach, so far as in this hurried century any such thing can be taught, the excellency and supremacy of five great painters, despised until I spoke of them—Turner, Tintoret, Luini, Botticelli, and Carpaccio. Despised—nay, scarcely in any true sense of the word known.'

Certainly Ruskin possessed in a supreme degree the rare faculty of discerning at a glance those beauties which others take years to recognise. Many of us have felt with Charlotte Brontë as if we had been 'walking blindfold' until Ruskin first opened our eyes to the wonder and loveliness around us. This gift of vision it was which enabled him to see the merits of Botticelli's and Perugino's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel when most critics had only eyes for Michelangelo, and to discover the charm of Carpaccio's art and fall in love with St. Ursula at Venice in 1869, as he had done twenty-four years before with Laria at Lucca. His notes on Giotto's frescoes at Padua, originally written in 1854 for the Arundel Society, and only re-published within the last few weeks, still remain the best guide to those immortal works. Luini's pure and tender charm first attracted him on a journey through Lombardy in 1862; and as in his first visit to Florence he found a perfect type of the saint and artist in Fra Angelico, so in his Oxford lectures a Venetian, Giovanni Bellini, is for him the chief of masters. In the works of this great *quattrocento* painter he finds the four essential attributes which he pronounces necessary to the highest art: faultless workmanship, perfect serenity, beauty of countenance, and freedom from sin and pain.

No doubt the very strength of Ruskin's feeling for beauty often leads him into error. There is a lack of proportion in his estimates of painters, which weakens the authority of his judgments and detracts seriously from his reputation as a critic. Some artists never appealed to him. He was habitually unfair to Claude and Constable, to the Dutch and modern French landscape masters. Michelangelo and Leonardo received scant justice at his hands, while of Raphael, he tells us, he could make nothing whatever. His praise was often as irrational as his blame. The intensity of his admiration for the particular master whose work was present to his mind at the moment not infrequently betrayed him into those glaring inconsistencies for which he has been so often reproached, and which made a French critic say that he would undertake to draw up a list of the most contradictory statements from Ruskin's own works. At one time Titian was the painter whom he delighted to honour, at another he became the object of his most severe denunciations. Even his prime favourite Tint

was ultimately dethroned in favour of Carpaccio. But many of us change our views as we grow older, and, to do Ruskin justice, no one was ever more ready to own and if possible correct his mistakes. In the notes which he added to the new edition of '*Modern Painters*' in 1883, he laughs unmercifully at his fine talking and juvenile vanity, at the tiresome pedantry of his long-winded arguments. He remarks on one passage: 'This is wildly overstated, and the rest of the paragraph is nearly pure nonsense.' He would have said the same, we are quite sure, if he had lived to revise some of his later works.

A graver fault in the eyes of the present generation is his want of scientific accuracy in attributions, and his inability to distinguish between the works of great masters and their followers. Regardless of dates and documents, he persists in ascribing the frescoes of the Spanish Chapel to Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Martini, and boldly eulogises the pictures which some inferior Giottoesque artist painted in the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, as the works of the great master himself. The modern student, trained in the latest Morellian methods, holds up his hands in horror at these reckless assertions, and consigns Ruskin to the limbo of ignorant writers who lived before the deluge. All we can say on his behalf is that Ruskin belonged to a generation which had never heard of Morelli, and had still much to learn; and that, if to-day our knowledge is wider and our connoisseurship more fully developed, it is largely due to the example and untiring endeavour of the man who first taught us to love and appreciate these primitive Italian masters. Another and still commoner charge is that Ruskin confuses art with literature, and judges the merits of a painting from the point of view of the moralist and the poet rather than from that of the artist. This accusation has been chiefly brought against our great idealist teacher by the school of painters who take 'Art for Art's sake' as their motto, regard subject as unimportant, and, banishing all ideas from painting, would reduce pictorial art to a mere scheme of line and colour, suggesting rather than expressing the absolute facts of visible nature. In some respects the truth of the charge cannot be gainsaid. There can, we think, be no doubt that moral and spiritual beauty appealed to Ruskin more than purely plastic beauty, more, certainly, than power of drawing or cleverness of brushwork. But Mr. Collingwood and M. de la Sizeranne have been at pains to prove how much Ruskin's language on this subject has been misconstrued, and to show how little he desired to see art assume dogmatic and didactic functions. He is, they tell us, at heart far more of an artist than of a philosopher;

and in support of their contention they quote these words from 'St. Mark's Rest':—

'The only doctrine or system peculiar to me is the abhorrence of all that is doctrinal instead of demonstrable, and of all that is systematic instead of useful: so that no true disciple of mine will ever be a Ruskinian—he will follow, not me, but the instincts of his own soul and the guidance of its Creator.'

It is certainly a remarkable fact that many of Ruskin's most understanding and appreciative readers are to be found at the present time among Frenchmen, while more than one of his ablest defenders belong to this race, which is essentially classical in its genius. So long ago as 1860 a writer in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' M. Milsand, did full justice to the great services which Ruskin had rendered to art, and boldly prophesied that his ideas on the ethics of art would endure in spite of certain obvious fallacies. And now another French critic, M. de la Sizeranne, has given us one of the best and most sympathetic appreciations of Ruskin's life and work which has yet appeared. In his eloquent pages the fundamental principles of the Oxford Graduate's doctrines are clearly defined, and the worship of beauty which runs like a 'thread of Ariadne' through all Ruskin's teaching is pre-eminently set forth. Not Art for Art's sake, but for the sake of Nature and Beauty, is the central tenet of Ruskin's creed. It is this passionate love of nature, the French writer insists, which has dominated all his thought. This alone 'determined his conception of art and was the foundation of all his definitions' (p. 294). According to M. de la Sizeranne, Ruskin discusses morality, industry, and religion in order to lead up to a higher sense of beauty in art. Mr. Frederic Harrison, with more reason we think, contends that Ruskin began by preaching to us a higher sense of art in order to lead us up to a truer understanding of morality, industry, religion, and humanity.

This at least is certain, that Ruskin never loses sight of the larger issues of life, or forgets the moral and spiritual forces working through art. Again and again in his Oxford Lectures he reminds his hearers that we live by admiration, hope, and love, and insists that in reverence lies the chief motive power of life, 'reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die' (p. 62). So he brings us back to the point from which he started: 'All *good* art is praise.' This is the keynote of the Oxford Lectu-

it was that of 'Modern Painters,' the motto which he applies to the art of Watts as well as to that of the old Florentines. And when, in September 1888, he wrote the epilogue to the new edition of 'Modern Painters,' on the same spot where forty-six years before, under the snows of Mont Blanc, he had first conceived the idea of his great book, he went back once more to his old principle:—

"All that is involved in these passionate utterances of my youth was first expanded and then concentrated into the aphorism given twenty years afterwards in my inaugural Oxford Lectures, "All Great Art is Praise;" and on that aphorism the yet bolder saying founded, "So far from Art's being immoral, in the ultimate part of it, nothing but Art is moral; Life without Industry is sin, and Industry without Art, brutality. . . . And now, in writing beneath the cloudless peace of the snows of Chamouni, what must be the really final words of the book which their beauty inspired and their strength guided, I am able, with yet happier and calmer heart than ever heretofore, to enforce its simplest assurance of Faith, that the knowledge of what is beautiful leads on, and is the first step, to the knowledge of the things which are lovely and of good report: and that the laws, the life, and the joy of beauty in the material world of God, are as eternal and sacred parts of His creation as, in the world of spirits, virtue, and in the world of angels, praise."

In these closing words the great teacher gathered up the whole of his message and bade farewell to the people of England. But while Ruskin's art criticism must always hold a foremost place in any estimate of his work, no record of his career would be complete without some account of the social teaching to which he devoted so large a part of his time and energies during the last half of his life. This social message was the direct outcome of his art teaching. From the first, the young Oxford graduate had realised that art is part of life. In the 'Seven Lamps' and the 'Stones of Venice' he had shown the close connexion that exists between national art and character; in the pamphlet on Pre Raphaelitism he boldly asserted his conviction that although God intends no man to live without working, it was no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. Early in life he read Carlyle's writings with deep sympathy and admiration, and the closer acquaintance which he formed, about 1850, with Carlyle himself, exerted a powerful influence on the development of his economic views. In the lectures which he delivered at Manchester in 1857—'A Joy for Ever and its Price in the Market'—he first directly approached the problems of the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and boldly denounced the fallacy that luxury and

wasteful expenditure are beneficial to the community, illustrating his argument with references to Lorenzetti's frescoes of 'Good and Bad Government' at Siena. This was in the early days of his friendship with Burne-Jones. In his enthusiasm for Gothic architecture he was preparing a work on the 'Spirit of the Thirteenth Century,' which would, the young painter always declared, have been the finest and most eloquent of all his books. But the more he studied the subject and realised the changed conditions of the English workman's life, the more the question forced itself upon him: Can beauty exist in art when it is no longer to be found in life? He looked around and saw the fair meadows and valleys of England cut up by railways and blackened with the smoke of factory chimneys. Everywhere he saw on the one hand the same greed for money-making, the same restless race for wealth, on the other the same misery and discontent.

'Our cities are a wilderness of spinning-wheels instead of palaces; yet the people have not clothes. We have blackened every leaf of English greenwood with ashes, and the people die of cold; our harbours are a forest of merchant-ships, and the people die of hunger. . . . I cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery.'

So he came down from the serene heights where he had lived, in the daily contemplation of beauty in art or nature, and went out to preach this new gospel to the poor in the highways and hedges. He gave up writing his great book on thirteenth-century art, and from his quiet retreat in the Alps of Savoy sent four letters—suggested by a recent strike in the London building trade—to his friend Thackeray. They appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' but were received with so unanimous a howl of abuse that Thackeray was obliged to stop the series. 'Only a genius like Mr. Ruskin,' said one critic, 'could have produced such hopeless rubbish.' Nothing daunted, Ruskin began another series of letters in 'Fraser,' and published the 'Cornhill' articles in a volume entitled 'Unto this Last,' from the text: 'I will give unto this last even as unto thee' (Matt. xx. 14), with a preface, saying he believed these papers to be the best, 'that is to say, the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things' which he had written. From that day his life was practically devoted to social

reform. Whether he lectured to Oxford undergraduates or Manchester working men, whether he addressed Eton boys or Woolwich soldiers, the condition of England was always uppermost in his mind, his chief object was the best means of getting bread and butter for its multitudes. In 'Unto this Last' and 'Munera Pulveris' he had delivered his protest against current ideas of political economy, and exposed the waste and injustice of our present industrial system. In 'Time and Tide' he made certain proposals for the regeneration of the social order, and suggested a system of guilds and captains of industry, as well as State regulation of marriage and population. Last of all, in the series of letters to workers called 'Fors Clavigera,' or, as he paraphrased the title, 'How you may make or mar your fortune,' we have the full development of Ruskin's social teaching, intermingled with comments on passing events and every possible variety of subject. In spite of irregularities of form and occasional obscurity, 'Fors' undoubtedly holds a high place among Ruskin's writings, for vigour and lucidity of style, as well as brilliant satire and penetrating insight; and its author has himself classed it among the five representative works by which he desires to be remembered.

"*"Modern Painters,"*" he writes in one of his last letters, 'taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men; of the rock and wave and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit-life, in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it, I am fulfilling what I then began. "*The Stones of Venice*" taught the laws of constructive art and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman. "*Unto this Last*" taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice; the inaugural Oxford Lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labour recognised, by the upper, no less than the lower, classes of England, and lastly, "*Fors Clavigera*" has declared the relation of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honour, for low and high, rich and poor, together in the holding of that first estate, under the only Despot, God.'

We cannot here enter into a discussion of Ruskin's political economy, a task which Mr. J. A. Hobson has already done for us in a work of great power and clearness. No doubt his theories contain many fallacies, chief among them his failure to discriminate between interest and usury, or to realise that money is a conventional form of wealth, and that the lender has as much right as the borrower to share in the increase. But no one can read his writings on this subject without being struck by his insight into the principles of sound economy and the

force and shrewdness of his arguments. When we examine the essays which excited so much indignation thirty years ago, we are surprised to find how little there is in his doctrines that is startling to the modern reader, and to see how many of them have already obtained general acceptance. Ruskin upholds free trade, but objects to the price of labour being fixed by competition; he is in favour of gratuitous and compulsory education; he wishes to see the aged poor pensioned by the State, the unemployed supplied with work, and the incurably lazy and vicious placed in Government workshops or colonies, like the submerged tenth in 'General' Booth's scheme. A deep-rooted distrust of democracy runs through all his teaching. The people, he is convinced, cannot help themselves; and it is to the goodwill and intelligence of the governing classes that we must look for any permanent reform of the social order. So, while he perceives and condemns the failure of the English upper classes to fulfil their duties in the past, he firmly believes that true progress can only be attained by a moral appeal to the heart and intelligence of individual members in this section of society. The three reforms which Ruskin advocates in our industrial system—honest production, just distribution, and wise consumption—must be the aim of all good citizens, and although his own industrial experiments suffered from his lack of practical business qualities, it is satisfactory to learn that a flourishing firm at Huddersfield has been managed on his principles of industrial partnership, during the last thirteen years, with the happiest results to all parties concerned. We may smile at his diatribes against railways and machinery, and call his dreams Utopian; but if to-day, as a nation, we think less of gain and more of justice and charity, if we realise our responsibilities and apply the laws of higher morality to social questions, it is largely owing to the influence of Ruskin's teaching. His protest was delivered with less noise and fury than that of his master, Carlyle, but it was more precise and definite in character, and has proved more fertile in lasting results.

A man of convictions so deep and passionate as Ruskin's could not fail to exert a powerful influence on his age, and this influence was the greater because of the rare gift of expression with which he was endowed. Mr. Harrison, no mean judge of style, declares that in some ways Ruskin not only surpasses every contemporary writer of prose, but has called out of the English language tones more beautiful and inspiring than any that have yet been heard. Even his bitterest opponents allow his supremacy as a master of English prose, and confess that

they read Ruskin for the sake of his style. Max Nordau, who denounces him as the Torquemada of æsthetics and the most fallacious mind of the day, owns that he is one of the most powerful prose-writers ever known. Even when we disagree the most with his assertions, it is difficult not to be carried away by the splendid rush of his words and the passion of his eloquence. He himself tells us that, next to the Bible, which he learnt by heart as a child, first Hooker and afterwards Carlyle and Helps were his chief models; but from the first his style possessed the distinction and originality of all great thinkers. It is, of course, by no means free from faults; and he lived to regret the profuse imagery with which he loaded the pages of his early works and the purple patches which marred his periods. But when all has been said, few passages in English literature can compare with the magnificent descriptions of Venice and Torcello in 'The Stones of Venice,' or of the Campagna and Maremma in 'Modern Painters.' Here is one from the last volume of 'Modern Painters':—

'A city of marble, did I say?—nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly every pinnacle and turret glazed or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her senate. In hope and honour, lalled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graven at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in these tremulous streets that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills,

poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

'Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian's home.'

As an example of Ruskin's power to interpret works of art, we need only recall his beautiful description of Maria del Carretto's sepulchral effigy in the Duomo of Lucca, which has been reprinted, among other essays, in the volume '*On the Old Road*':—

'This sculpture is central in every respect, being the last Florentine work in which the proper form of the Etruscan tomb is preserved, and the first in which all right Christian sentiment respecting death is embodied. It is perfectly severe in classical tradition, and perfectly frank in concession to the passions of existing life. It submits to all the laws of the past, and expresses all the hopes of the future. Now every work of the great Christian schools expresses primarily conquest over death; conquest not grievous but absolute and serene; rising with the greatest of them into rapture. But this, as a central work, has all the peace of the Christian Eternity, but only in part its gladness. Young children wreath round the tomb a garland of abundant flowers, but she herself, Maria, yet sleeps; the time is not yet come for her to be awakened out of sleep. Her image is a simple portrait of her—how much less beautiful than she was in life we cannot know—but as beautiful as marble can be. And through and in the marble we may see that the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth; yet as visibly a sleep that shall know no ending until the last day break and the last shadow flee away; until then she "shall not return." Her hands are laid on her breast—not praying—she has no need to pray now. She wears her dress of every day, clasped at her throat, girdled at her waist, the hem of it drooping over her feet. No disturbance of its folds by pain of sickness, no blinding, no shrouding of her sweet form, in death more than in life. As a soft, low wave of summer sea, her breast rises; no more; the rippled gathering of its close mantle droops to the belt, then sweeps to her feet, straight as drifting snow. And at her feet her dog lies watching her; the mystery of his mortal life joined, by love, to her immortal one. Few know, and fewer love, the tomb and its place—not shrine, for it stands bare by the cathedral wall: only, by chance, a cross is cut deep into one of the foundation stones behind her head. But no goddess statue of the Greek cities, no nun's image among the cloisters of Apennine, no fancied light of angel in the homes of heaven, has more divine rank among the thoughts of men.'

In later years, when Ruskin passed from the interpretation of art and nature to the criticism of life, his language gained much in beauty and force, as well as in restraint.

In point of clearness and incisiveness, of shrewd analysis and delicate irony, some passages in 'Fors' remain unequalled, while the pages of 'Præterita' in which the aged master recalls the scenes of his childhood have a charm which can never be forgotten. For tender pathos and exquisite poetry nothing can surpass the touching lines with which he ended his last notes on Turner's drawings:—

'Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods and the sleeping village and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh, that some one had but told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more.'

The other great secret of Ruskin's influence lay in the magic of his personality. No one who ever knew him can forget the courtesy and sympathy of his manner, the winning charm of his smile, the wistful appeal of the grey-blue eyes, that met your own as if almost despairing, yet still hoping to find someone in the world who would understand and agree with him. Children loved him and were always happy in the company of this patient philosopher, who brought out his choicest treasures for their amusement and entered into all their games. All over Italy, at Venice, at Assisi, at San Zeno of Verona, the sacristans of the churches where he worked remember him with tender affection and ask the English traveller with tears in their eyes for the latest news of *il Signor Ruskin*. Like St. Francis of old, he won the love of all dumb creatures, while he pleaded in eloquent words for the birds and caressed the strange dogs whom he met in the street. But, however courteous he was in manner and conciliatory in tone to those who differed from him, he never yielded a single point in argument or swerved by one hair's-breadth from his deeply-rooted convictions. An amusing instance of the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions and of the candour with which he acknowledged his mistakes is told by Canon Scott-Holland in a recent number of the 'Commonwealth.' A Conservative in politics, Ruskin shared Carlyle's aversion for Gladstone, and spoke bitterly in one chapter of 'Fors' of the mischievous influence exerted by his legislation in Ireland. Common friends, however, tried to bring the two great men together, and in January 1878 Ruskin was induced to visit Hawarden. The experiment proved entirely successful. Ruskin was charmed by his host's kind-

ness, and filled with respect for his sincerity and earnestness. In the next edition of his book he cancelled the bitter epithets which he had applied to the venerable statesman, and owned that he had judged him rashly. But the contrast between the two men was evident. They differed on every conceivable subject, and saw everything from wholly different points of view. At length the conversation turned on Scott, for whom both Ruskin and Gladstone had the greatest admiration. Here at last, thought the listeners, was common ground. Gladstone, after his wont, waxed eloquent on this favourite theme, and declared that Sir Walter's works had been the making of Scotland. He recalled the old days when one single coach ran through the Trossachs where fifty run to-day, and expatiated on the growth of railways, of steamboats, hotels, and all the marvellous progress of the last sixty years. Meanwhile those who were present watched Ruskin anxiously, and saw with alarm the suppressed horror and amazement working on his face. At length he could bear it no longer, and starting up, he cried: 'My dear sir, you call that the *making* of Scotland, I tell you it was the *unmaking*.'

The noble consistency with which Ruskin carried out his principles, the generosity with which he spent his money for the good of others, are well known. The whole of the large fortune which he inherited from his father was devoted to private or public benefactions, and of late years he lived entirely on the income derived from the sale of his books. Many thousands of pounds were spent by him on the Sheffield Museum and the Oxford School of Drawing, and countless are the schemes for the better housing of the poor and the improvement of the working classes which he has helped. No one ever loved his country better or laboured more unceasingly to make her, not only a centre of art and learning, but a 'home of the courtesies and felicities of life.' And the pathos of the story lies in the feeling that he was never to know how deeply his message had taken root in England. During the ten years that he lived in silence and retreat at Brantwood, deprived of that gift of utterance which he had used so nobly for the good of mankind, his words have passed into the very life of the people for whom he toiled, and slowly, but surely, they have brought forth their hundredfold. On every side—at Glasgow and Liverpool, at Sheffield and Birmingham—Ruskin societies are springing up, and students are banding themselves together in pursuit of the ideals which he upheld. The opening of Ruskin Hall—a working men's college founded to maintain the dignity of labour and the duty of faithful living—at Oxford

last year proved the occasion for a demonstration of enthusiasm and affection such as few men have ever lived to see. And now in Paris a group of earnest young men, inspired by his teaching and fired by his example, have set on foot a similar movement, and founded a hall for the intellectual improvement of the working classes in Belleville. The Home Arts and Industries Association, which is doing so much excellent work in all parts of England, but especially in the North, is another development of Ruskin's most cherished dreams. If to-day the spinning-wheels are heard again in Langdale, if fine linen is spun and artful metal-work wrought by peasant hands in the deep-set valleys of the Lake country, if Sheffield rejoices in her treasures of art, and Oxford is the proud possessor of a matchless series of Turner and Burne-Jones drawings, all this is owing to Ruskin. Nor must we forget how much he did for the National Gallery, not only by his efforts to obtain the purchase of old Italian paintings, but by the personal labour which he devoted to the Turner drawings. These four hundred precious studies, in pencil and water-colour, were all cleaned and mounted by Ruskin's own hands, placed in sliding frames and cases of his invention, and fully described by him in a catalogue drawn up with infinite care.

But he has done more than this. He has lifted the art of England to a higher level, and given a marked and lasting impulse to the production of good work by our painters. He has opened our eyes to the divine loveliness of the natural world, and has taught us anew that beauty leads up to God. He has spoken to us, as George Eliot said, with the inspiration of the old Hebrew prophets, and his burning words have quickened the national conscience to a new sense of duty and justice. His great *Suum corda* has not been uttered in vain. He will live in the hearts of the English race, not only as one of the most brilliant and original intellects who have shed their light on the present age, but as one of the noblest and most remarkable figures of the century—a man who united the mind of the philosopher with the heart of the saint, the wisdom of the scholar with the humility and gentleness of a little child.

ART. VIII.—CHURCHMEN, SCHOLARS AND GENTLEMEN.

1. *The Life of Edward White Benson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.* By his son, Arthur Christopher Benson. Two vols. London: Macmillan and Co., 1899.
2. *A Memoir of Richard Durnford, D.D., sometime Bishop of Chichester, with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. London: John Murray, 1899.
3. *Life and Letters of Dean Church.* Edited by his daughter, Mary C. Church, with a Preface by the Dean of Christ Church. Second edition. London: Macmillan and Co., 1897.
4. *Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Norwich.* A Memoir by Berdmore Compton, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. London: John Murray, 1899.
5. *Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.* A Memoir by the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, M.A. London: John Murray, 1899.
6. *Autobiography of Dean Merivale, with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his daughter, Judith Anne Merivale. London: Arnold, 1899.
7. *Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St Paul's.* A Biographical Sketch. By his son, Arthur Milman, M.A., LL.D. London: John Murray, 1900.

A TALENTED Oxford tutor has just reminded us how in 1670 the sharpest contemporary critic declared that 'the ordinary sort of our English clergy do far excel in learning the common priests of the Church of Rome'; and how Bishop Atterbury asserted later that 'for depth of learning, as well as other things, the English clergy is not to be paralleled in the whole Christian world'*; while a distinguished living historian, who from his learning and his detached position will be accepted as an impartial witness, has arrived at similar conclusions.

'It is at least one great test of a living Church,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'that the best intellect of the country can enter into its ministry, that it contains men who, in nearly all branches of literature, are looked upon by lay scholars with respect or admiration . . . One of the most important features of the English ecclesiastical system has been the education of those who are intended for the Church [i.e. the ministry] in common with other students in the great national universities. Other systems of education may produce a clergy of

* Hutton: 'The Church in Great Britain,' 1900, p. 237.

greater professional learning and more intense and exclusive zeal, but no other system of education is so efficacious in maintaining a general harmony of thought and tendency between the Church and the average educated opinion of the nation.*

We do not propose to follow these writers in the invidious task of comparing the clergy of one communion with those of another, but to seize the opportunity, which is presented to us by the remarkable group of biographies now lying upon our table, for considering some of the prominent forces which have recently moulded life and thought in the English Church and among English-speaking peoples. Our group is formed on the arbitrary principle of date of publication, but the names selected will at once suggest many others equally illustrative of our theme. To write of Benson is to recall not only Lightfoot and Westcott, but also Prince Lee, to whom all three traced their inspiration; to follow them to Trinity is to link them with Hort, the brothers Vaughan, and Llewellyn Davies, with Whewell and Sedgwick and other giants of the past. To mention Dunsford is to recall Keate at Eton and Routh at Magdalen. To think of Church is to call to mind Hawkins and Pusey, Liddon and Stubbs. Goulburn was the schoolfellow and life-long friend, though sometimes the opponent, of Stanley and Lake; he was successor at Rugby to Tait and Arnold, predecessor of Temple, and biographer of Burgon. Liddell was in the same brilliant class list with W. E. Jelf, R. Scott, and Jackson, Bishop of London, his earlier days brought him into contact with Archdeacon Denison, then a hot Radical, his later with Dean Buckland at Westminster, with Wilberforce and Jowett at Oxford. Merivale rowed in the Lady Margaret boat with Trench and William and George Selwyn; and in the first Oxford and Cambridge race against Charles Wordsworth, a future bishop, and Garnier and Fremantle, future deans; among his Cambridge friends were Christopher Wordsworth, afterwards his kinsman, Thirlwall, Kennedy, Peacock, Alford, Thompson. Milman's memories carry us back to Burney, Goodall, and Harness: Longley and Keble were among his Oxford friends.

In the group itself the personage rendered most prominent by his position, by his characteristics, and by the striking presentation of them for which we are indebted to his son, is the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Edward White Benson was descended from a stock of Yorkshire dalesmen. The name White came from a chapter clerk of Ripon, who left an estate to the family in 1771. The Archbishop's mother belonged

* *'The Map of Life,'* 1899, pp. 201-2.

to a family of staunch Unitarians, but she became a Church-woman before her marriage with his father, who was a strong Evangelical. The father was a scientific man, who made some important chemical discoveries, and became a Fellow of the Edinburgh Botanical Society. The maternal grandfather, Thomas Baker, had been headmaster of the Lancasterian School and afterwards inspector of the Birmingham markets. Westcott's father, it is interesting to note in this connexion, was also a Birmingham man of science and secretary to the Botanical Gardens; while Lightfoot's mother, sister of Barber the artist and widow of a Liverpool accountant, had settled in Birmingham for the advantages of King Edward's School. The Archbishop was born in Lombard Street, Birmingham, on July 14th, 1829, one year after Lightfoot, three years after Westcott, and the reader who takes interest in such details will find in the 'Life' a full-page view of the house, which is much like many other houses in many other towns; a photograph of 'Big School,' like what many such rooms are now, but very unlike what most of such rooms must have been then; and a drawing of the headmaster's desk. It would have been more interesting to have a sketch of Prince Lee himself from the engraving dear to old Birmingham boys; but there is a graphic description of him. Of his linguistic teaching Mr. Benson says:—

'In the case of Bishop Westcott it left traces in the ingenious, almost fanciful, pressing of words that made him, it is reported, say to the evangelist who asked him whether he was saved, "Do you mean *σῶθαι* *σολόμενος*, or *σῶσθαι*?"' On Bishop Lightfoot, a man of harder and more strictly logical mind, the results were admirable. In my father, so far as regarded written expression, the results were not altogether fortunate. As a young man he wrote a most elaborate uneasy English, and in his later years he wrote a style which must be called crabbed and bewildering'.

Whatever may have been the results of his grammar, it may be said with confidence that but for the attractiveness and inspiration of Prince Lee's character and religious teaching we should not have had three of the greatest bishops of this generation.

When Benson entered the school Westcott was already a senior boy, the only boy allowed to lean his head on his hand as the first class stood round the master's desk, and the intimacy with him dates from Trinity days; but with Lightfoot there sprang up at once the affectionate friendship of schoolboys of

* 'Life,' i, 37-8.

similar ages, tastes, and powers. They were already keen theologians and budding liturgiologists. Benson had fitted up an oratory in a disused room, where alone or with a school friend he said the canonical hours, and had fixed a booby-trap to protect it from the profane invasion of sisters. So early as 1843 he added this postscript to a letter: 'Dear Uncle, if I continue to wish to be a clergyman, do you think there is any probability of it? E.W.B.' Two years later a favourable business offer from a friend of his grandfather's, in consideration of the altered circumstances of his widowed mother, led to an anxious consultation with Prince Lee, whose confidence in the boy's academical future prevailed and induced two relatives—one of the Sidgwicks, and William Jackson the Bampton lecturer, a most generous friend—to meet the school expenses and start him at the university.

The last school year saw the commencement of a voluminous correspondence with Lightfoot, then at Cambridge, on religious and theological subjects, in which Lightfoot at first appears as the higher Churchman. In view of their later position and influence special interest will attach to the extracts from these letters.* The following October found Benson at Trinity, holding a sub-sizarship and one or two small exhibitions from Birmingham. There was little room for extravagance, and the one festivity which was regularly indulged in was the Sunday morning breakfast with Lightfoot on a veal-and ham pie, followed by a patristic discussion. This was the first introduction to Cyprian, whose 'De Unitate' they read together. Benson was far from strong during his university course, and his health probably suffered from the *res angusta domi* and the strain and responsibilities which fell upon him. In 1849 he lost his mother suddenly; and her death left him, with a younger brother and three sisters, very slenderly provided for. Fortunately, by the aid of relatives and friends, especially that of Mr. Martin, Bursar of Trinity, who practically adopted young Benson, financial difficulties were got over, and the lad was enabled to complete his undergraduate studies. His life at Cambridge was one of hard work and thankful happiness. He is Westcott's admiring pupil and Lightfoot's great friend, cultivates the acquaintance of Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein, reads for both triposes, finds time for full journals and long letters, says the canonical hours, gathers liturgical lore, sketches ecclesiastical details, studies the Fathers, lives in the older world, and in these and other ways foreshadows the later life.

* 'Life,' I, pp. 48 et seq.

Mr. Arthur Benson has given us some extracts from a prize oration delivered by his father in the hall of Trinity College on Commemoration Day 1851, on the 'Praise of George Herbert,' which, if delivered in our own day, might well be taken to be a portrait of himself. We are unwillingly limited to the following words:—

'Nay, Coleridge narrows yet more the circle of his true admirers: "a cultivated judgment, a classical taste, a poetic sensibility" are not enough, he implies, to lead us into the recesses of the Temple. The reader must be a Christian, both a zealous and an orthodox, a devout and a devotional Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional disposition to ceremoniousness in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality, for religion is the element in which he lives and the region in which he moves.'*

Benson's Cambridge career was successful, but not one of unmixed success. To quote from the 'Life':

'My father was also Members' Prizeman for a Latin Essay. He never won a University Scholarship or a Browne Medal. Indeed, I believe that his scholarship was always of an eclectic type, and bore too strongly the impress of his own vivid tastes and prejudices. He was a writer of beautiful Latin verses, but his Greek composition was seldom quite first-rate. He remained to the end strangely ignorant of accents, which he thought frivolous. Eventually he came out a Senior Optime in mathematics. . . . eighth Classic in the Classical Tripos—a bitter disappointment—and Senior Chancellor's Medalist, which stoned for all his disappointments.'

In 1852 he sat for a fellowship without success, which is not surprising when it is remembered that Lightfoot and Hort were his competitors; but in classics he was then second only to Lightfoot, and in the following year was elected. Inferior in width and depth of learning and in exactness of scholarship, as probably in mental power and concentration, to his school-fellows Westcott and Lightfoot, he was rich in the gifts of sympathy and attraction, and he was perhaps, on the whole, the greatest of the pupils of Prince Lee, who from a comparatively small school sent to Cambridge in the course of nine years thirteen First-Class men, of whom five were Senior Classics, and eight became Fellows of Trinity.†

The high degree and the Chancellor's medal were not unnaturally followed by the offer of a mastership, and it was part

* 'Life,' i. p. 101.

Vol. 191.—No. 382.

† Cf. Quarterly Review, January 1893, p. 70.

Z F

of the strong influence which Prince Lee had over his boys that their highest hope was to follow in his steps. We accordingly find Benson from 1852 to 1858 at Rugby, at first under Goulburn and then under Temple. He was to have comparatively light work, time to read for his fellowship and to prepare for ordination, to extend his general reading, and to regain health by riding and other exercises. The Rugby masters of the time were men of exceptional brilliancy, and the school life was vigorous and stimulating. Benson boarded with his relatives the Sidgwicks, and we are told that—

‘never were so many people collected under one roof of whom each so instinctively desired to have his or her own way . . . But in spite of occasional *contretemps*, the household enjoyed extraordinary happiness.’

The close friendship with Lightfoot was maintained. Among the results of it were Benson’s papers on Hippolytus in the ‘Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology’ in 1854, and among its pleasures a journey to Rome, where both were presented to Pio Nono, and, having reached the Vatican in frock coats, availed themselves of the kindness of a chamberlain, who made the heterodox garments assume the appearance of orthodox dress. During this journey a series of letters was written to Mary Sidgwick, then twelve years old: the cousinly affection was already developing into the life-long devotion. In 1858, when there was a prospect of tutorial work at Trinity and removal from Rugby was advised on medical authority, Benson writes to Lightfoot:—

‘I feel more and more *queer* about leaving Rugby and coming up; more and more anxious to do so, yet more and more afraid of its postponing my marriage perhaps for years. Martin says the most contrary things about the chance of livings, and bothers me dreadfully. Sometimes says there is a good chance of 400*l.* a year being attainable in two or three years (the longest I wish to wait), and sometimes says there is no chance for ten years or more.’

Meanwhile he had missed the chance of a desirable house at Rugby, and was disappointed when Scott accepted the headmastership of Westminster. Stanley had advised Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, to appoint him domestic chaplain, but this also was not to be. Events were, however, rapidly taking shape, and on March 20th, 1858, Benson wrote to Lightfoot: ‘Prince Albert has, through Temple and on his recommendation, offered me the headmastership of Wellington College. If you exclaim, ‘What’s that’, Martin will give you the

explanation. I am writing to accept the appointment.' And not long after there comes this characteristic note:—

'DEAR BENSON, I would come from Pekin to have the pleasure of giving you your wife.—Yours affectionately, F. TEMPLE.'

The marriage took place in the old church at Rugby on June 23rd, 1859.

Of what that union was to Benson himself, of what it meant for all his great work and influence as Master, Chancellor, Bishop, Archbishop, the son has given us this graceful picture:—*

'And here I must touch, however gently, upon what was the central fact of my father's life, the companionship of my mother. From the time when he was at the University, and played with her as a little child, he desired some day to make her his wife. When he came to live with the Sidgwick household at Rugby, and, in the intervals of his school work, found time to teach her, this desire was formulated not only to himself but to others. Before he began his first independent work, when she was just eighteen, they were married, and the *camaraderie* of the Rugby household was exchanged for the close companionship of married life among the wild and heathery solitudes of Wellington. Thus her life was bound up with his in a way which is seldom possible to a wife. There was not a single thought or plan or feeling which he did not share with her, and from first to last her whole life and energies were devoted to him. For many years she was his sole secretary. He consulted her about everything, depended upon her judgment in a most unusual way, and wrote little for public utterance which he did not submit to her criticism. My father had an intense need of loving and being loved; his moods of depression, of dark discouragement, required a buoyant vitality in his immediate circle. One cannot constantly recur to the fundamental facts of life, but without a knowledge of this it would be impossible to understand my father's character and career.'

From 1859 to 1873 Benson was Master of Wellington—he declined to be called Headmaster: was it not a collegiate foundation? What was wrought in those years is most effectively told in a speech that was meant to be delivered and was not delivered, but has happily been preserved.

'Our Vice-President,' writes Mr Penny,† 'was always a halting speaker, but on this occasion he outdid himself in incoherency, hesitation, and lathos. . . As they walked away from the luncheon tent to the Master's Lodge, the Duke of Wellington, sensible of his failure to do justice by his eloquence to the occasion of Benson's last Speech Day, linked his arm in Benson's, and, looking up

* 'Life,' i, 143.

† Second master of Wellington.

carnostly in his face, said: "Made a hash of it. Knew I should Always do. But I really did try to say something this time. This is what I meant to say. When the money was subscribed for a memorial after my father's death, I and my family hoped that there would be a fine monument set up in his memory in every considerable town in England. And you can fancy what our feelings were when we found that it was all going to be lumped together, and a charity school built with it, where scrubby little orphans would be maintained and educated, like the Bluecoat School in London. What good would that have been to us or to them? By great good fortune the Governors found you and made you the first headmaster, and you have made the College what it is—not a mere charity school, but one of the finest public schools in England—and I and my family are more than content with the result. There" digging Benson hard in the ribs with his elbow—"that's my speech—that's what I meant to have said and so I say it to you. But, Lord, when I stood up to speak it all ran out at my heels."* *

These Wellington years were among the happiest and most fruitful of Benson's life. He had everything to make—discipline, curriculum, traditions, public feeling—but he had nothing to un-make. The whole place was painfully new, but he had, generally speaking, a free hand in moulding the chaos into cosmos. The Council was, of course, a difficulty, as such Councils are wont to be; but he had the good fortune to enjoy the support first of the Prince Consort and later of the Prince of Wales, of the Duke of Cambridge, and of Lord Derby. He remembered what Master would not?—the wisdom of the Prince of Wales's remark, which often averted opposition, 'I think, gentlemen, that this is eminently a matter which we must leave entirely to the discretion of the Headmaster.' And if the work was heavy, and all of it came more or less on one pair of shoulders, the shoulders were ideally fit to bear it. In the prime of life, exuberantly happy in the new home and new surroundings, for the first time in supreme command, doing the work to which he had looked forward since as a boy he had read of Arnold and watched Prince Lee, and for which all his work at Birmingham and Cambridge and Rugby had prepared him, richly endowed with the magnetic sympathy which wins boys and the magisterial sway which controls them, loving and loved by wife and children at home, by masters and boys at school—he found full and happy exercise for all his faculties, and grew with their use. If it is true that in fourteen years Benson made Wellington, it is no less true that in fourteen years Wellington made Benson.

The faintest outline of this period would be so imperfect as to be false if it took no note of the school chapel, which was wholly Benson's work, and in which he found ample scope for his symbolic knowledge and artistic powers, and of the minute and reverential care, as well as liturgical lore, with which every detail of the services was ordered. A memorial of the teaching in chapel was given to the school and the outer world by the Master on his departure to Lincoln, in a volume to which reference has already been made in this Review;* and remembrance of some of the special forms of service is freshened by the volume of 'Prayers Public and Private,' which Mr. Hugh Benson has lately edited.

But while the Master's thought and life were given to the College, his friends naturally enlisted his services for other work. Lightfoot insisted on his being Select Preacher, and persuaded him to contribute to the 'Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography' the remarkable article on Cyprian, which completed earlier studies and foreshadowed the later work. Temptations to change of work came, and for a time were considered only to be rejected; but the offer of the Chancellorship at Lincoln was a call which he could not resist. He had already published his ideas on cathedrals in a well-known article in the Quarterly Review and in a contribution to Dean Howson's 'Essays on Cathedrals,' and these he afterwards reprinted with additions.† They embody hopes and thoughts and knowledge which had been forming from childhood onwards, and no later work has superseded them. At length the high ideal was to be carried into practice in an office which was peculiarly adapted to the exercise of Benson's gifts. He was, in his own view of that office, nothing less than a Diocesan Minister of Education, with special charge of the study of theology. Accordingly, we soon find him starting a theological college—the Cancellarii Scholæ—restoring a chapel for early matins, holding Bible classes for working men, lectures in the Chapter House, night schools in the city, and in many different ways winning men of all degrees by the fulness of his teaching, the devotion of his life, and the charm of his personality. He had now more time to devote to 'Cyprian,' which had kept a first place in his literary affections. What others thought of him as a theologian is seen in the attempt to get him to succeed Lightfoot as Hulsean Professor. The attraction was great, but his duty to Lincoln had first claim,

* 'Boy Life. Its Trial. Its Strength. Its Fulness.' 1883. Cf. Quarterly Review, October 1897.

† 'The Cathedral: its necessary place in the life and work of the Church,' 1878.

and he could not give a slice of himself now here, now there. A tentative offer of the bishopric of Calcutta was carefully weighed, but not found to be a call. 'Six children from sixteen to four years old are surely not meant to be left in the wilderness—and the promise is to those who give up delights, not those who forsake duties.'

Early in 1877, Truro was waiting for its first bishop, for the founder of its constitution, the builder of its cathedral, the inspirer of its people. It was an ideal field of work for a great man; and Benson was a great man, ideally fitted for the work. He was consecrated by Archbishop Tait in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Mark's Day 1877, the presenters being the venerable Bishop of Lincoln and the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the former of whom had protested against the latter's consecration, and to both of whom Benson had been at the same time chaplain. The preacher was Lightfoot; the subject, 'All things to all men.' The one schoolfellow stood before the other, and, speaking from the knowledge of a lifetime and reading the future in the past, declared of him before the Church:—

'In the Apostle's spirit he will strive to become all things to all men—to the miners as a miner, to the Cornishmen as a Cornishman, to the Wesleyans as a Wesleyan, though he is a Churchman—that he may bring all together in Christ. Even if there were no special conditions in his diocese which demanded special attention, the office of the English episcopate at this time involves no slight responsibility and bespeaks no common gifts. It demands an energetic fervour of zeal, a large sympathy of love, a quick insight and a calm judgment, great caution, great boldness, a staunch tenacity of conservatism, a ready fertility of innovation.'*

The Bishop soon surrounded himself with a band of fellow-workers with whom he lived in the affectionate intercourse of father and sons which was part of his very nature. Arthur J. Mason, an old Wellington colleague and Fellow of Trinity, became diocesan missionary. G. H. Whitaker, a Senior Classic and Fellow of St. John's, became chancellor, after the Lincoln model. G. H. Wilkinson, who was to succeed him, became his examining chaplain. J. A. Reeve, who followed him to Addington and Lambeth; F. E. Carter, afterwards Tait missionary of Canterbury; and G. H. Walpole, now principal of Bede College, Durham, were early added to the band. For nearly seven years the hard, happy, hopeful work went on.

Among the letters the memory of which the Bishop treasured was one addressed in early days to 'Mr. Benson, Builder,

* Lightfoot: 'Sermons on Special Occasions,' p. 49.

Rugby,' for even then he had taken the initiative in restoring the chapel. At Wellington one of his chief works was building the chapel; at Lincoln he had done much in remodelling the chancery and restoring a chapel; and now all this apprentice work was to find its climax in the cathedral church of Truro, which will remain to tell many generations of the genius and master-work of 'Benson, Builder.' Finding 'that the common little books of Foundation Stone Services were nothing but a watered-down version of the Pontifical, omitting some grand phrases and meaningful terms,' he brought them nearer to their original form and allowed space for the accustomed ceremonies of the Masons, with the Prince of Wales as Grand Master. 'The Form and Order of Laying the Foundation Stone, May 20, 1880,' as well as the 'Order for the Consecration of the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Truro,' are now published.* Full of grandeur and liturgical beauty as they are, it would be interesting, in the light of subsequent pronouncements and of the fact that three actual or future Archbishops of Canterbury took part in them, to know on what authority these and similar episcopal services are used.

On Advent Sunday 1882 Archbishop Tait died. The Bishop of Exeter and the Bishop of Truro came together from the West to the funeral. They spoke of a possible successor. The Bishop of Exeter hoped that the Archbishop of York might be chosen, in order that the two Convocations might be brought into united action. The Bishop of Truro hoped—as most English Churchmen outside the inner circle of ecclesiastical diplomatists hoped—for his old friend Lightfoot. Unequalled as a theological scholar in England, Lightfoot was unsurpassed in Europe. He had been appointed to Durham with the approval of all men, and the succession to Canterbury had been urged in high quarters as a chief reason for his acceptance of the Palatinate see. His administration had shown his practical wisdom and statesmanship. Not a few among higher Churchmen looked for the guidance of the Dean of St. Paul's; many, grateful for the wise and gentle rule of many years, expected that the higher call would come to the venerable Bishop of Winchester. But it was to come to the two travellers from the western sees, and to the younger first. When, after a period of anxious doubt, it was known that Edward White Benson was to be Archbishop of Canterbury, there was general expression of satisfaction. The supporters of one or other of the men most prominent in public thought did not

* 'Prayers Public and Private,' pp. 72 et seq.

change their opinion, but they could not deny that the choice was excellent. Men who looked backward to the fruitful past at Birmingham, Cambridge, Rugby, Wellington, Lincoln, Truro, could look forward full of hope for the future at Lambeth and Canterbury. The letters of this period breathe the spirit of Christian gentlemen 'in honour preferring one another.' Benson had been Temple's assistant-master and chaplain, and, when he went to Truro, said playfully that he was going to take charge of Temple's sixth form; but never had an Archbishop more loyal support from a suffragan than he received from his former chief. Benson had looked up to Lightfoot from boyhood onwards as his greatest and best of friends, and never was their friendship so fully wedded in love for each other and the Church which God had called them to serve, as during the years of Benson's primacy. When the see of London fell vacant, and the Prime Minister consulted the Archbishop about filling it, two names only were thought of. Lightfoot was reserved for the primacy of the North; Temple was appointed.

Of Benson's primacy so full an estimate has been given in the pages of this Review,* by a band the competency of which his biographer has acknowledged, that we need dwell but little on it now. We cannot however avoid referring to the negotiations for reunion with Rome, in which Lord Halifax figures as the self-appointed intermediary, and of which the inner history is now for the first time told. The Archbishop was on a brief holiday in Somersetshire when his seclusion was invaded by Lord Halifax, accompanied (without notice) by the Abbé Portal; and we have a distressful picture of him, tired out by a long discussion in French, in which he was one to three—for even his own beloved Agapit,† now Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, knelt at his side and defended 'mother,' as applied to the Church of Rome, while the Abbé explained how she is 'mistress.' The subject occupied the Archbishop's thoughts down to the last hours of his life, and he worked at a draft reply to the Bull 'Apostolicæ Curæ' on the day before he died. Mr. Gladstone told him at Hawarden that he had himself been deceived in the matter; and it is clear that the Archbishop felt that the negotiations were not conducted on the Roman side with the open frankness which alone could make success possible. The whole chapter‡ will be read with perhaps greater interest than any other portion of the 'Life.' The

* Quarterly Review, October 1897.

† The Archbishop's name for Canon Mason. Agapitus was one of the loyal deacons of Nystus.

‡ *Life*, ii. pp. 581-624.

Archbishop's own strong position will sufficiently appear from the following extracts.

Addington Park, Croydon.

Nov. 27th, 1887.

'AGAPIT,—I thought I had long since made it sufficiently clear that I would not approach the Pope. But "Is not the hand of Joab with thee in all this?"

'We are utterly guiltless of any schism. Till the eleventh year of Elizabeth, when we were as we are now, there was no thought of such a thing. Then we were impiously excommunicated. To accept a false doctrine, piled with false doctrines, is the price of removing that act, ἀρσῆς καὶ μὲρὸν καὶ μυστήριον as it was.

'To that has been recently added the uncatholic and unchristian act of sending an Italian mission to attack this ancient Church. And they are mining with great effect.

'It is impossible that your proposed present from me to him should be "personal." You yourself say its value would be greatly more significant because the Lambeth Conference approaches.

'It is the Pope's business to eat dust and ashes, not mine to decorate him. Therefore, my dear Mephibosheth, hold thy peace.

'Your loving—EDW. CANTUAR.'

From letters to Lord Halifax, Dec. 14th, 1894, and March 3rd, 1895.

'... And I must be pardoned for saying, what it is only the part of friendship to say, that I am afraid you have lived for years so exclusively with one set of thinkers, and entered so entirely into the usages of one class of Churches, that you have not before you the state of religious feeling and activity in England with the completeness with which any one attempting to adjust the relations between Churches ought to have the phenomena of his own side clearly and minutely before him. And as to me, any action of mine in the matter of the relations of Churches is *ipso facto* by the nature of the case public action. It is impossible for me to accept private assertions as to what is going on. It is equally impossible for me to adopt the part of a secret diplomatist among the counsels of the Church.

'Secret diplomacy is a recognised part of the machinery of the Church of Rome, and it is contrary to the genius and sense of the English Church.'

'You however know, I am certain, something at least of my views and of the strength of them, as to the gain which would accrue to Christendom if the Church of Rome would take pains to understand the History and Principles of the Church of England; and you are able to judge what would be our attitude towards any genuine and generous attempt to understand the facts of our position.'

Notable illustrations of the same principles might be drawn from 'Cyprian'; but we can only refer to these now.*

* 'Cyprian,' p. 584; 'Lafa,' II, 634.

Among those who welcomed Archbishop Benson to the chair of the Primate no one spoke more warmly, no one spoke more acceptably, than the patriarch among English bishops, Dr. Richard Durnford, the octogenarian Bishop of Chichester. Their lives had crossed each other in earlier years, and when, after 1876, Dr. Durnford was acting as a sort of president of the Lollards' Tower in Lambeth Palace, Benson occupied rooms in that historic building. Here also were the town lodgings of Bishops Lightfoot, Westcott, Stubbs, and John Wordsworth. A common hall and direct entrance to the Lambeth chapel strengthened the bond of their common life. It is of this that the Archbishop-designate thinks as he writes on New Year's Eve 1882:—

'Your goodness to me, so spontaneous, dear Bishop, and so constant, has made me feel at Lollards' Tower like a son of your house—and as such I pray you always to tell me plainly of any fault or danger I run into. There will be full many. May God, by the wise heads and mighty hearts that I look up to, check mischief at any time!'

Dr. Durnford's life almost spanned the century, for he was born in 1802 and passed away in sleep in 1895, after making the final entry in his journal: '*Deo gratias pro itinere feliciter peracto.*' Descended from ancestors who were celebrated as makers of 'Durnford's London pins,' his father was a clergyman who was for a time in spiritual charge of Chulbolton. The boy was sent to a preparatory school at Epsom and afterwards trained at home, with the help of letters from Dr. Giddard, late headmaster of Winchester. Failing to obtain a scholarship at Winchester, he was more fortunate at Eton, where he was elected King's Scholar in 1814. He soon grew to be a favourite with Keble, whose daughter he afterwards married, and on leaving school became a Berkshire Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he found Routh as President; and a man who died in 1895 was for more than forty-two years intimate with a man who was born in 1755. A brilliant Oxford career culminated in a *viva voce* which attracted crowds to the Schools, a First Class, and a Fellowship at Magdalen. He returned to Eton as 'private tutor' to the eldest son of Lord Suffield, who afterwards presented him to the Lancashire rectory of Middleton; and he remembered advising an Eton boy, W. E. Gladstone, on leaving school for college, 'Above all, don't neglect Homer.' Before ordination he found time to gratify his taste for natural history, and to acquire an exceptional acquaintance with European countries and languages.

From 1835 to 1870 Dr. Durnford was the active rector of Middleton the middle town between Manchester and Rochdale. Here he restored the fine parish church, built district churches and schools, and discussed and mastered labour questions, at a time when few among the clergy showed any interest in them. He won the regard and affection of his rough parishioners, became a leader in all public work throughout the diocese and a prominent personage in the York Convocation, gained as few clergymen did—the link was in part that of scholarship—the warm friendship of Prince Lee, and was in general opinion marked out as his successor. For five and thirty years this busy life went on. It was more than sufficient to occupy the thoughts and energies of any ordinary man, but Dr. Durnford found relaxation in the study of ancient and modern literatures, and in that of botany and of country life.

From 1870 to 1895 Dr. Durnford was Bishop of Chichester. His Primary Charge struck the keynote of his episcopal work:—

‘My experience, not of short duration nor of limited extent, has been in that very field of pastoral work which the Great Shepherd has called you to cultivate. I know the labours, the trials, the difficulties, the disappointments, and, I may add, the comforts which wait upon the work of a parochial clergyman. Therefore, among many disadvantages, I have this qualification for my office—that I can truly sympathise with you all, and I would fain give to all, according to my poor ability, counsel, help, support, encouragement.’

In this spirit, for a quarter of a century, though he was thought too old when he was appointed, he went in and out among his people with a vigour which youth might envy, and won and maintained the affection of his southern diocese as he had that of his northern parish. His speeches in Convocation, his letters on important ecclesiastical and liturgical questions, his spiritual counsel to his people, lay as well as cleric, all tell of the ripe and full knowledge which long pastoral experience alone can give; and, after all, it is knowledge of life and not merely scholastic theory which commands confidence and promotes edification. With all this practical wisdom and activity there was combined and continued to extreme old age the brilliancy and width of scholarship which had marked the earlier career. It is no less a distinguished scholar than the present Bishop of Oxford who says of him:—

‘Looking at it all round, I have always regarded him as one of the most remarkably gifted men that I ever knew—perhaps the

most. In every function, in every department, in every relation, without any faltering or falling back, or being weakened by age or weariness, he was always ready, always judicious, always fully informed, always full of sympathy. . . . He was a brilliant scholar, and I do not know whether there was any subject upon which he could not, on the spur of the moment, have given you a Latin, a Greek, or an Italian quotation. . . . But perhaps the most remarkable point was the intense devotion of all his gifts and faculties to his diocesan work, in which he never flagged and never showed any defect of judgment. To the very last day of his life, and I believe to the very last moment, he was thinking about and working for those connected with him in his work.'

During the latter half of the period that Durnford spent in his busy Lancashire parish another scholar, at least equally full and exact, if from his natural reserve less apparently brilliant, was deepening his thought in a small country parish in Somersetshire, where he tended his simple flock with loving care and with food which others have since been glad to appropriate,* and whence he guided the thoughts of a wider and a cultured public through the pages of the 'Guardian,' the 'British Critic,' and the 'Christian Remembrancer.' But Richard William Church had given full proof of his powers long before the ministry at Whatley. Born at Lisbon in 1815 in a family of Quaker origin, spending his early years chiefly in Italy, where he laid the foundation of his mastery of the Italian language and his insight into Italian thought, brought by a widowed mother to England when thirteen years old, trained like his friend Newman in evangelical principles, he was sent in 1833 to the evangelical Oxford college, Wadham. Like Benson, he profited by the discipline of poverty, and such was his humility that he found comfort in the thought—with which Marriott kindly supplied him—that Classes were not of much account and that a Third was a good place. A brilliant First disclosed to him a new vista—a fellowship at Balliol or Oriel was open to one born abroad—and in 1838 he was elected at Oriel, Mark Pattison being one of the defeated candidates. He was now in the vortex of the Oxford Movement, of which he long after wrote an account, marked as strongly by fairness and a subtle sense of humour as by delicacy, insight, and reverence.† But while he learned from that movement the principles of Churchmanship which with courageous fidelity he maintained throughout life, his gentle reasonableness saved him from shipwreck, as it afterwards saved him from the danger of extremes. The famous '*Nobis Procuratoribus non placet*'

* 'Village Sermons,' 1892.

† 'The Oxford Movement,' 1891.

1845, which prevented the condemnation of Tract No. 90, though pronounced by Guillemard as Senior Proctor, was attributed to Church, the Junior Proctor, and was welcomed on all sides, and by men so different as Gladstone and Stanley and Jowett.

This is the man who spent nearly twenty happy years of the best part of life in his little parish of some three hundred people, ten miles from a railway station, until in 1871 he reluctantly obeyed Mr. Gladstone's summons to the great centre of the life of the Anglican communion, the Deanery of St. Paul's. 'You must excuse me for a while,' he wrote, some time after his appointment, to a friend who had asked him to give an address, 'my country brains are still addled by the hum of this great city.' And this is the man who with his Chapter did so much to instil new life into the cathedral church of the metropolis, and filled his high office with so much dignity and power that probably only failure of health prevented his being placed in the chair of St. Augustine.

This is not the place to estimate the work of Dean Church; and the preface to the modest story of his life tells of a waking dream which may well stay the hand of criticism.

'I often have a kind of waking dream,' he wrote to his son-in-law, 'up one road, the image of a man docketed and adorned as if for a triumph, carried up by rejoicing and exulting friends, who praise his goodness and achievements, and, on the other road, turned back to back to it, there is the very man himself, in sordid and squalid apparel, surrounded not by friends but by ministers of justice, and going on, while his friends are exulting, to his certain and perhaps awful judgment. That vision rises when I hear, not just and conscientious endeavours to make out a man's character, but when I hear the loose things that are said—often in kindness and love—of those beyond the grave.'

Our present purpose is rather to illustrate from such a life the subject of this article, which is the variety and width of culture to be found—often in remote corners and out-of-the-way places—among the clergy of our national Church. But for what men call an accident, Mr. Church might have continued his pleasant country life at Whatley to the end of his days. Other instances of Mr. Gladstone's happy exercise of patronage occurred about the same time in the persons of Fraser, who was summoned from Upton to the see of Manchester, and James Mozley, who was made Professor of Divinity at Oxford. A striking example of a life lived and ended in a small country charge is that of another Oriel Fellow—certainly not the least brilliant of the group—John Keble. Archbishop Tait is reported to have said of a friend who spoke to him as he

crossed Westminster Bridge: 'I once accepted a Balliol living, and the next day changed my mind. That man took it. But for the change, I might now have been the happy parson of a country parish and he Archbishop of Canterbury.' How slight the apparent difference between the man called to high office and the man left in obscurity! How happy the Church which possesses such a reserve of strength!

The biographer of Dean Goulburn is clearly of opinion that he missed the path of advancement—however little he cared to walk in it—when he declined the rectory of St. James's, Westminster, which was offered to him by Lord Aberdeen in succession to Bishop Jackson of Lincoln. If he had taken it, he would probably have become a bishop, and we might have had three headmasters of Rugby successively Archbishops of Canterbury, an arrangement which would obviously have been more in accord with Mr. Berdmore Compton's judgment than that the middle place should have been taken by Benson, the youngest of Dr. Goulburn's assistant masters. A saying attributed to Sergeant Goulburn, who lived to see his son Dean of Norwich, shows perhaps more worldly wisdom: 'My boy is headmaster of Rugby; if he succeeds he will be a bishop, if he fails he will be a dean'—for it can hardly be said, in spite of his very high merits, that Goulburn was quite in his place as successor to Arnold and Tait; and he probably owed his appointment to the fact that Lake was his only formidable rival.

That Goulburn might have proved to be a successful schoolmaster under conditions other than those of Rugby is more than probable. An Etonian of unusual promise, a Balliol Scholar when only sixteen, a distinguished First, a Fellow of Merton, recognised as among the most brilliant of an exceptionally brilliant set, he had most if not all of the essential qualifications. But no one can have known the man or have read Mr. Berdmore Compton's short 'Memoir' without feeling that his whole bent was to the more distinctly pastoral and devotional life in which he afterwards attained such eminence. Ordained on his fellowship, he became three years later vicar of Holywell, where he made his mark as a preacher, though his stricter evangelical friends began to think him not quite faithful. When he left Rugby he left behind him a memory which his successor, Dr. Temple, afterwards enshrined in the following words, —

'When he went away there were not a few who loved him well; and since that time not a few have learnt to look back upon the teaching that he gave them with deep gratitude that so true and

really heavenly minded a man should have once taken such a part in influencing their lives.'

Going from Rugby in 1857 to Quebec Chapel, and accepting St. John's, Paddington, two years later, he was for nine years one of the most prominent of the London clergy, and one whose ministry attracted and retained a large and cultured congregation. Becoming Dean of Norwich in 1866, he was for twenty-three years a leader of those to whom we owe the revival of cathedral life and work. Generous himself, he encouraged generosity in others; and the work of restoration kept pace with the development of his ideas of the cathedral system, which were 'that the cathedral was to afford a home in the diocese for communion with God in public worship, for the cultivation of the highest forms of worship (as by musical expression), for contemplative thought on the things of God in an unhurried serene atmosphere, for quiet unhurried theological study.'

But Dean Goulburn will be best remembered for his works on religious subjects. The Bampton Lectures of 1850, on 'The Resurrection of the Body,' delivered during the Rugby period, had the usual fate of such a course, though, like many of that unequalled series, they fully deserved a better; but the 'Thoughts on Personal Religion' touched the hearts of many readers, not only in all sections of the Church of England, but outside it. Dr Goulburn was essentially a gifted and cultured clergyman, earnest, devoted, loving, and beloved. It was characteristic of his courage to resign his Select Preachership, as a protest against his old friend Stanley being appointed to the same office; it was characteristic of his truly religious spirit to preach a funeral sermon in Norwich on Stanley's death, and to write of him, 'Poor dear little fellow, I was really very fond of him, and cannot bear to hear what he said and did, little as I could concur in it, taken in *matam partem*.' It was characteristic too of Stanley to write as follows in reply to a letter from Goulburn telling him of his protest:

'Many thanks for your kind letter, kind and cordial as always. You may be assured that the differences of opinion, which we have discussed ever since the days when we travelled together from Geneva to Athens, have never diminished my regard for you, and, I trust, never will.'

The man who was responsible for the appointment of Stanley as Select Preacher was Henry George Liddell, then Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. A member on his father's side of the house of Ravensworth, and on his mother's of that of Strathmore, educated at Charterhouse and at Christ

Church, nominated a Student in the same batch with Scott, with whom he was to be so closely allied in work, he gained in 1833 a Double First, and in due course was appointed tutor. Among his first pupils were J. C. Ryle, afterwards Bishop of Liverpool, Charles T. Newton, Henry W. Acland, and Charteris, afterwards Earl of Wemyss. What his conception of the office of tutor was appears from a letter to his mother in 1836:—

‘Believe me, I should only be obeying my inclination if I were to stay the greater part of the Long Vacation at home. But I must fairly tell you, it appears to me incompatible with my office in this place so to do. I have much, very much, to learn to qualify myself for the fit discharge of my tutorial duties, and the only opportunity I have to make up deficiencies is during the vacations.’

What another thought of him, from without, may be seen from the following passage from Ruskin’s ‘*Præterita*’:—

‘There was one tutor, however, out of my sphere, who reached my ideal, but disappointed my hope then—as perhaps his own since—a man sorrowfully under the dominion of the Greek *ἀναισθησία*—the present Dean. He was, and is, one of the rarest types of nobly-presented Englishmen, but I fancy it was his adverse star that made him an Englishman at all—the prosaic and practical element in him having prevailed over the sensitive one. He was the only man in Oxford among the masters of my day who knew anything of art and his keen saying of Turner that “he had got hold of a false ideal” would have been infinitely helpful to me at that time had he explained and enforced it. But I suppose he did not see enough in me to make him take trouble with me; and, what was much more serious, he saw not enough in himself to take trouble, in that field, with himself.’*

The veil is lifted from the man’s inmost being in his letters to his parents, from one of which the following words are taken:—

‘I have read your memoir of our beloved, not with dry eyes—not with dry eyes. I would set my seal to the truth of every word of it. No parent’s fondness could exalt or magnify the gentle unassuming virtues of that bright and lovely creature. . . . And earnestly did I raise my mind in prayer, while I kneeled this day before the Bishop, that I might by God’s Holy Spirit be enabled so to purify myself here on earth, and so exalt my being while I am left here, that I may be able of a truth “to put on Christ,” and be made meet to see her once more face to face and to dwell with her never more to part.’

To have a right impression of Dean Liddell we must grasp, on the one hand, his artistic temperament, which, if it had been

* ‘*Præterita*,’ xi, pp. 374-5.

cultivated, might have made him as great in the realm of art as he became in that of scholarship; and, on the other, the loving nature and deeply religious spirit which underlay a manner apparently reserved and austere. These elements made themselves felt in his sermons, which those who heard them have not forgotten, or ceased to desire—alas! in vain—to possess. They would have equipped a devoted parish priest; but his life was to be moulded on other lines. He soon became Public Examiner, Select Preacher, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Chaplain to Prince Albert, Whitehall Preacher, and he filled each office with distinction; but on his engagement to be married the Oxford life was for a time closed.

He wrote of himself at this time:

'Be not ambitious, desire not high place for me. We shall be far happier in a private station with a competency than with dignity and wealth. I feel it to be so from the bottom of my heart. Cares, occupation, troubles, business, all sorts of things will interfere with the placid and happy enjoyments of life. . . . Freedom, contentment, sufficiency, that is what we want. More than this is "vanity and vexation of spirit."'

But he was not born for obscurity. The headmastership of Westminster led to the Deanery of Christ Church. Just then the old was everywhere giving way to the new. In the School, the 'House,' the University, it fell to the lot of Liddell to be an educational reformer; and it is only those who are old enough to know what the School and the 'House' and Oxford were who can appreciate the difficulty and delicacy of the tasks which lay before him. He happily brought to them singular gifts and unsparing devotion; and his biographer, himself a Westminster boy and a loyal son of the House, is able to conclude a comparison of Dean Liddell with other great Deans of Christ Church—with Aldrich and Atterbury, with Cyril Jackson and Gasford—in these well-weighed words:—

'Assuredly it may be asserted that as his term of office was unequalled in duration, so it was unequalled in importance. He witnessed and guided the transition from the old to the new Christ Church; and has left a lasting memory of a rule marked by august dignity, by strenuous labours, and, above all, by dauntless equity.'

For more than sixty years of his life, during many of them with the co-operation of Scott, but in the later years alone—Liddell was constantly engaged on successive editions of the 'Greek-English Lexicon,' which Mr. Gladstone thought would hand down his name and fame beyond that of any Prime Minister of England. Originally based upon the di-

of Passow, and bearing his name on the title-page of the first three editions, it grew, by constant and thorough revisions, into an independent work, and may now be said, without question, to be in its own sphere unequalled by any Greek dictionary in this or any other country.

It is natural to pass from Oxford to Cambridge, from the Deanery of Christ Church to the Deanery of Ely. For twenty-two of the thirty-six years of Liddell's reign over the House, Charles Merivale presided over the church of St. Etheldreda. He was nominated by Mr. Gladstone in 1869, and died at the close of 1893. His 'Autobiography'—commenced on the eve of his sixty-fourth birthday, in 1872, and concluded in 1880—was intended for the younger members of his own family, and is brought down only to his ordination in 1833, with a historico-prophetic glance at his marriage, which took place in 1850. It gives interesting pictures of the London of the period; of his father, who was then a struggling barrister, and withal a literary man, including in his circle Dr Parr, John Murray (the second), the elder Disraeli, Edmund Kean, and the old college friends Denman, Shadwell, and Horner; of his distinguished brother Herman,* and his Unitarian grandfather Merivale. He describes his own Harrow life under Butler and in the house of his uncle Harry Drury; he tells us of the school eleven, which included Charles Wordsworth, Francis and Richard Trench, and himself; of Manning, who was about the same age, but rather lower in the school and 'a mightily affected boy'; and—*pro pudor*—cards and 'occasional toddy' in the sixth.

An offer of a writership by an East India Director removed the boy to Haileybury, but he shrank from India when the time came, and his place was given to the future Lord Lawrence—'And thus it was that I saved India.' Thought too old to follow his brother to Oxford, he was sent to St. John's, Cambridge. In the Lady Margaret boat he sat behind Trench, Snow (afterwards Strahan), William and George Selwyn, and Paley; and of these Snow, George Selwyn, and himself rowed in the first University race in 1829. Just after the race he won two medals for Latin verse; and he recited for Tennyson—who was 'too shy or too proud'—the prize poem on Timbuctoo. After many frights about his degree, he at the end worked hard and came out a Senior Optime and Fourth Classic, and was elected to a fellowship on the same day with G. A. Selwyn in

* Many and many a University Scholar have I known since, but I can not yet persuade myself that any one of them was worthy to untie our Herman's shoestring.

1833. He became one of the 'Apostles,' to whom he applies the lines—

'Witty as youthful poets in their wine;
Bold as a centaur at a feast; and kind
As virgins that were ne'er beguiled with love,'

and whose lucubrations he illustrates by the saying of Kemble, one of the elect: 'The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it.' Among the brotherhood in his time may be mentioned R. C. Trench, J. M. Kemble, James Spedding, W. H. Thompson, Henry Alford, Francis Garden, Monckton Milnes, Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson, G. S. Venables, Edmund and Henry Lushington, J. W. Blakesley, F. D. Maurice, W. B. Donne, John Sterling, Charles and Arthur Butler, Edward Horsman, Spencer Walpole, Stephen Spring Rice, W. Christie, Frederick Pollock, and with not a few of these he formed close and life-long friendships. In June 1833 Merivale was ordained, on his fellowship, having satisfied himself that episcopacy was the most ancient and general form of Christian policy; but, true to his early training, he 'never denied the name of a Christian Church to any communion of believers in the divine origin of Christianity.'

The remainder of the bulky volume before us is mainly occupied by a series of letters from and to Merivale, covering a period of nearly seventy years. Among his correspondents were Alford, Bodham Donne, the Freres, Lake, E. C. Lowe, W. H. Thompson, and Charles and Christopher Wordsworth. Merivale's own letters are always, his friends' are very often, excellent reading. One from Arthur Hallam bids Merivale—

'to call upon Mr. Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, introducing yourself under shelter of my name and Alfred's, and to put the question to him, "What do you pay your regular contributors? What will you pay Alfred Tennyson for monthly contributions?" Also, while your hand is in, to ask whether, if Alfred was to get a new volume ready to be published next season, Moxon would give him anything for the copyright, and, if anything, *what*. You might dexterously throw in that I have a promise that any article I might write should be admitted either in the "Edinburgh" or the "Quarterly," and that I could therefore vouch for the books being reviewed in one or both. . . . I suspect Moxon will fight shy.'

This is from Merivale to Dean Lake, anent Cambridge and the examination of women:—

'I think if Bishop Butler were alive he would ask his chaplain, "Sir, have you ever considered whether a University can go mad?"'

This on withdrawing from the Revision Committee:—

'I had come to translate the New Testament, not to construe it. It also occurred to me that, with all their Greek, my colleagues knew very little English.'

This is to the Master of Trinity, on a brass tablet to Jarrett, Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Ely:—

'Fancy my disgust at a mistake I find in it. I had said, "*Ling. Hebr. lectoris apud Cant. regii prius Arabicæ ibidem professoris regni*," and the wretched wag has engraved it *pejus* for *prius* . . . but the language is so little understood here that perhaps it will not be found out. The worst is that poor Jarrett's Arabic was better, not worse than his Hebrew.'

This in 1848:—

'There is a strong idea that Thirlwall is to be the Archbishop. If so, I shall expect a history of *Ilam* to elevate me to an archdeaconry.'

It was not, however, the work of an archdeacon, but the literary ease of a dean which Merivale set before himself and to which he attained. After obtaining his fellowship he made his mark as Select Preacher in Cambridge and Whitehall Preacher in London, was Boyle Lecturer and Chaplain to the Speaker, declined Mr. Gladstone's offer of the chair of Modern History in 1869, as inconsistent with his parochial and literary work, and two months later accepted the Deanery of Ely.

It is said that Merivale's text when preaching before the University after his appointment to the Deanery was, 'Henceforth let no man trouble me': it is more certain that on a copy of the Cathedral Bill, brought in by Bishop Harvey Goodwin, was written in Merivale's characteristic hand, '*Latet anguis in Harvey*.' He was out of sympathy with some sides of modern churchmanship, which he thought fussy, but he faithfully discharged the duties of every office which he filled. He found that the care of a great cathedral was no light burden, but from this, while his strength lasted, he never shrank. His body fitly rests by the side of his old friends, Dean Peacock and William Selwyn, and his monument bears this striking inscription from the pen of his friend the present Master of Trinity:—

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., D.C.L.,
HISTORIAN OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE,
AND FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS
DEAN OF THIS CATHEDRAL CHURCH.
BORN FROM A FAMILY OF SCHOLARS,
HIMSELF RICH IN LEARNING,
CAUSTIC IN WIT,
JUST, WISE, TENDER, MAGNANIMOUS,
HE WON AT EACH STAGE OF A LONG AND TRANQUIL LIFE
HONOUR, CONFIDENCE, AND LOVE.

But the prince of literary deans of the nineteenth century was Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, who is described by his friend and possible rival, the late Dean of Westminster, as 'the unquestioned patriarch of English literature'.* His *Life* comes last on our list because his son's 'Biographical Sketch' is fresh from the printing press, but it takes us back to the beginning of the century, and links the present generation with Byron and Scott, with Coleridge and Wordsworth, with Halam and Macaulay, with Rogers and Sydney Smith, with Charles and Fanny Kemble, with Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill. 'Fazio' and 'Samor' are now unknown names, and rare are present-day readers of the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' the 'Martyr of Antioch,' and 'Belshazzar.' Not a few think of Milman as author of the great 'History of Latin Christianity,' or as a Quarterly reviewer, and forget that the Church owes to his devotional spirit the hymns, 'Ride on! ride on in majesty,' 'When our heads are bowed with woe,' and 'Brother, thou art gone before us.' The unsurpassed prize poem, 'Apollo Belvedere'—'Too fair to worship, too divine to love'—is still remembered, but the appeal to the All-Merciful, 'For thou wert born of woman,' which has been not unworthily placed beside Milton's 'Ode on the Nativity,' is buried in a religious drama, which it is not now the fashion to read. Perhaps these days of dainty editions may again place in our drawing-rooms copies of Milman's chief poetical works; they would assuredly be of more value than much that is now found there. Our libraries must at any rate contain some of the historical works; for though other well-equipped labourers have followed in the same field, the 'Latin Christianity,' which has supplied materials for many, has been eclipsed by none.

The monument erected to the memory of Milman in his church of St. Paul by public subscription describes him as 'Pastor, Poeta, Historicus, Theologus'; and it is this combination and this order that make him so remarkable an example of the characters which this article is intended to illustrate. With an exceptionally brilliant career at Eton and at Oxford, winner of the Newdigate, the Latin Verse, the English and Latin Essays, a Classical First, Fellow of his college, Select Preacher, Professor of Poetry, Bampton Lecturer, member of 'The Club,' Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy, Correspondant de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques de l'Institut Impérial de France, he was primarily a clergyman of the English Church. First as

* Stanley, in 'Macmillan's Magazine,' 19, 177.

parish priest, then as Dean of St. Paul's, he spent more than half a century in its ministry; and while the literary works of this long period might well have constituted the *erga* of a life wholly occupied in them, they were but the *parerga* of a devoted pastor.

Of the fifteen years which he spent at St. Margaret's, Westminster, we are told that—

'To all his literary and other avocations was added, with the first claim upon his attention, the care of a vast parish, of which the western boundary-stone must be sought in the centre of Kensington Gardens, and which comprised within its limits some of the worst and most notoriously infamous streets and alleys that had clustered about the ancient sanctuary';

and it is well known that as Chairman of the United Vestry of St. Margaret's and St. John's, he took the labouring oar in the great scheme of the Westminster Improvement Commissioners. Little wonder then that on receiving the offer of the Deanery of St. Paul's a sigh of relief escaped his lips: 'Thank goodness; no more vestries!' or that he delighted in a house originally built by Radulf de Diceto in the time of Richard I, and rebuilt by Sancroft. The time for the full revival of Church life and work had not come; but Milman was the Dean who heartily co-operated with Bishop Tait in establishing the evening services for the people, who carried out Wren's plan for an uninterrupted view from end to end of the Cathedral, by removing the choir screen, and who, writing to the Bishop about the evening services, proceeded—

'to develop his further views for the decoration and completion of the interior, so that the Cathedral might be made within worthy of its exterior grandeur and beauty.'

One turns naturally to a man who was for so long a period a 'hard-working parish priest,' and also the historian of 'Latin Christianity,' for light and guidance in present-day difficulties. We find him out of all sympathy with modern so-called ritualism, and writing, thirty years ago:—

'As for the Ritualists, argument is thrown away upon them; and they are too serious for ridicule, or else one almost longs for a page or two of good old Sydney. . . . It is certainly curious, as far as my narrow knowledge extends, that there does not seem one man of real power or eminence among them. It is a sect, as far as I can see, without leaders or heads. How different from the Oxford Movement, with Newman, Pusey, Manning, Oakeley, Faber—very different men, but all with some pretensions to distinction.'

He records, too, with obvious approval a letter of Blomfield's to one of his refractory clergy who quoted St. Ambrose as his authority: 'Sir,—St. Ambrose was not Bishop of London, and I am.—Yours, &c.'

'I am the last learned man in the Church,' he is reported once to have said. 'Good parish priests, good men of business, with a fair knowledge of books and men, these there will be plenty of; no sinecurists; hard-working pastors, but not learned—indeed, there is hardly room for the article.'

That this is the language of playful exaggeration is obvious. To prove that it is so we need not go beyond the later Deans and Canons of St. Paul's or the names at the head of this article; but it indicates a real danger. 'I am a High Churchman,' a thoughtful layman is reported to have said, amid loud cheers, to the students of a theological college; 'but,' he added, and not a single cheer followed, 'I belong to a period of High Churchmanship when men had not yet given over reading and thinking.'

No one has pressed the need of a cultured clergy more strongly than Archbishop Benson, who said, for instance, in an address to the clergy of Canterbury Cathedral:

'The absence of preliminary general education on the broad basis of school and college makes these odd and ineffective beings what they are. . . . No danger could be greater to the usefulness of the clergy in this country than that they should be uncultivated men with a mere seminary training, whether it were short or long.'†

But it may perhaps be doubted whether any one has done more to swell the ranks of the seminarists than he did by the vigour which he threw into the 'Scholæ Cancellarii' both at Lincoln and at Truro. His brother Bishop of Durham showed a deeper knowledge of the real needs of the Church when he established a school of the prophets, all of whom were graduates and many of whom had given previous evidence of advanced scholarship.

We cannot here discuss with any fulness the methods by which this danger is to be avoided, but two reflections follow naturally from our present subject. One is that all the eminent men of whom we have been thinking were indebted to the liberality of founders and benefactors; some of them could not have gone to the university without such help. Had it not been for the endowments of Trinity, the English episcopate would hardly have been adorned by Henson or Lightfoot. And yet the richest

* *Trinity's Magazine*, 75, 796

† *Fishers of Men*, pp. 64-5.

Church in Christendom is content to live for the most part on the gifts of the remote past, which even in their fulness were never adequate to her needs, and are now lamentably out of all proportion to them. The half-educated teacher is a source of danger to Church and State; the safeguard against fanaticism is culture and knowledge. The other reflection is that the men of whom we have been thinking belonged to widely different schools of thought. A national Church must necessarily be a comprehensive Church, and the rulers and teachers of a national Church must be in the forefront of all that is truest, noblest, best, not only in the Church but also in the nation. Leaders in doctrine and in life, they must not fall behind in science or in literature, in polity or in art, in knowledge of the great past, in influence over the greater present. One of the characteristic glories of the English Church is that her clergy have been and are Churchmen, Scholars, and Gentlemen.

We have occupied so many of our pages—and they have proved all too few—with the facts of the lives before us that we can only glance at the very different moulds in which these facts have taken shape; and yet they are an interesting study in biographical methods.

Archbishop Benson's 'Life' is an example of the excellences and of the defects of a filial biography of a literary father from the hands of a literary son. It was apparently intended from the first that the 'Life' should be written, and from schooldays onwards letters were preserved and diaries kept with this object. The son had thus a great mass of material to deal with. That he treats it with all the skill and finish of an accomplished writer follows from the fact that he is Mr. Arthur Benson. But still the burden of material is too heavy, and is made heavier by contributions from many other sources. If Mr. Benson were asked why he inserted this trifling poem or that hurriedly written letter or private entry from a journal, he would perhaps reply, as another filial biographer of a bishop—in many respects resembling the Archbishop—is said to have done, 'You should see what I have left out.' But he is too near to perceive how things differ in relative importance. The minute genealogy, looking like a separate tractate, the portraits of ancestors, the portraits of the Archbishop himself at different stages of life, the pictures of the various places in which the Archbishop lived—all these are concessions to the curiosity of a public whose sense of the dignity of reserve has been ruined by 'character sketches' and 'celebrities at home'; while the estimates written by different friends at different periods of life, and naturally tending to become panegyrics, are, after all, studies, and do not make a

picture. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that in this large book—the 'Life' contains nearly fifteen hundred closely-printed pages—the artist, though one of exceptional powers, does not give us a really great portrait. Mr. Benson must have read the remarks on human judgments which we have quoted from Dean Church, and his classical 'memory' must have retained a passage on letters from a prince of letter-writers which might have shortened this 'Life' by many pages: 'Quam multa joca solent esse in epistolis quae, prolata si sint, inepta videantur: quam multa seria neque tamen ullo modo divulganda.' But if there are many pages which might have been omitted without loss to the reader, there are many more which throw much light, not only on the development of a truly great character and the beauty of an ideal family life, but also upon the history of the Church in this generation. The seventh and eleventh chapters of the second volume, which deal with the Lincoln Trial and the attempted *rapprochement* with Rome, are so full of interest that a separate issue of them would be a public boon.

Mr. Benson is much too true an artist to forget that even a saint cannot be painted without shadows, but his determination to avoid the temptation natural to a son leads him now and then to give undue prominence to a shadow which should be barely indicated. Little infirmities of temper and positiveness—especially when in the wrong—are not unknown in schoolmasters, and are said to have been inherited by more than one of Prince Lee's pupils. A tendency to inaccuracy is always the accompaniment of a nature emotional and imaginative, as Benson's was; but there was more truth in his imagination than in a whole series of mathematical tables. Little foibles about dress and personal appearance are the things which make a man not a hero to his valet; but it is only to his valet that he is not a hero. Still, when the Dean Hook of the future writes the Lives of the later Archbishops of Canterbury, he will assuredly assign a place of high honour among them to Edward White Benson, and he will owe a debt of gratitude to his biographer for the abundance of materials out of which to construct his work.

If we think the Archbishop's 'Life' suffers from excess of material, this is certainly not the case with that of Bishop Durnford, who had long outlived his early friends and seems to have preserved no journal. His papers were fortunately placed in the experienced hands of the present Dean of Winchester, who edited the early chapters, written by the Bishop's sons, and who also had the advantage of help from the President of Magdalen, rightly proud of the Nestor of his college.

series of letters and addresses on important ecclesiastical questions forms the main substance of the work, which gives in moderate compass a striking portrait of a very remarkable figure.

Of the deans in our group two are happily allowed to tell the story of their own lives in a series of letters which are in each case edited by the loving hand of a daughter. Merivale wrote the brief biography of his own earlier years, intending it for his family only, but a wider public is greatly indebted to the literary judgment which has made it now generally accessible. The story of Church's early years is told with much simple beauty by his daughter, and Canon Scott Holland has furnished a sketch of the work at St. Paul's. One could perhaps have wished for more of the Oxford Movement, without that suppression of Church himself which characterises his posthumous work on it. Dr. Milman had a difficult task in presenting his father's life to a generation which has grown up under different conditions of ecclesiastical work and thought, and to which many of the Dean's writings are unknown; but he has succeeded in presenting an eminently interesting record, though one perhaps unduly weighted with family details. Mr. Berdmore Compton's 'Memoir' of his friend Dean Goulburn has at least the merit of brevity; and for brevity in biography the Dean's own authority is quoted:—

'People will not tolerate lengthy biographies . . . John Burgon's 'Lives of Twelve Good Men' marked a stage of public thought on the subject of biographies. Make it as short as you please.'

But we could wish that his biographer had not allowed his devotion to his friend to lead him into depreciation of others. Short as this sketch is, there are not a few passages through which Goulburn himself would certainly have drawn his pen. The biographer of Dean Liddell was peculiarly happy in his subject. The features of the public life stood out, like those of the man, in marked distinctness; the veil of the inner life is drawn only enough to disclose the great and tender heart that beat beneath a shy reserve which was often real as prudence. And the subject was peculiarly happy in his biographer. Near to him, but not too near—pupil, old eagle, friend—he has given us, in a single volume, the record of a full and noble life extending over eighty-seven years.

ART. IX.—THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

1. *Statutes and Regulations made for the University of London by the Commissioners appointed under the University of London Act, 1898 ; with an accompanying Report.* February 1900.

THE task entrusted to the distinguished body of Commissioners appointed under the University of London Act, 1898, has now been accomplished. Lord Davey, the Bishop of London, Sir Owen Roberts, Professor Jebb, Sir Michael Foster, Mr. E. H. Busk, and Dr. Thomas Barlow (in succession to the late Sir William Roberts), with Mr. Bailey Saunders as Secretary, commenced their labours in November of that year; and the draft of their Statutes and Regulations, having been laid before Parliament, awaits the Royal Assent. When the draft becomes law, a long controversy will be ended. A scheme will come into operation which in favourable circumstances ought to exercise a beneficent effect upon higher education in this country. The seats of learning and science in London will be co-ordinated. They will be grouped round an existing centre. They will become parts of a University needing only adequate equipment and maintenance to be worthy of its position in the capital of the British Empire.

More than three centuries have elapsed since the first step was taken to provide students in London with an opportunity of receiving systematic instruction in all the higher branches of knowledge. The first step, like every subsequent advance in the same direction, encountered serious opposition. When Sir Thomas Gresham in 1575 bequeathed his house and garden in Bishopsgate to the purposes of education, and endowed seven professorships in subjects closely corresponding to those taught at the great universities of his day, he found—what other educational reformers have also found—that the advancement of learning often receives the severest checks in the very quarters from which support might have been expected. He had to overcome the fears that were entertained at Oxford and Cambridge that his new foundation would irreparably injure the prestige of those ancient homes of learning. Such fears were not, indeed, at the time entirely groundless. In little more than half a century Gresham College was spoken of as *academiss epitoma*, and it took rank with the great Schools of Divinity and Law which then flourished in London. They had all attained so great a reputation that they were collectively described as an institution ‘lacking nothing but a common government and the protection of an honourable

Chancellor to be placed side by side with older foundations.' The appendix to Stow's '*Annals*' (ed. 1615) included these places of study in a detailed account of 'the three most famous Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and London.' But for instruction in natural science there was, at least in London, no organised provision; and in 1661 Abraham Cowley, influenced in no small degree by Bacon's sketch of an ideal academy in the '*New Atlantis*,' suggested that experimental philosophy, as he called it, might be advanced by the establishment, on the banks of the Thames, of a college with twenty resident professors, and such laboratories and appliances as might be needed for the investigation of nature. This project, however, was too ambitious to have any chance of being carried out, even in the age that saw the foundation of the Royal Society. It slumbered until the early years of the nineteenth century. Another poet then made the attempt to promote adequate instruction, not only in science, but also in the chief branches of humane learning. In 1825 Thomas Campbell wrote an open letter to Brougham,* to urge the foundation of a University for teaching and examining young men of the middle classes in London. His letter gained him the support of Zachary Macaulay, Grote, James Mill, Tooke, and other men prominent at that time. The sum of 160,000*l* was soon collected, and the institution now known as University College, London, was founded in 1826, and opened in 1828, with provision for teaching in all the Faculties then recognised, except Theology. In the following year, in order to meet the objections raised by this deliberate exclusion of the religious element, King's College, London, was established, and in 1831 began its career as a place 'in which instruction in the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as the same are inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland, should be for ever combined with other branches of useful education.'

Efforts were soon made to obtain for University College the status of a university and the right to confer degrees. They were strongly opposed, not only by Oxford and Cambridge, on the ground that a society which was unconnected with the Established Church, and taught no system of religion, had no right to confer academical distinction; but also by the medical colleges and schools of London, where the threatened extension of the right to grant a medical or surgical qualification was regarded with alarm. But the wave of liberal opinion which culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832 was favourable to the demand. In

* Published in the '*Times*,' February 9th, 1825.

1835 the House of Commons carried by a large majority an Address to the Crown, praying for the grant of a Charter to University College with the right of conferring degrees. The Government of the day, considering the interests of King's College and of other institutions likely to be affected, decided to issue two Charters, the one incorporating University College and undertaking to incorporate other institutions of the same kind which might thereafter be established; the other constituting a Board of Examiners to be called the University of London, with power to admit to graduation students educated at University College or King's College or any other institution in London or elsewhere which might, with the consent of the Home Secretary, be afterwards named as an affiliated college. The first Chancellor of the University thus constituted was the Earl of Burlington, father of the present Duke of Devonshire; and the first Vice-Chancellor was Sir John William Lubbock, father of the present Lord Avebury. The Senate was wholly nominated by the Crown. Prominent among its earliest members was Arnold of Rugby, whose endeavours to provide that religious knowledge should be an essential factor in the curriculum for a degree in Arts met with no success. The affiliated colleges soon came to include the chief educational institutions, Nonconformist, Roman Catholic, and secular, in the English provinces and in Ireland; and for twenty years the University continued to impose a course of study, to be pursued in one of these institutions, as an indispensable qualification for admission to the examinations for degrees. But in the absence of any power on the part of the Senate to visit these institutions or to regulate the courses of study pursued, and with the natural tendency of the institutions themselves to issue certificates of attendance on different conditions of stringency, or to make them a matter of form, the connexion between the University and its affiliated colleges ceased to have any practical value. In 1858 a new Charter was granted, by which, so far as the degrees in Arts and Laws were concerned, the exaction of a certificate of attendance was abandoned, and the examinations were thrown open freely to all students wherever educated. At the same time the graduates were admitted as part of the corporate body and permitted to assemble in Convocation. In 1857 special examinations with special diplomas were instituted for women, and in 1878 all the degrees and certificates of proficiency which the University was empowered to bestow were made accessible to women upon precisely the same conditions as applied to men.

Such was the origin and such was the general character of the University of London, as known to the last and the present generations of Englishmen. Its growth in public repute has been great and rapid. The number of the students submitting themselves to the somewhat severe test of the matriculation examination, imposed upon all candidates for admission without regard to the nature of the degree to which they might ultimately aspire, has increased from about three hundred in the year 1858 to upwards of three thousand last year. Located at first in rooms at Somerset House, afterwards at Marlborough House, and now for thirty years in its own building at Burlington Gardens, the University soon came to possess a peculiar significance. It was distinguished as the centre of certain definite tendencies in educational discipline.

In particular, the University of London participated to the full in that renaissance of natural science which will hereafter be regarded as the main feature of intellectual progress in the nineteenth century. It perceived, before any other similar body, the advantages which might accrue to science from a proper direction and stimulation of scientific study. It was the first to recognise that the various branches of that study might usefully form a separate department of academic activity, and did in themselves constitute a Faculty no less coherent in conception or definite in range than the old Faculties of Theology, Arts, Law, and Medicine. As the result of this recognition it was the first to confer degrees in Science; and hitherto it has demanded an elementary knowledge of that subject from all candidates for admission.

Closely allied with what the University of London has done for the investigation of nature is the service which it has rendered to the advancement of medical knowledge. By the high standard which it set up and maintained from the first, the University has not only provided an ideal of study and achievement for the best students in the medical schools of London such as had never been offered to any medical student previously; it has also imparted a vigour and activity to the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, both in London and elsewhere, which has been of inestimable value in their respective spheres; nay more, the benefit of its good example has been felt both at Oxford and Cambridge, where it has directly affected the character of the examinations in medicine and made them much more thorough and comprehensive than was previously the case.

Nor has the University neglected the literary side of education. It was the first to make the English language and

literature a direct and important element in the examinations for a degree in Arts. Its services to philology have in this respect been remarkable, and here, too, it has set an example which has been followed, although tardily, by the older universities. Finally, by its reputation not only for severity but also for fairness, by the distinction of the men of letters and of science whose services it has secured, by the character of its matriculation, intermediate, and final examinations, it has exercised a great influence upon secondary schools and university colleges throughout the United Kingdom. In the last twenty years its operations have had a still larger scope. By the freedom which has enabled it to throw open its portals to all comers, and to provide facilities for the examination of students in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, the University of London has assumed an Imperial character.

But, far-reaching and beneficent as has been the influence of the University of London, it has hitherto lacked some of the most obvious features of a University, as the word has hitherto been understood. Critics soon pointed out that the provision for higher instruction in London was either inadequate or wanting in co-ordination, and that the University was doing nothing to provide or organise such instruction. They complained that, whatever else the University might be, it was not a confraternity of learned men; that it left no room for any influence on the part of teachers; that it divorced examination from teaching, and tended to make examination an end in itself and the receipt of a certificate the goal of education. They contended, further, that the severity of the standard adopted for matriculation and for the preliminary examination in Science was bearing harshly on the students in the metropolitan medical schools; that such students were thereby debarred from taking their medical degrees in London, and were being compelled in increasing numbers to seek a degree on easier terms elsewhere. This tendency was alleged to be a disadvantage alike to the students themselves, to the University, and to the public, inasmuch as the opportunities of clinical instruction, offered in London to an extent which no other city in the world could approach, were not properly utilised. Finally, they urged that the University had never fostered, and by the very conditions of its existence could never foster, any *esprit de corps* among its students.

For nearly twenty years the critics both within and without the University continued to criticise. Nothing was done, possibly because most of the critics ignored the circumstances in which the University had its origin and the special purpose

for which it was constituted. When definite proposals were at last made in the direction of changing its character, the different interests likely to be affected by the change came into sharp conflict. The graduates in Convocation, possessed of degrees which stood high in public estimation, were apprehensive that the value of their academic distinctions would be lowered under any system which permitted of teachers conferring such distinctions upon their own pupils. The teachers contended that the only degrees worth having were those which implied that their possessors had pursued a definite curriculum, and had been subjected to the direct personal influence of men eminent in the various walks of learning. The great educational institutions in London and the medical, if not the legal, corporations welcomed the prospect of a change, but were by no means unanimous as to the lines on which the change ought to proceed. A controversy ensued which was as bitter as it was intricate. No good purpose would now be served by describing in detail the varying fortunes of the fray. A rapid survey of its chief incidents will suffice.*

Within the University the honour of being the first to make a definite move towards its reconstitution rests with the graduates in Convocation. In 1878 they resolved that the time had come when steps ought to be taken to bring teaching into connexion with examination and to improve such teaching as existed. A resolution to that effect was sent up to the Senate. But the members of the Senate were not then agreed that any such change as had been proposed was desirable, and consequently they took no action. In 1881 and again in 1882 Convocation recommended, as one of the methods by which the change could conveniently be effected, that Boards of Studies should be appointed; but there were difficulties in the way of carrying out this recommendation which made its adoption for the moment impossible. The leading teachers in London then began to bestir themselves. In 1884 they formed an Association for the express purpose of giving the teachers some share in the government of the University. This object was to be accomplished by partially or completely incorporating the existing educational institutions, with as little change as might be found practicable in their administrative arrangements; by a connexion being established between the University on the one hand and the Inns of Court and the Colleges of Physicians and

* A full analysis of the various schemes proposed for the reconstitution of the University was in 1896 presented to Convocation by its Clerk, Mr. Basil. Most of the particulars here given in regard to the controversy are drawn from that document.

Surgeons on the other; and by the establishment—then proposed for the first time—of internal and external sides to the work of the University. The great legal and medical corporations were, however, unwilling to render the assistance that was expected of them. Further steps were thereupon taken by Convocation. The graduates appointed two Committees in succession to consider the Association's scheme; and in 1885 they formally recorded their opinion that the teaching element ought not to be so largely represented on the governing body of the University as had been suggested; that more representation should be given to persons experienced in the conduct of public business; and that the organisation of instruction should be committed to a separate board, called the Academic Council, whose functions were to be mainly of an advisory character.

These proposals found little favour with the Senate, which in 1887 first put forward a scheme of its own. By this scheme the Senate was henceforth to include, in certain proportions, direct nominees both of Convocation and of the teachers. No direct representation was to be accorded to educational institutions, such as University and King's Colleges, or to the legal and medical corporations; and these bodies soon made their disagreement manifest. The situation assumed a somewhat serious character. University and King's Colleges petitioned the Crown to grant them a Charter to confer degrees in all the recognised Faculties. The Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons similarly asked for the right to grant medical and surgical degrees. Lord Salisbury's Government advised the refusal of both these petitions, but resolved to appoint a Royal Commission, with Lord Selborne as chairman, to enquire 'whether any and what kind of new university or powers is or are required for the advancement of higher education in London.' This Commission, although greatly divided in opinion, reported in 1889 in favour of re-modelling the existing University, and of giving it a new Charter for that purpose, by which the members of Convocation, the teachers, and the various colleges and corporations should be represented in certain proportions on the governing body. The leading colleges were to be admitted as constituent institutions; others—the medical schools for example—were to be associated only. The University was to consider the arrangements to be made in regard to students who might pursue a definite course of study and be separately classed, but it was expressly recommended that the final examinations for degrees should be the same for all candidates.

The Report of Lord Selborne's Commission threw a great
Vol. 191. -No. 382. 2 H

deal of light upon the difficulties attending the reconstitution of the University, but the difficulties themselves remained unsolved. During the two following years the Senate elaborated various schemes. The last of them provided for the representation on a new governing body, not only of all the elements already mentioned, but of certain provincial colleges and Faculties as well. This scheme was laid before Convocation, which had a chartered right to exercise a veto on any proposal for the reconstitution of the University. Convocation rejected the scheme, chiefly on the ground that its adoption was likely to vary the standard of the examinations and impair the value of the degrees. Objection was also made to the proposed appointment of five standing committees with delegated executive functions, which in the late Mr. R. H. Hutton's picturesque phrase were calculated to provide the University with many distinct ganglia but no controlling brain.

As all the schemes proposed within the University itself had now failed of acceptance, the educational institutions in London resolved to take the matter once more into their own hands. In 1892 University and King's Colleges again petitioned for a charter to enable them to form a second university. The Privy Council was favourable to the prayer of the petition, on the understanding that the Gresham foundation should be included in the scheme and should give the new university its name. Parliament, however, took a different view, and in the House of Commons an Address was moved and adopted without a division, praying Her Majesty to withhold her assent. The Government thereupon appointed another Commission, of which Lord Cowper was chairman, to consider the whole question.

Lord Cowper's Commission reported in 1894 in favour of a single university, in which the existing educational institutions were not to be absorbed, but the members of their teaching staffs were to gain a *status* by being 'recognised.' The teachers were to be formed into Faculties and were to elect representatives on the Senate. They were also to elect an Academic Council independent of the Senate, which was to be endowed with extensive executive functions for regulating the teaching, examinations, and discipline of the University, and was also to be charged with the duty of generally advising the Senate. Another council was to be appointed to attend to the external side of the University. Constituent colleges were to be admitted as places where courses of study were to be pursued, and the Senate was to have power to add to their resources. Finally the reconstitution of the University was to be effected by means

of a Statutory Commission. Bills were thereupon introduced into Parliament in 1895 and 1896 for the appointment of such a Commission; but owing to the lateness of the date at which they were introduced in each session, and to the threat of opposition, they were abandoned. Outside Parliament the manner in which the various conflicting interests should be represented in the University still continued to be discussed. Fresh negotiations were begun at the suggestion of Mr. Busk. Valuable assistance was also rendered by Mr. Haldane and Mr. Sidney Webb. Finally in the winter of 1896-97 a compromise was reached which was agreed to by the Senate, by Convocation, and by other bodies concerned. The chief provisions of this compromise were that teachers should also be recognised in institutions other than those which might be admitted as schools; that the proposed Academic Council should be an advisory committee of the Senate and possess no executive functions; that a similar committee should deal with the interests of external students; and that the constitution of the Senate itself should be modified in the direction of limiting the representation of institutions to those of a distinctly university character. The University of London Bill, introduced late in the session of 1897, embodied this compromise in a schedule, but it shared the fate of the previous Bills. It was re-introduced in 1898, and, largely through the skilful advocacy of Mr. Haldane, it became law.

The Statutes and Regulations which now await the Royal Assent are the product of that measure. They are in the main the recommendations of Lord Cowper's Commission, varied by the provisions of the schedule and by some other modifications which subsequent changes in education of a university type have rendered expedient. The old question whether there was to be one university or two is definitely settled by the adoption of the scheme establishing one university, with an internal side for students pursuing an approved course of study in London and its neighbourhood, and an external side for continuing the work which the University has hitherto performed.

The most important Statute is that which deals with the composition of the Senate as the supreme governing and executive body of the University. This body is to include, *ex officio*, the Chancellor and the Chairman of Convocation. Four members are to be appointed by Her Majesty in Council, doubtless in order to represent certain high official interests. University and King's Colleges are to appoint two members each, who, while occupying their seats in virtue of the leading position held by these institutions in London, may also

taken to represent the claims of general education. The interests of certain corporations and other bodies dealing with special kinds of education have also been fitly recognised. The Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons nominate two members each. The four Inns of Court may, if they so choose, exercise the right to appoint four members, and the Incorporated Law Society may appoint other two; so that it will not be the fault of those who framed the Act if Law in all its branches as a subject of academic study has no place on the Senate. London itself will be officially represented both as a City and as the sphere of a County Council. The three members thus appointed are likely to be concerned more especially in the welfare of what is called commercial education, but they may also be expected to afford the metropolitan university such assistance as it ought to derive from the municipal authorities of the metropolis itself. The claims of technical education are recognised in the person of one member to be appointed by the City and Guilds Institute. But the greater part of the Senate is composed, not of the representatives of institutions, but of persons directly appointed on the one hand by the leading teachers of the University grouped in their respective Faculties, and on the other, by the registered graduates voting in separate classes according to the nature of their degrees. Apart from the Chancellor, the Chairman of Convocation, and the members appointed by the Crown, the Senate may be said to be composed approximately as to one third of representatives of institutions and corporations, as to one third of representatives of the teachers, and as to one third of representatives of the graduates.

Although the Senate is to be the supreme governing and executive body of the University, other bodies are called into existence for the purpose of giving it advice in the discharge of its duties. The function of these other bodies is strictly limited to that purpose, but the Senate is directed to ask and obtain such advice before proceeding to exercise its chief powers. Of these other bodies the most important are the three standing committees of the Senate itself, namely, the Academic Council, the Council for External Students, and the Board to promote the Extension of University Teaching. The Academic Council consists in the main of those members of the Senate who are directly appointed to represent the teachers, and the function of that Council is to advise the Senate upon all matters relating to the internal side of the University. The Council for External Students is composed in great part of the members of the Senate directly

appointed to represent the graduates, who will thus possess ample facilities for advising the Senate upon all matters relating to the external side of the University. The Board to promote the Extension of University Teaching includes certain members of the Senate by virtue of their office, with such other members of the Senate as may be from time to time selected; and their duty is to advise the Senate generally upon the subject represented by the Board, and upon the arrangements that may be made for inspecting, examining, and reporting upon schools other than primary. The effect of this provision for the appointment of standing committees is that the Senate, while retaining the whole of the executive functions in its own hands, is enabled to deal conveniently and effectively with the main departments into which the work of the University will fall.

For the due discharge of this work two classes of bodies external to the Senate are also created. The leading teachers are arranged in Faculties, which, in the language used in the Commissioners' Report, is understood as meaning 'a body of persons charged with the teaching of a group of subjects in the University.' The Faculties thus constituted are eight in number: Theology, Arts, Laws, Music, Medicine, Science, Engineering, and Economics and Political Science (including Commerce and Industry). The members are in each case empowered to consider and report upon any matter referred to them by the Senate; and independently of such reference they may also consider and report upon any matter relating to courses of study, provision for teaching or research, examinations or the granting of degrees or certificates of proficiency in the subjects comprised within their respective Faculties. But apart from the Faculties, which deal generally with the groups of subjects in which the several degrees may be taken, Boards are to be appointed to attend to the claims of each separate branch of study. These Boards are to be composed of teachers and examiners, and by a wise provision the Senate is enabled also to secure the services of persons outside the University who may be specially qualified to assist in their deliberations. Except in the case of two or more Boards tendering a joint report, each Board may advise the Senate only in regard to the subjects for which it is constituted. The arrangements to which such advice may refer are the same as in the case of the Faculties, with the addition of the appointment of examiners. In this important matter the Senate is directed to consult the several Boards. Nay, more; the Academic Council and the Council for External Students, before tendering advice to the

Senate upon any matter dealing with the courses of study, the examinations, or the degrees for internal or external students, as the case may be, are also directed to consult the Boards immediately concerned. The influence of these small bodies of teachers may therefore become great.

But the provisions of the Statutes likely to attract most attention are those directed to the organisation of higher instruction in London and its neighbourhood. Of all the changes which the Statutes and Regulations accomplish, no other so intimately affects teachers and students alike. The question which was agitated for many years, namely, whether the leading institutions were or were not to be absorbed, is answered in the negative. Due place and influence is, however, secured for them in the ambit of the University. The most important and the best equipped of them are admitted as 'Schools,' that is to say, as places at which courses of instruction approved by the Senate may be pursued. Matriculated students pursuing such courses will be able to enter for the examinations for internal degrees. The teachers in these institutions will obtain a *status* in the University by being 'recognised' by the Senate for the subjects which they teach. By thus becoming Teachers of the University, they will be enabled, as members of the several Faculties and Boards of Studies, to obtain the share of influence which they have always desired; for by their advice they will be able to assist in determining the character of the curriculum and examinations in their respective subjects. These teachers will continue as at present to be chosen, paid, and suitably equipped for their duties by the governing bodies of the institutions to which they belong; but the Senate may, with the consent of the governing body in each case, provide them with additional remuneration. Similarly the Senate may allocate funds for the erection or extension of buildings in any of the institutions admitted as Schools, or generally assist them as it may see fit. The Senate may also, if the governing body agree, give any teacher in these institutions a higher *status* than is conferred by recognition; it may appoint him to be a Professor, Assistant Professor, Reader, or Lecturer of the University, and as such to discharge his duties subject to the direct control of the Senate itself. In order that the Senate may be in a position to know what is being done in the Schools of the University, provision is made for obtaining reports upon their efficiency. All, however, that the Senate can do is to forward a copy of the report, with its own comments, to the governing body of the School. It has no power of interference in any matter other than the courses of study there provided for internal

students. This provision is the only essential link between the University and any of the institutions admitted as Schools. In all other respects these Schools retain their autonomy, and may make such internal arrangements of their own as may best suit their individual requirements.

Twenty-four institutions are thus admitted. They are University and King's Colleges, London, in all the Faculties in which they respectively afford instruction; five Nonconformist colleges in the neighbourhood of London, together with a Church of England College at Highbury, in the Faculty of Theology, the Royal Holloway College and Bedford College for Women, in the Faculties of Arts and Science; the Royal College of Science, London, in the Faculty of Science, and, in Agriculture only, the College for that subject at Wye; the ten Metropolitan Medical Schools (other than those connected with University and King's Colleges), in the Faculty of Medicine; the Central Technical College at South Kensington, in the Faculty of Engineering; and the London School of Economics and Political Science, in the Faculty so named. To these the Senate may hereafter add such other institutions as may be deemed properly qualified.

There are, however, many institutions in London which cannot now and may not hereafter be regarded as giving general instruction such as would fit them for direct association with the University, but which, in virtue of certain special classes or departments, may with great advantage be included in its range. By a wise provision, teachers belonging to these subsidiary institutions may also be recognised, and matriculated students pursuing an approved course of study under them will be able to enter for internal degrees. In this manner no important teacher in London, whether he belongs to a School of the University or not, will be shut out from his share of influence, nor will any of his pupils be deprived of the benefits of a definite curriculum in the University. Of the institutions which may thus be utilised the Polytechnics occupy, perhaps, the chief position in the public eye. There is, indeed, a well founded belief that the important work which they perform, and the development of which that work is susceptible, were the main inducements to those who framed the Act to find room in the University for teachers not belonging to one of its Schools. This belief is confirmed by the fact that special provision is made in the Statutes for the conditions under which the Polytechnics afford instruction. A separate clause declares that no disability shall be imposed upon any internal student for the reason only that he pursues his approved course of study

in the evening; and the Senate, even if it should be minded so to do, is expressly prevented from requiring such a number of hours' study within a limited period as might render this direction nugatory. Those who regard all evening classes as naturally outside the pale of a university will scent a danger in this class; and clearly its operation will require to be closely watched if an adequate standard is to be maintained. Due care must also be taken that the stringent conditions under which teachers are recognised elsewhere shall be in no way softened in favour of the Polytechnics. But it is not only in subsidiary institutions that use may be made of special classes. The University may desire the assistance of teachers belonging to institutions eligible for admission as Schools, but precluded from admission by the action of their governing bodies. The musical colleges in London furnish a case in point. The Commissioners declare in their Report that they have been unable to include any of these colleges amongst the Schools of the University, for the reason that some of them imposed terms which could not be accepted. Nevertheless a certain number of the teachers in these colleges have been recognised.

The Commissioners cannot be said to have discharged in a niggardly spirit their statutory duty of determining who were in the first instance to be recognised as teachers of the University. They have so recognised upwards of five hundred persons on the teaching staffs of various institutions within the appointed radius of thirty miles from the central office. This number is approximately equal to that of the teachers employed in various capacities in Berlin, if the University there be taken together with the great Technical School at Charlottenburg. As was inevitable, owing to the number and the distinction of the lecturers, and the value of the clinical instruction given, the Medical Schools provide a large proportion of the names to be found in the Commissioners' lists. Of some seven hundred persons teaching in various capacities in the London Polytechnics, thirty-four obtain a *status* in the University. With the spread of technical instruction and its advance here to the level which it has reached in Germany and in the United States of America, this number will certainly be increased.

Side by side with the internal work of the University the external work of examining all comers, wherever educated, will be continued in as full a measure as heretofore. External students are defined in the Statutes as all matriculated students other than internal. But means are also found of extending to them the advantages of pursuing a definite course of study. One of the duties of the Council for External Students is to

advise the Senate upon the courses of study to be recommended to such students, and upon the conditions under which they may be admitted to lectures or similar privileges. Fears have been freely expressed for twenty years that the establishment of a Teaching University for London, whether by the reconstitution of the existing University, or by the foundation of an entirely new one, would tend to depreciate the value of the degrees hitherto conferred. These fears ought now to be laid. The Statutes provide that, with the advice of the Academic Council and the Council for External Students, the Senate shall equalise, so far as possible, the standards of knowledge and attainments prescribed for the degrees conferred upon both classes of students. The duty thus cast upon the Senate will have to be carefully discharged if the conflicting interests now represented are to be harmonised. There can, however, be little doubt that if the reconstitution of the University of London realises all the hopes entertained of it, the internal students will in course of time be in a large majority, and that with the increase of provincial and colonial universities the external students may tend to disappear.

The Statutes dealing with the examinations to be held by the University present some interesting features. The rigid uniformity hitherto imposed at matriculation may under certain conditions be relaxed, and the Senate is empowered to hold separate examinations for different classes of students, whether internal or external, having regard to the courses of study which they propose to follow. Thereafter separate examinations are to be held on the internal and external sides respectively, unless the Senate otherwise determine, after consulting with the Academic Council, with the Council for External Students, and with Convocation. An intermediate examination is compulsory, but the Senate may arrange to hold it jointly with any School of the University for the students of that School. This arrangement will give the teachers a direct share in the examination of their pupils, over and above the influence which they will exercise either as members of Faculties and Boards of Studies or by acting from time to time as University examiners. The compromise embodied in this arrangement has an historical aspect which deserves mention. Before 1858 the University relied upon the certificates of attendance at affiliated colleges as a sufficient assurance that the courses of study were continuously and systematically pursued. When the connexion between the University and the affiliated colleges ceased, an intermediate examination was imposed in order to obtain the same assurance. What is now proposed to

be done combines the advantage of a definite course of study with the further advantage of a test, imposed by the University, that the course of study has been profitably followed. The Senate is also empowered to conduct certain parts of the medical examinations jointly with the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, whereby the waste of energy involved in the present diversity of medical curricula may be obviated, to the great benefit of teachers and students alike. Permission is also given for similar arrangements to be made with other bodies holding professional examinations. An opportunity will thus be afforded to the University and institutions like that of the Civil Engineers to work in harmony with each other, and to avoid the inconvenience of rival courses of study. There will, of course, be a certain danger to the University in any alliance with bodies whose interests are professional rather than academic. The objection may be made that the University will be thereby encouraged to lower its standard, and no longer to discharge its primary duty of promoting the general interests of science and learning. But on the other hand there is much force in the argument that association on the part of professional corporations with the appointed guardian of those interests will inevitably tend to raise the character of professional examinations and make them less technical. The success of any such joint action must naturally depend upon the good sense and discrimination of the Senate.

The general effect of the Statutes is to provide the University of London with a constitution differing in some important features from that of any other known university, and bearing, in fact, a unique character. By no similar scheme has any university hitherto been governed, and the special conditions under which it originated are not likely to recur. Although the whole of the executive functions are assigned to the Senate, there is probably no governing body elsewhere which is directed to ask, but not necessarily to adopt, the advice of so many Boards and Committees. At Oxford and Cambridge the executive functions of the University are distributed, and the government is far more democratic; while many important duties are discharged by special Boards, Delegacies, or Syndicates, more or less under the control of the University Council and the whole body of graduates. The tendency of newer foundations is apparently to concentrate the executive power. Thus in the Victoria University the Court is the only governing body, although it delegates certain specified matters to a Council. In the University of Wales there is also one supreme governing body called a Court, but in everything that relates

to the regulation of study and examinations the Court depends upon the advice of a Senate consisting entirely of teachers. Although the London teachers will exercise much influence through the Academic Council, they will have no such power as teachers possess in the universities of Scotland or of Germany, where for all practical purposes, apart from questions of finance, they are supreme. The only check upon the Senate of the University of London is that any Statute which it may make must be communicated to Convocation and laid for approval or disapproval before Parliament and Her Majesty in Council.

Again, the relation between the University of London and its Schools is not the intimate relation existing between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and their respective Colleges; nor is it the system of federated or affiliated institutions which prevails elsewhere. Of the Schools of the University of London, University and King's Colleges alone have any direct representation on the Senate. As has been already explained, the only necessary link between the University and any of its Schools is the provision in those Schools of an approved course of study; and the Senate may thus be under some temptation to maintain a hold over the Schools by taking too rigid a view of the courses of study desirable, and giving approval only on stringent terms. There is, indeed, a direction in the Statutes that students are to be allowed a wide option in the choice of study; but, unless this direction receives a very generous interpretation, complaints may be made on the part of the teachers, if not on the part of the taught, that they are unduly fettered. The *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* which form the distinguishing feature of the universities of Germany—the complete freedom to the teacher to teach what and how he will, and to the student to follow out his own line of study—are ideals the pursuit of which does not yet receive much encouragement in this country.

The brief Report which the Commissioners have issued to accompany the Statutes and Regulations draws attention to the establishment of two new Faculties, that of Engineering and that of Economics and Political Science, including Commerce and Industry. These new departures may, perhaps, be justified as matters of academic convenience; but arguments are not wanting in favour of keeping Engineering at least in close connexion with other branches of Science. So great an advance, however, has taken place in recent years in the studies special to that subject that, if they are to be pursued in a university, there is some advantage in assigning them a

separate place, for reasons similar to those which have detached Medicine from other departments of scientific study. The Commissioners have not, indeed, gone so far as to recommend a separate degree in Engineering, such as is now granted in the Technica. High Schools in Germany. They have provided that the students of Engineering in the University of London may proceed to degrees in Science, but that the diploma of their degree shall state that it has been conferred for proficiency in the subject of their study. Similarly, the students of Economics will also be able to take degrees in Science specially granted for proficiency in that subject. Although much might be said for granting degrees in Economics, the proposed arrangement is probably the natural consequence of the purely scientific character of the methods which economists now pursue.

No sections of the Report will excite more attention than those which are concerned with the study of Medicine and of Law. For many years attention has been directed to the manner in which instruction in certain subjects preliminary to the study of Medicine has been given in the medical schools of London. Every one of these schools endeavours to give facilities within its own walls for the study of such subjects as physics, chemistry, general biology, anatomy, and physiology, each of which necessitates the provision of a laboratory or a dissecting room, or even a museum. Suggestions have frequently been made that the resources of these various schools might with great advantage to their clinical work be economised, and the efficiency of the teaching in these introductory subjects materially promoted, if the medical schools would consent to an arrangement by which such instruction were given at one or more centres under teachers who would be prepared to devote to it the whole of their time. The Commissioners express their regret that there is not at present any such general agreement as to the means by which this instruction can be concentrated as would enable them to effect the change themselves. But they have empowered and strongly recommended the Senate to proceed as soon as may be in the desired direction. The wealth of clinical material which London offers to medical students is such that no obstacle should be placed in the way of making the best use of it that can be devised; and, if the proposed concentration should be effected, no better use could be found for the laboratories now existing in connexion with the various schools than their conversion to pathological purposes. The arrangement which the Commissioners recommend would, indeed, if effected, do much to gain for the University of London the distinction, to which it

may reasonably aspire, of providing the greatest school of medicine in the world.

The advantages which London also offers for the scientific study of Law are unsurpassed, and the Commissioners are fully conscious that in this respect the University of London might, in favourable circumstances, accomplish a great work. In no other capital is there afforded a better opportunity for gaining experience of a large variety of systems of law and of legal procedure. Apart from the other administration of justice in London, the cases submitted to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council embrace the legal relations of Her Majesty's subjects in every part of the British Empire, and illustrate the principles of every known system of law, from the writings of Grotius to the 'Code Napoléon,' and from the statutes in force in the great Australasian colonies to the customs prevailing among Hindoos and Mahomedans. The Commissioners, however, have encountered an obstacle which for the moment renders impossible the establishment of any satisfactory school of Law in London. No such school can be established without the assistance of the Inns of Court, and that assistance the Inns of Court refuse. For what reason they refuse is not apparent. The correspondence which took place with them is annexed to the Report; and from the Commissioners' lucid and courteous letter it is perfectly clear that the extent to which the Inns were asked to assist in the development of the University required on their part no sacrifice of privilege and no expenditure of their great resources. They were asked to allow the Council of Legal Education to be named as a School, and some of the teachers appointed by that Council to be included in the list of recognised teachers of the University. They were informed that if any students in the Inns desired to graduate in the University of London, their course of study would have to be approved by the Senate; but that, as such approval would be given on the advice of a Board of Laws, mainly composed of the teachers appointed by that Council, the Inns themselves would practically have the shaping of the curriculum and the direction of the examinations in their own hands. The Commissioners pointed out that all the other arrangements of the Council, as well as the exclusive right of the Inns to call students to the Bar, would remain untouched; although the hope was expressed that the Inns would ultimately accept the results of University examinations in Law as a sufficient test of legal knowledge apart from professional training. Nay, more; the Commissioners offered to forward a draft of their proposed Statutes for the purpose of inviting such representations as the

Inns might be disposed to offer. To this letter each of the Inns returned an answer couched in the briefest terms, declining to accept the proposals made to them.

It is not easy to assign an adequate reason for this deplorable attitude on the part of societies which occupy so great and so important a position. The contention that the Inns of Court are bodies charged with strictly professional interests does not relieve them from the duty of promoting to the best of their ability a systematic study of the principles which those interests involve. If a similarly restricted view of their public functions had hitherto been taken by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, medicine and surgery would not now have attained the high place which they hold as branches of scientific study; nor has the manner in which the medical corporations have promoted that scientific study done aught else than enhance the value of medicine and surgery as professional pursuits. The interests of the learned professions are closely connected with those of learning itself. The universities, as is well-known, were originally founded partly as training schools for professional careers. To this day the undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge is induced to hope that in due course he may be called upon to serve in Church or State. Bodies charged with professional interests ought, therefore, to be the natural allies of the universities. What the Inns contend is, in effect, that they exist solely for the purpose of enabling men called to the Bar to succeed in their profession, or, in other words, to behave in accordance with the traditions of the Bar, and to obtain place and emolument. This is a view of their functions which an enlightened public opinion will scarcely endorse.

The Commissioners' opinion upon the matter is clearly indicated in the following passage in their Report:—

‘We cannot but feel that the reconstitution of the University will be incomplete, unless and until an adequate and effective Faculty of Laws has been established. The venerable antiquity, honourable traditions, and large resources of the Inns of Court, as well as the great reputation of many of their members past and present, point them out as the proper bodies to assist in the formation of such a Faculty for the study of law, professional and non-professional; and we believe that without their co-operation the Faculty cannot be effectively organised. We submit to Your Majesty's gracious consideration whether any further inquiries shall be made or steps be taken to secure such co-operation.’

Her Majesty's advisers will doubtless, at no distant date, seriously consider whether in the public interests such steps are not demanded. In 1854 a Royal Commission, under

the chairmanship of Vice-Chancellor Page Wood (afterwards Lord Hatherley), was appointed 'to . . . report upon the arrangements of the Inns of Court, and also those of the Inns of Chancery, for promoting the study of the Law and Jurisprudence, the revenues properly applicable to that purpose, and the means most likely to secure a systematic and sound education of students of law, and provide satisfactory tests of fitness for admission to the Bar.' In 1855 that Commission reported in favour of constituting a University, consisting of 'the Chancellor, Barristers-at-law, and Masters of law,' and governed by a Senate of thirty-two members to be elected by the Inns. Something has been done by the Inns since then for improving the education of their own students; but the instruction afforded does not appear even now to go beyond the limits of strictly professional requirements. If the Inns of Court are unwilling or unable to supply instruction in the general principles of Law as the science which regulates the social relations of human beings, the least they ought to do is to assist the universities to discharge that duty, to the advantage of the public, of the universities, and ultimately of the Inns themselves. Nowhere could that assistance be more appropriately rendered than in the University which will now be established in London.

In concluding their Report the Commissioners sagaciously observe that the Statutes and Regulations which they have framed will not do all that is required. They will not create a living organism. For the proper equipment and maintenance of the University of London large funds will be needed. Hitherto, by a provision of the Charter of 1863, the Treasury has made good any deficit and received any surplus which the annual accounts have disclosed. That arrangement will now cease, and henceforth the University must look for support to public and private munificence. Her Majesty's advisers have obtained the sanction of Parliament for a scheme providing the University, free of cost, with a home in South Kensington; and when a favourable opportunity arises they may possibly be induced to contribute an annual subsidy to its maintenance. There is, however, little prospect at present that such a subsidy will be large. No English Government is likely to imitate the prudent generosity of the various States in Germany, which amongst them provide 1,000,000*l.* every year for the support of their universities; although it is well to remember that, under certain Acts of Parliament, a sum estimated at nearly that amount is annually appropriated out of the resources of local authorities for the needs of various polytechnics and other schools of technical instruction in England and Wales. The

municipal authorities and the great livery companies of the City of London will now have an opportunity of devoting some of the funds at their command to the highest educational purposes under the direct encouragement of the best teachers. The Technical Education Board of the London County Council is generally understood to have made an excellent beginning in this respect, by proposing to allocate the sum of 12,000*l.* a year, partly for the general work of the University, and partly also for the promotion of technical instruction, the improvement of the training of teachers, and the assistance of the London School of Economics. But there will be abundant scope for a wise outlay of money on the part of private benefactors. Some University Chairs must be founded, to be held either in the University itself or in one of its Schools; and in order to attract the most distinguished men in this country, or from abroad, adequate salaries must be provided. The subjects in which the existing facilities for higher instruction ought to be supplemented are numerous. For instance, in the various branches of chemistry, pure and applied, opportunities of study ought to be given in London to at least as great an extent as they are given at Berlin, or even at Zurich, where for many years there have been seven separate professorships in that science. In physics, too, especially as a subject of post-graduate study and research, there is urgent need for the equipment of a laboratory of the best type under the immediate control of the University itself, which will require such a laboratory for its own purposes, whatever provision may be made for other purposes elsewhere. Nor must the claims of literature, or of history and archaeology, be forgotten. London offers unrivalled advantages for their study; but no adequate endowments exist for the founding of great Chairs in these departments of knowledge, or for properly rewarding the exertions of the best scholars. If the labours of Lord Davey's Commission are to produce their full effect, and the University of London is to hold its place amongst the famous universities of the world, the power of the purse must come to its aid.

ART. X.—NORTH-WEST FRONTIER POLICY.

1. *Lumsden of the Guides. A Sketch of the Life of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B.* By General Sir Peter Lumsden, G.C.B., C.S.I., and George R. Elsmie, C.S.I. London: John Murray, 1899.
2. *The History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration, 1876 to 1880: compiled from Letters and Official Papers* By Lady Betty Balfour. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1899.
3. *The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80: its Causes, its Conduct, and its Consequences.* By Colonel H. B. Hanna. Vol. I Westminster: Archibald Constable and Co., 1899.
4. *Eighteen Years in the Khyber, 1879-98.* By Colonel Sir Robert Warburton, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: John Murray, 1900.
5. *The Making of a Frontier. Five Years' Experience and Adventures in Gigit, Hunza, Nagar, Chitral, and the Eastern Hindu-Kush.* By Colonel Algernon Durand, C.B., C.I.E. London: John Murray, 1899.
6. *Chitral: the Story of a Minor Siege.* By Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. London: Methuen, 1898.
7. *The Story of the Malakand Field Force: an Episode of Frontier War* By Winston Spencer Churchill. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1899.
8. *Parliamentary Papers (Afghanistan)* 1878.

THE crisis through which the British Empire is now passing makes it incumbent on us to consider, while we have yet time, whether we are prepared to meet other and yet more serious eventualities. South Africa and our supremacy there are not everything; there is a still more important Imperial factor to be considered, and that is the defence of the Indian Empire. Already a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, has been seen on the horizon by the watchers in the East; it behoves us to enquire whether this presages a storm, and whether we are ready to meet it should it burst. For months past it has been known that the Russians were massing troops at Kushk, which is only seventy miles from Herat. The time therefore is opportune to review the policy pursued during the last thirty years by successive Governments with regard to Afghanistan and the tribes on our North-West frontier in India.

Several books have lately been published which throw considerable light on the questions we are about to discuss. The first on our list is the *Life of Sir Harry Lumsden*, who raised, and brought to that high state of perfection which it has ever

since retained, that celebrated corps the Queen's Own Guides. Lumsden was one of that gallant band whom Henry Lawrence gathered round him when it fell to his lot to rule the recently acquired Punjab. He possessed in the highest degree the instinct of dealing with the fighting races of the north of India; simple-minded, kind-hearted and just, bold and straight, he acquired and retained great influence with all those with whom he had to deal. The book gives a good account of his life on the frontier and of his mission to Kandahar, where he remained all through the Mutiny, exerting his influence in keeping the Afghan ruler true to his engagements with us. There are no very profound reflections as to frontier policy in the book; its value, to our mind, lies in the lesson it teaches, which is that influence with the frontier tribes can be gained by sympathetic treatment at the hands of upright and chivalrous Englishmen, and by that alone.

The 'History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,' by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, was drawn up in compliance with instructions left by Lord Lytton. It is a work of the first importance, combining as it does the views and experience of Lord Lytton and his chief advisers and friends during his Viceroyalty. While giving an account of Lord Lytton's administration in general, its main interest lies in the fact that it is the first authoritative explanation given of Lord Lytton's Forward policy, and of his reasons for adopting it. Allowing that this policy has, as regards the frontier tribes, been followed by his successors, we cannot but think that the verdict of history will be that the means which he adopted to give it effect in Afghanistan were a failure, and that the war into which he entered with that country was a mistake. The secret of Lord Lytton's successes in administration, which were very great, and of his failures in policy, which have attracted greater attention than his successes, may be given in Lady Betty Balfour's own words: 'In mind Lord Lytton was essentially a poet, gifted with a romantic and creative imagination.' But the poet's mind—grand as its conceptions may be—has its limitations. Lord Lytton was one of those whose friendship blinds their judgment. He pinned his faith to the opinions of men like the venturesome and sanguine Cavagnari; his most trusted adviser seems to have been that brilliant but ill-fated soldier, Colley. Lady Betty Balfour has striven to give her book an impartial tone, 'in the earnest desire not to revive the virulent party bitterness which perverted so much of the criticism on Lord Lytton's policy eighteen years ago, and which to this day has prevented it from receiving any measure of fair play.' That

she has succeeded in this portion of her task no one who reads the book will deny. It is written with literary skill and in admirable taste; and we rise from its perusal feeling that it is an able, lucid, and statesman-like review of the Indian administration of the most brilliant and accomplished Viceroy who has guided the destinies of India since the Mutiny.

Colonel Hanna's *History of the 'Second Afghan War,'* only the first volume of which has appeared, covers the most momentous years of Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty, 1878 to 1880. It shows great care and labour; that portion relating to the Afghan war is exhaustive and instructive; but the part dealing with the diplomatic history which led up to the war is vitiated, to our mind, by its violence and partisan animus, and will consequently, we believe, fail, and justly fail, in influencing fair-minded readers. Nothing can excuse his assertion that Lord Lytton was in the habit 'of inventing or mis-stating the facts from which he desired to argue,' or the charge, which he brings against the Viceroy, 'of having knowingly resorted to falsehood on this and many other occasions.'

The late Sir Robert Warburton's autobiographical work, '*Eighteen Years in the Khyber,*' covers the period from 1870, when he was posted to Peshawur, to 1898, when he died, broken-hearted at seeing his life's work thrown away. It is a simple narrative, with no pretence to literary style and encumbered with unnecessary detail, giving the life of a frontier officer on the Peshawur border. Warburton's title to fame is that for eighteen years he held the Afridis in the hollow of his hand, and that he made the dreaded Khyber Pass practically as safe as Piccadilly. His reward was constant repression on the part of his superiors. In the end his good work was fittingly recognised, but too late, for he was a dying man. Sad as the story is, the book is of great value, for it is an excellent exposition of the art of managing frontier tribes, given by a past master, himself an Afghan on the mother's side.

Colonel Durand had exceptional opportunities for examining frontier questions, as British Agent at Gilgit from 1889 to 1894, and for obtaining a general view of Indian army affairs, as Military Secretary to Lord Elgin from 1894 to 1899. He has written an entertaining and instructive account of the country in the neighbourhood of Gilgit and Chitral, and of the intricate relations of the tribes which inhabit those wild but beautiful valleys, interspersed with vivid sketches of the native potentates, with some of whom he lived on terms of intimacy. The story of his work and his adventures, told in a bright and easy style, throws a very useful light on the diffi-

culties of frontier policy, illustrates the enormous importance of personal character, and shows what excellent work may be done, not only in 'the making of a frontier,' but in the establishment of our Empire, by a man gifted at once with courage and decision, with insight into affairs, and sympathy for the wild folk with whom he has to deal.

Next we have Sir George Robertson's book on Chitral. This will ever remain one of the most spirited and telling descriptions of a 'minor siege.' It is also, to our minds, a warning against placing the authority for the movements of troops in the hands of one without the training of a soldier. The story of the destruction, above Chitral, of small isolated bodies of troops, and of the defeat which preceded the siege, make ill reading. Sir George Robertson's views on general frontier politics appear to us somewhat superficial, which is not, however, surprising, seeing that his experience on the frontier was short, and confined entirely to one section of it.

Lastly, we have an excellent account of the work of the Malakand Field Force in 1897, by Mr. Winston Churchill. This is a remarkable book for so young a writer; the description of the little campaign is clear, graphic, accurate, and full of food for thought for the soldier; the chapter on the border tribes is written with sympathy and insight; and if, in his last chapter, Mr. Churchill fails to solve what he calls 'the riddle of the frontier,' it is because for this generation, at least, it is the riddle of the Sphinx.

Before we examine the period with which we desire principally to deal, it will be well to sketch the history of our relations with Afghanistan during the thirty years before Lord Lytton landed in India. That melancholy piece of folly, the first Afghan war, was closed in 1842 by the withdrawal of our troops from the country. Dost Mahomed was reinstated as Amir, and set to work to reorganise his kingdom. In 1855 a treaty was signed by his son and John Lawrence at Peshawar.* There were but three articles in this treaty: the first bound the contracting parties to perpetual peace and friendship; the second engaged us to respect the territories in the Amir's possession and never to interfere in them; the third bound the Amir to be the friend of our friends, the enemy of our enemies. It was thus a one-sided agreement, but, such as it was, it satisfied the Amir for a time. In January 1857, owing to the action of Persia, which had seized Herat, the

* Blue-book, 'Afghanistan, 1878, No. 1'

Amir begged for assistance. He came in person to Peshawar and was met by John Lawrence. A treaty was drawn up binding us to aid the Amir with money and arms during the war with Persia, and binding the Amir to receive British officers at Kabul, Kandahar, or Balkh, or at the headquarters of the Afghan army, during the progress of the war. These officers were to see that the subsidy we gave was properly applied, but they were in no way to interfere in the internal affairs of the country, and they were to be withdrawn the moment the war was over. Dost Mahomed went away satisfied; and all through the dark days of the Mutiny his loyalty was of incalculable value. During this troublous time the British mission under Lumsden remained at Kandahar; but a perusal of his Life shows under what dangers and difficulties. In a country of fanatics like the Afghans no ruler, however powerful, can in time of excitement guarantee the safety of an infidel guest. This was Dost Mahomed's opinion, as it was Shere Ali's. It was deliberately ignored in 1879, and the second Afghan war and Cavagnari's death were the results.

Dost Mahomed died in 1863, and it was not til. 1868 that the Amir Shere Ali established his power in Kabul. In 1868 Sir Henry Rawlinson issued his celebrated minute on Central Asian affairs as affected by the Russian advance. Among other things, he advocated the establishment of an envoy at Kabul and the occupation of Quetta. Lord Lawrence's Government, in a despatch of 4th January, 1869, objected strongly to these proposals, which, in their opinion, would have the worst effect in Afghanistan. After pointing out how hopeless it is to expect the maintenance of a united and strong government in Afghanistan, Lord Lawrence continued:—

‘No person can doubt, I admit, that the approach of Russia towards our North-Western frontier of India may involve us in great difficulties, and, this being the case, it will be a wise and prudent policy to endeavour to maintain a thoroughly friendly power between India and the Russian possessions in Central Asia. Nevertheless it appears to me clear that it is quite out of our power to reckon with any degree of certainty on the attainment of this very desirable end, while I believe that there is very great danger that some of the very measures which Sir Henry Rawlinson recommends towards securing that object may lead to opposite results, and that, on the whole, our wisest course is not to attempt much beyond our frontier, but to consolidate our power in India, to do all we can to improve our administration, and to reconcile the people to our rule. We might also endeavour to come to some mutual arrangements and to an understanding with Russia: *and, failing that, we might give that Power to understand the* *towards India, beyond a*

certain point, would entail on her war, in all parts of the world, with England.'

The italics are ours. In this sentence lay, we believe, the true plan for the defence of India. But the English Government of the day were slow to recognise the truth, and were afraid to take the steps which a recognition of the truth involved.

The next important event was the interview between the Amir Shere Ali and Lord Mayo at Umballa in 1869. All the Amir could get was a promise that we would not force European officers on him, and a vague assurance that we would help him when we thought it desirable to do so. Thereupon General von Kaufmann, the Governor-General of Turkestan, began bombarding the Amir with letters. The Amir was alarmed, and sent the letters to the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, but received little encouragement: the Government at home was in one of its fits of confidence in Russia. In 1873 we gave further annoyance to the Amir. Persia and Afghanistan had nearly come to blows over Seistan, which the former had occupied during the confusion in Afghanistan a few years before. We restrained the Amir from appealing to arms, sent a boundary commission to enquire into the dispute, and gave an award in favour of Persia. The Viceroy proposed sending an envoy to Kabul to discuss affairs generally, and to explain the award. The Amir demurred, and proposed sending his Minister to see the Viceroy. The interview took place at Simla, and the envoy stated the Amir's case. We cannot do better than give the result in Lady Betty Balfour's words.—

'The Viceroy telegraphed home and proposed to assure him [the envoy] that the Government would help the Amir with money, arms, and troops, if necessary, to repel an unprovoked invasion, if he unreservedly accepted our advice in foreign affairs. But the Duke of Argyll entirely declined to sanction any such undertaking; and the Viceroy could only promise the envoy to assist him in any circumstances with advice, assure him that a Russian invasion of Afghanistan was not apprehended, and offer to supply him with a certain quantity of arms.'

Such a policy showed little grasp of the situation. The direct invasion of Afghanistan was not the only danger anticipated by the Amir; he feared—as he distinctly said—greater efforts on the part of the Russian authorities in Turkestan to secure a preponderating influence in his kingdom. He had sent his envoy to the conference in the full determination to throw in his lot with us. He met with but scant courtesy, read between the lines of our protestations that we were afraid

of Russia, and turned to the Power which at all events knew its own mind.

In 1875 a native Russian envoy arrived for the first time at Kabul; and Lord Salisbury, in a despatch to Lord Northbrook's Government, took the first step leading directly to the second Afghan war.* He wrote directing the Indian Government to procure the assent of the Amir to the establishment of a British Agency at Herat, which was to be followed by the establishment of a similar Agency at Kandahar. The possibility of placing a British envoy at Kabul was contemplated, but put aside as unsafe. Lord Northbrook's Government objected in toto,† but Lord Salisbury returned to the charge, and, in a despatch dated November 19th, 1875,‡ repeated that 'Her Majesty's Government continue to attach very serious importance to the presence of a British Agent in Afghanistan.' To ensure this a mission was to be sent without delay to Kabul.§ The Government of India, in its reply, deprecated,—

'as involving serious danger to the peace of Afghanistan and to the interests of the British Empire in India, the execution, under present circumstances, of the instructions conveyed in your Lordship's despatch.'

No answer was received to this despatch; the curtain was rung down; and when it rose again Lord Northbrook had handed over the reins of office to Lord Lytton.

Before leaving England Lord Lytton had interviews with Lord Lawrence and the Russian Ambassador. With the former he avoided any discussion of our policy towards Afghanistan, because, as Lady Betty Balfour says,—

'it had already become apparent that the policy towards Afghanistan which the Government had resolved to carry out, and which he himself believed to be right, would not have Lord Lawrence's approval, and it was difficult in such circumstances to discuss these matters freely.'

In this we think he was wrong: his tact would have carried him over the difficulty; and the opinions of Lord Lawrence, for the very reason that they were believed to be diametrically opposed to those of the Government, were surely worth hearing. He was the man who had negotiated the existing treaty with Afghanistan; he was intimately acquainted with the Afghans and their characteristics; and during his tenure of the Viceroyalty he had been on friendly terms with the Amir Shere Ali.

* 'Afghanistan, 1878, No. 31,' p. 128.

† *Ibid.*, p. 147.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 131.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 149.

Had Lord Lytton discussed Central Asian policy with Lord Lawrence, we cannot but think that the latter would have induced him to pause in the course he was about to adopt. Lord Lytton's interviews with Count Shouvalow are most interesting reading; and we regret that we have not space to quote Lady Betty Balfour's description fully. Count Shouvalow read Lord Lytton a very remarkable letter from General Kaufmann, in which he advocated an alliance between England and Russia, the division of Afghanistan between the two Powers, and the disarmament of the Afghans and the intervening Mohammedan tribes. To ensure good feeling and to prevent misconceptions, Kaufman proposed corresponding direct with the Viceroy of India through Afghanistan. Lord Lytton replied that we should absolutely refuse to join in any anti-Mohammedan crusade; that we regarded Afghanistan and Beluchistan as the porches of British India; that we would tolerate no interference with them, and would defend them with all our power; and that, as General Kaufmann's proposed communications could only come through Afghanistan, where he had no right to interfere, they were inadmissible. The Ambassador agreed with Lord Lytton; said Kaufmann was an honest soldier without political ideas, whose views were not to be taken *au sérieux*; and accepted, without reserve, the position in regard to Afghanistan as defined by Lord Lytton. But the impression left on Lord Lytton's mind was that—

'Russia was desirous of coming to an understanding with England, which would have led to the absorption of the States intervening between the British and Russian possessions, to the partition of Afghanistan, and the establishment of a common frontier between the two Empires.'

That this view was correct is evident; and the desire to see our frontiers coterminous is not, as Lady Betty Balfour remarks, 'confined to those who entertain ambitious expectations of future advances upon India: it is held equally by men who desire that all existing causes of difference between Russia and England should be removed.'

In itself the consummation is one devoutly to be wished, for we believe that with a coterminous frontier many causes of danger would be removed. But such a frontier could only be obtained now by the violation of our most sacred engagements, and by the partition of the kingdom of Afghanistan, whose integrity we are bound to respect, so long, at least, as the Amir behaves loyally towards this country.

It has been most unfairly said that, when he assumed the Viceroyalty, Lord Lytton was determined to bring on an Afghan war. Nothing can be more untrue, and a careful study of his despatches and notes shows that he fully expected to attain his ends by diplomacy. Lord Lytton went out to India with instructions on Central Asian affairs from the home Government (which, by the way, it is an open secret that he wrote himself), directing him to send a mission to the Amir. The mission was to go to Kabul by Quetta and Kandahar, visiting the Khan of Khelat on the way. If the Amir agreed to receive the mission, the Government was prepared to give him a fixed subsidy, to recognise more definitely the order of succession established by him, and to give him an explicit promise of material support in case of foreign aggression. If on the other hand he declined, this would show that he was estranged, and our position would have to be reconsidered.

Soon after Lord Lytton's landing in India, a letter was despatched to the Amir, proposing the visit of a mission. The Amir declined the offer on various grounds, but proposed sending an envoy to discuss matters: this offer was declined in a second letter from our side. The Amir then proposed that our Agent at Kabul should come to India, lay the Amir's views before our Government, and return to the Amir with our views for his consideration. Meanwhile a succession of Russian native missions was received at Kabul.

Our Agent, on arrival in Simla, recounted the Amir's grievances, which dated from the abortive mission he had sent in 1873 to Lord Northbrook. He had wanted a definite treaty, a promise of support in case of external aggression, a dynastic guarantee, and a permanent subsidy. He had got none of these things. He felt that we were unable to make Russia respect treaties, or to arrest her aggression; but, at the same time, he knew that if she invaded Afghanistan we should in our own interests help him. Apart from the question of their safety, he objected to the presence of British officers in his country, on the ground that they would be a check on his form of government, and possibly centres of intrigue to which those disaffected to him would turn. He wanted now what he had wanted in 1873, and, in addition, an offensive and defensive alliance. The answer carried to the Amir was that we were practically prepared to grant his requests, subject to the establishment of a British Agency at Herat or elsewhere on his frontier. If the Amir agreed to this, well and good; if not, it was useless for him to depute his Minister, as had been suggested, to meet the Viceroy's envoy on our frontier. The Amir's advisers voted

against accepting our proposals, but the Amir finally made up his mind to send his Minister to meet our envoy at Peshawur, though he did not reply to the Viceroy's letters, and took no notice of the invitation to attend the Delhi Assemblage.

The envoys met at Peshawur, and it became evident that the Amir had no intention of agreeing to the residence of British officers in his territory. The fact was that he distrusted us thoroughly, and considered that, in tacking on the condition about British Residents to what he evidently thought was a binding engagement of long standing to protect him against external aggression as well as against internal revolt, we were acting dishonestly and preparing to obtain and exert that influence in the internal affairs of his country which we had always bound ourselves to avoid. We are constrained to admit that the Amir had some reason to hold these views. The Viceroy did not think so, and pointed out that the Government—

‘does not indeed withdraw from any obligations previously contracted by it; but it absolutely and emphatically denies that it has ever incurred any such obligations as those imputed to it by the Envoy of His Highness; and it, further, affirms that it will never, in any circumstances, undertake such obligations without adequate guarantee for the satisfactory conduct of the Amir’

This was a deadlock, and it was brought about by our fear, years before, of grasping the nettle. Had definite treaties been drawn up by Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook with the Amir, there would have been no misunderstandings over verbal promises or vague expressions in letters.

Soon afterwards Lord Lytton, thinking a continuation of the conference useless, brought it to an end. His minute on the subject deserves to be read, but is too long to quote, as is the case with most of Lord Lytton's despatches. It dealt, amongst other things, with the question of Quetta, which had been raised in a half-hearted way by the Afghan envoy, and pointed out that we had had direct relations with the Khans of Khelat for twenty years, and had the right to place our troops in the Khanate and to exclude outside interference. As a matter of fact, the occupation of Quetta had nothing to do with the Amir's hostility, but it gave him a very good argument as to the probable result of posting British officers in Afghanistan. The policy to be observed towards the Amir was now, in Lord Lytton's words, to be one ‘of the most complete indifference and unbroken reserve.’ An envoy from the Sultan of Turkey at this juncture arrived in Kabul, and it was hoped he might

induce the Amir to come to a better understanding with us; but in this he totally failed.

The Viceroy, now feeling that 'Shere Ali had irrevocably slipped out of our hands,' turned his attention to the border tribes, with a view of bettering our relations with them and weakening the power for mischief of the Afghan Kingdom. In one of his most elaborately reasoned, beautifully expressed, but desperately lengthy minutes, Lord Lytton reviewed our position as regards the tribes. He pointed out that it should be our aim to cultivate more direct and frequent intercourse between the tribes and ourselves; and that influence over them could be obtained by the straightforward, upright, and disinterested action of English gentlemen. He proposed to sever the frontier and the trans-Indus country from the Punjab; to put it under an officer of high rank, supported by a strong body of English officers, who, freed from unnecessary routine work, should be in close personal contact with the people; to abolish the use of native Arbabs, or middlemen, whose loyalty could not always be trusted; to raise local militias under the district officers; to have nothing more to do with small punitive expeditions; and, lastly, to bring about a gradual disarmament of the frontier. This was a masterly conception, and is in full accordance with the policy afterwards adopted by Mr. Gladstone's second administration, and since pursued by all subsequent Ministries, to extend our influence up to the Afghan border. It was dead against the Punjab 'close border' system—which Mr. Winston Churchill calls, more truly than politely, the policy of 'butcher and bolt'—and aimed at the pacification of the frontier by the encouragement of good relations between British officers and the tribes, in opposition to the system of isolation and punitive expeditions, which had so signally failed.

Lord Lytton carried into effect the principles expounded in his minute by the establishment of the British Agency at Gilgit, on which frontier the Maharaja of Kashmir was encouraged to strengthen his existing hold by the acceptance of tribute from the neighbouring States of Chitral, Yasin, Hunza, and Nagar, thus bringing our frontier in this portion of the Indian Empire up to the Hindu-Kush. He also extended his warm support to Major Sandeman in his endeavour to bring the Beluchi tribes under our influence. Sandeman's efforts were brilliantly successful, and when the Afghan war broke out he was able to ensure the quiet of the tribes under his control and the safety of our lines of communication with Quetta.

For a year after the conference at Peshawur we had no communication with Afghanistan. During this time the Amir's

action was most unfriendly, and Lord Lytton's views had undergone further change. Writing to Lord Cranbrook, who was now Secretary of State for India, he said that the policy of building up a strong and independent Afghan State, over which we had no control, had failed; that, should an opportunity occur by war, or the death of the Amir, of breaking up the Kabul power, we ought to seize it and erect a Western Afghan Khanate, including Merv, Maimana, Balkh, Kandahar, and Herat, under a prince of our own selection dependent on our support. With this accomplished, the destinies of Kabul would be a matter of no moment to us. This was a far-reaching scheme, far too ambitious to be accomplished with the means at his disposal, and one which was, moreover, completely vitiated by the proposal to set up a puppet ruler. No prince believed to be dependent on our support would hold his own in Afghanistan for a day without the help of our troops, and such assistance would immediately unite the whole country against him. There is no middle course between rigid non-intervention and conquest.

Meanwhile the Russo-Turkish war had been going on. We had nearly thrown our sword into the scales, Indian troops had gone to Malta, the Russian occupation of Constantinople had been prevented, and a Congress had assembled at Berlin from which Lord Beaconsfield was to return bringing 'peace with honour.' The very day the Congress met, General Stoletoff left Tashkend on a mission to the Amir. The Amir declined to receive the mission, but was met by the intimation that it must proceed, and that he would be held responsible for its safety and honourable reception. Lord Lytton at once wrote to the Secretary of State a despatch on the situation, and the home Government agreed to his insisting on the Amir's immediate reception of a British mission. There is no hint of pressure being put on Russia by the home Government; the whole question was treated as one of local politics. On hearing of our intention, General Stoletoff departed from Kabul, after urging the Amir to decline to receive our envoy.

It is unnecessary to enter into the full details which led to the subsequent rupture with Afghanistan. The Amir was sick of us and afraid of the Russians; some of his Ministers gave him good advice, and insisted on the British mission being received; but he made delays and would not answer the Viceroy's letters, although constantly carrying on business with the portion of the Russian mission which had remained in Kabul. His heir-apparent then died, and he was plunged into wild grief which made him more than usually difficult to deal with.

Eventually he made up his mind; and on the day before our envoy was to start, Cavagnari, who had ridden up to Ali Musjid, was informed by the Afghan officer there in command that he would not be allowed to pass. This was the last straw, and Lord Lytton prepared for war, determined 'to secure, with the least possible cost and inconvenience to ourselves, one or other of the two following results: (1) the unconditional submission of the Amir; or (2) his deposition and the disintegration of his kingdom.' His aim was to give India 'a magnificent frontier line—perhaps the finest in the world'; our ultimate boundary was to be the Hindu-Kush from Kashmir to Herat.

Late in 1878 our troops crossed the frontier at three points. The Amir's regular troops were speedily routed, and his power collapsed. He fled to Mazar-i-sharif, calling vainly on the Russians for their promised aid, and died, owing rather to our blunders than his own, a broken and miserable man. His son Yakub Khan emerged from prison and succeeded to the throne; and after some months of vacillation and negotiation, the new Amir came into our camp at Gandamak in May 1879 and signed a treaty. By this he agreed to receive a permanent mission at Kabul, and left in our hands Kuram, Sibi, and Pishin, with the management of the Khyber and Michni passes. The outlook seemed most promising, and both Lord Lytton and the Government at home took a rosy view of the situation. Cavagnari, who had negotiated the treaty, was naturally selected as our envoy at Kabul, and it was rightly decided that he should be sent there with but a small escort, trusting to the safe-conduct and guarantee of the Amir, by whose special request our envoy was to reside at the capital. It would have been well had the words of Dost Mahomed to Lumsden under similar circumstances been remembered:—*

'Jan Larrens' (he said) 'wants you to go to Kabul, and impressed on me the necessity of your doing so' but I pointed out to him the impossibility of it, for you see, Lumsden Sahib, that although I might delight to have you there, yet I have under surveillance in Kabul all the bad characters in the country with their followers; and you know how . . . and others would rejoice to bring me to trouble by getting someone to put a bullet into you or any of the Sahibs. There is no reason why you should not be with me in Kabul, or in any other place in Afghanistan, except my want of power to protect you there; and it must not be.'

If the great Amir in the plenitude of his power spoke thus, what likelihood was there that a feeble prince like Yakub Khan,

* 'Lumsden,' p. 138

not yet fixed in his saddle, could or would protect his guest? But the fates had blinded our rulers, and our envoy went to his doom. In July 1879 Cavagnari entered Kabul, royally received by the Amir. It was soon evident that the Amir's authority was 'most weak throughout the whole of Afghanistan,' and Cavagnari's reports were full of unconscious warnings, to the ominous nature of which he was himself apparently blind. Lord Lytton, however, began to perceive that everything was not right, and wrote on the 31st August to the Secretary of State: 'I think we must be on the look out for rocks ahead.' Three days later his gallant friend and envoy fell, with all his mission, massacred at Kabul by a couple of the Amir's Herati regiments. It was a miserable ending, which Lord Lawrence had prophesied, but which he was spared seeing, and which we had deliberately brought on ourselves.

The whole carefully reared edifice fell with a crash, and Lord Lytton found himself face to face with a war with Afghanistan, a far more serious thing than a war with an Amir. Our armies reoccupied Kandahar and Kabul; and Yakub was deposed and deported to India. Our policy was now to consist of the permanent severance of Western from North-Western Afghanistan, the recognition of any ruler whom the Afghans would receive, and the withdrawal of our troops from North-Western Afghanistan. In pursuance of this we set up a ruler of the Western provinces in Kandahar, whose power naturally went to pieces when Ayub Khan advanced from Herat and defeated our troops at Maiwand; and we welcomed Abdurrahman Khan, who had for twelve years been a pensioner of the Russians, when he appeared on the scene to claim the throne of Kabul. At the most critical moment of our negotiations with him Lord Beaconsfield's Government went out; Mr. Gladstone came into power; and Lord Lytton placed his resignation in the hands of the new Government, whose members had bitterly attacked him and his policy. The end was not far off. The new Amir was recognised; Kandahar was given back to him in spite of Lord Lytton's protests in the House of Lords; we retained Sibi, Pishin, the Kuram, and the administration of the Khyber, and again adopted the policy of assisting in building up a powerful Afghan kingdom.

This policy has now been followed uninterruptedly for twenty years, with fair success. The Amir has had his difficulties; insurrections have broken out in Afghanistan; serious troubles have arisen between us on frontier questions, so serious as to bring us more than once to the brink of war; but the difficulties have been surmounted. The Amir consented to the

delimitation of his frontier by us with Russia; he came to India and met Lord Dufferin; and in 1893 he received a mission under Sir Mortimer Durand at Kabul, which defined our respective frontiers and the position of the border tribes. He receives a large subsidy from us and has been enabled by our help to turn Afghanistan into an arsenal; he is now the most powerful ruler Afghanistan has ever seen; and his country is armed to the teeth. He is a typical Afghan, and quite capable of making his own terms with Russia, if such a course promised certain advantages; but at present his one idea is probably to ensure the independence of his country, and the succession of his son to a united Afghanistan. What will happen at his death no one can say, but such an event in Afghanistan generally opens a period of anarchy and bloodshed.

It can hardly be questioned that the natural sequel of the second Afghan war was the delimitation policy, which not only led to the fixing of the Russo-Afghan frontier, but also to the agreement with the Amir by which our frontiers from Beluchistan to Chitral were definitely marked out, and to the absorption of much of the previously independent tribal country on our border. The approach of the Russian outposts to the newly consolidated Afghan kingdom necessitated the former; the occupation of Quetta, the Kuram and the Khyber, and our advance towards Chitral, necessitated the latter. From 1880, at the close of the Afghan war, to 1890, there was a period of comparative quiet; from 1890 to 1897 a period of disturbance. During the former period Sir Robert Sandeman accomplished his great work, the pacification of Beluchistan, and brought Pishin and the Zhob valley under our sway practically without firing a shot.* His success was astonishing, for he dealt not only with Beluchi tribes, where the tribal authority is easily recognised and usually centred in one man, but with Pathans. Now the theory generally accepted is that you cannot deal with Pathans on such lines owing to the very republican form of their tribal existence. We think the most important lesson of Sandeman's life is that this theory is unsound; for, as Sandeman always declared, in every Pathan tribe, however democratic, there exist headmen of more or less influence, and a system of tribal authority which, if effectually supported, can compel obedience. Knowing this, Sandeman ruled his country by a system of tribal levies, giving the headmen means of entertaining armed servants of their own,

* See the Life of Sir R. Sandeman, by T. H. Thornton, noticed in the Quarterly Review for July 1896.

and proving that when supported by suitable allowances and the prestige of connexion with our power the headmen both can and do exert themselves to keep their clans in order. Sir Robert Sandeman, as his disciple and successor Mr. Barnes points out—

'always declared that he alone was the true descendant of Edwardes, Nicholson, and Major James, . . . under whom he first learnt his work as a frontier officer. His principles were once, he used to say, the principles of the Punjab Government; and the "close border" system is a modern growth, the offspring of the exaggerated notions and the irresolute counsels which must inevitably accompany too much centralisation and the administration of frontier affairs from a distance by men with no practical knowledge of the border.'

He certainly proved the truth of his theory, for he reclaimed from barbarism and brought under settled government a country larger than Switzerland and equally mountainous, stretching six hundred miles in length, from the Gomul Pass to the Arabian Sea. Had he lived and been given a free hand, there is no doubt but that the whole of the frontier tribes from the Khyber to the sea would have by now been amenable to reason.

While Sandeman was quietly consolidating our power in Beluchistan, Warburton, hampered at every turn by the Punjab Government and the local Chancellor of the Exchequer, was bringing the Khyber and the Afridis into something like order. Working on the same lines as Sandeman, he organised the Khyber Rifles from among the Afridis themselves; and the corps did us yeoman service in keeping open the pass, and fought for us gallantly in one of the Indus Valley expeditions. For fifteen years, while the Khyber was in Warburton's hands, there was no trouble; and the road was as safe on the days a caravan passed through it as any road in India. But he was in a subordinate position, and no one in authority listened to his appeals for the appointment of a British officer to help him, and to learn the work and make friends with the Afridis.

One of the most important events during the last ten years has been the mission of Sir Mortimer Durand to Kabul in 1893. What the main object of that mission was we are not in a position to state, but advantage was taken of the opportunity to fix our boundaries with the Amir and to come to an understanding as to our spheres of influence with regard to the border tribes. Some years before, in 1889, the Gilgit Agency had been re-established (the first Agency, established in Lord Lytton's day, having been withdrawn after a brief and stormy existence); Hunza and Nagar had been brought under control

in 1891; and from the Pamirs to the Persian Desert our frontier was coterminous with Afghanistan. It was essential to come to a definite agreement as to our frontier line. The Durand agreement with the Amir has brought difficulties, perhaps, but it must be remembered that it was entered into by both sides to put an end to an intolerable condition of things which had more than once brought us within measurable distance of war with Afghanistan. The re-establishment of the Gilgit Agency and the strengthening of our hold on that frontier we believe to have been absolutely necessary. The Russians had begun intriguing on our side of the passes; in 1888 a Russian officer had visited Hunza; and the Hunza chief informed Colonel Durand in 1889 that he had an agreement with that Power. We could not permit Russia to establish herself south of the Hindu-Kush, within thirty miles of Kashmir territory. But we believe that our interference in Chitral should have been limited to the visits of missions to its chief, and that it was a mistake, as it would be in Afghanistan, to station British officers in the country; a native Agent was all we required.

In 1895 troubles broke out in Chitral, culminating in our Agent being besieged in the fort. A large force was mobilised below Peshawur, and advanced to the relief of the beleaguered garrison, which, after a prolonged siege, rendered memorable by the splendid gallantry of our native troops and of the handful of British officers, was successfully relieved. The consequences of this outbreak were far-reaching. We were constrained to leave troops in Chitral after the siege, to prevent confusion in the country; and, in order to secure the other end of the long line of communication between Chitral and India, which runs through Dir, Bajour and Swat, we held on to the Malakand Pass and to the fort of Chakdara, covering the bridge on the Swat River. The hand of our friend and ally the Amir, who had for years thrown covetous glances on Chitral and Bajour, had been manifest during the troubles in Chitral, and now again was to be shown. The Amirs of Afghanistan pose as the head of the Mohammedans of Afghanistan and the Pathan tribes of the border, and their position forces them to play to the Mohammedan gallery, and occasionally to preach jihads. The present Amir has more than once played the game, like his predecessors. It is a useful card in his hand, and a means of making his power felt by us and accepted among his co-religionists. The Greco-Turkish war and the visit of an emissary from the Sultan gave him an opportunity not to be missed. The Mohammedans were stirred by the success of the Crescent in Europe. The Amir himself was qualifying for

the victorious title of Ghazi by conquering Kafirstan, which country had been recognised by us in 1893 as within his sphere of influence. The mullahs, usually kept within reasonable bounds by the Amir, were unmuzzled, and a great wave of fanaticism swept over the border.

When Warburton left the Khyber in May 1897, the Afridis were perfectly friendly—

‘no single question troubling their minds seriously which was likely to induce them to take up arms against the British Government . . . With the affairs of Swat they had no concern, and I am convinced that the Khyber Rifles would willingly have shared in the Chitral-Swat campaign if they had been allowed to go. The Durand Boundary Line caused them no alarm, and its settlement was looked forward to by our Shinwaris, as they hoped to get back . . . some grazing lands then held by the Amir’s people which they claimed’*.

Four months later the Afridis rose, and moved half-heartedly to attack their brethren of the Khyber Rifles holding our forts in the Khyber. Then, on a ‘day of shame and humiliation,’ the one British officer belonging to the Khyber Rifles, who happened to be in Peshawur at the moment, was forbidden to rejoin his men, who were left to hold their own without their officer, and without a man being moved to their support. After a creditable resistance the forts were carried and burnt, the Afridis were embroiled with us beyond the possibility of forgiveness, and the Tirah campaign was the result. Warburton’s life work was thrown away, and the severest frontier war we have ever had was brought on by the fatuous conduct of those in authority at Peshawur, and also by the adhesion of Warburton’s superiors, during the years in which he ruled the Khyber, to the pernicious ‘close border’ system.

This movement was perhaps to some extent due to the uneasiness of the tribes who had been brought within the red line by the Durand agreement; but, as we have shown above, in the case of the most important tribe, the Afridis, this counted for nothing, and was indeed a welcome relief, as it withdrew them from the chance of Afghan exactions. Still less can it be attributed to the making, or rather the improvement, of the Chitral road, which is one of the oldest caravan-routes in Asia, leading from Badakshan to North Punjab. We are inclined to believe that the movement was mainly fanatical; it certainly was so amongst the Afridis and Swatis. The fighting which ensued was desperate, but the results on the whole were satisfactory. Tirah, the inviolate home of the Afridis, the

* Warburton, 1, 284.

whole of Swat, Buner, that hotbed of fanaticism, and the country of the Mohmunds, were one after the other occupied by our troops; and our terms were fully complied with. Then our forces were withdrawn, and the tribesmen, satisfied that we did not contemplate the annexation of their country, settled down. So far as the Afridis are concerned, the storm cleared the air satisfactorily; the Khyber Rifles have been reorganised with a due complement of British officers; and the Khyber Pass is again in their charge and open to traffic. A certain redistribution of frontier garrisons has been made, but no tribal territory annexed. In Chitral alone have we left troops, but we believe they should be withdrawn as soon as possible. The force is isolated, and unless the country in rear of it—Dir, Bajour and Swat—is completely in our hands and friendly—which no one can pretend it now is—that force would be of little use to stay a Russian advance from Afghan Turkestan by the Dorah, or by the Amir's new roads through Kafiristan. Under present conditions the force is in the air, and the sooner it can be withdrawn to India the better.

The historical summary we have given shows that our frontier policy as a whole has mainly been influenced by the Russian advance in Central Asia. Let us now consider what this advance—looked at purely from the point of view of our interests—portends. Thirty years ago Russia was not across the Caspian; her outposts were a thousand miles from ours. Now, from Hunza to Herat, her outposts are either practically in touch with ours, or march with Afghanistan, a State under our so-called protection. That this advance of Russia has had, and must always have, a most serious effect on our Indian frontier policy is evident; but we believe that its importance has been improperly understood and unduly advertised in our books and journals. We have suffered in the past from not looking this factor fairly in the face, and we have created our own difficulties by alternate periods of blind confidence and of almost hysterical anxiety, which have unsettled the minds of our own people in India, and prevented our securing the goodwill of the rulers of Afghanistan. The true aim of the Russian statesmen is probably, as stated by Colonel Durand, to utilise her advance in Central Asia so as to be in a position, by pushing forward her troops within striking distance of Afghanistan and India, to paralyse us when she is about to make any great move elsewhere. Such a position would be of immense value to Russia in view of a further advance in the direction of Peking, Teheran, or Constantinople.

The question is, what should be our policy in view of the

ever-flowing tide of Russian advance? The answer is, neither the Gladstonian policy of 'masterly inactivity,' nor a policy of adventure, involving Afghan wars and unnecessary acquisitions of territory. Rather the policy sketched by Lord Lawrence, involving a frank exchange of views with Russia, and, if possible, a treaty recognising the limits of our respective spheres of influence; the continuation of our old plan of strengthening the existing ruler of Afghanistan, in order to prevent the danger of anarchy on his borders which might invite Russian interference; and the intimation to Russia that unprovoked aggression on or interference in Afghanistan would be followed by war with us all over the world. With any dynastic treaty with Afghanistan we should have nothing to do, for there can be no certainty about succession in a Mohammedan State.

The difficulty in any such general policy is that we become, to a certain extent, responsible to Russia for the behaviour of the ruler of Afghanistan, whom we can advise but cannot control; and that a Russian Governor-General of Trans-Caspia, acting, as has often been the case, in despite of the pacific orders of the Czar, might force the hand of the Amir and bring on war. But the Amir, on the one hand, would know that we should not back him if he by his own folly brought on trouble with Russia, while the Russians would also have had warning that we should declare war if Afghan territory were violated without due cause. This would prevent a policy of provocation on the part of Russia, unless she really wished to bring on war with us.

It must be frankly admitted that our proposals do not meet two difficulties which at once suggest themselves: firstly, the possibility of confusion in Afghanistan, owing to bad government or to the death of an Amir followed by a disputed succession, resulting in depredations by Afghan bands on Russian territory, which would be met by reprisals, possibly by a Russian conquest of the Afghan provinces beyond the Hindu-Kush; and, secondly, the possibility of an Amir deliberately abandoning his relations with us and throwing in his lot with Russia. In the first case the Russians would probably take possession of Herat, which has been considered the key of India, principally because we have chosen to call it so; practically we believe it is nothing of the sort. The key of India is in London. What should we do in reply to the seizure of Herat? The general idea is that we should at once occupy Kandahar. This we think would be a mistake, unless the Amir invited us to make the move, for it would look as if

we had agreed with Russia to enter into a partition of Afghanistan; and the result would be to make the Afghan ruler and people bitterly hostile to us. If we abstained from annexing Afghan territory, the chances are that the ruler who emerged after the period of confusion would be well-disposed towards us, and that our influence in Afghanistan would be more secure than before.

The second supposition, that of an Amir thoroughly committed to Russia, would involve, firstly, trouble fomented amongst the frontier tribes; secondly, in case of a Russian attack on India, the whole strength of Afghanistan and the border joining the invading army. Trouble with the frontier tribes we are accustomed to, and shall always have till the day when they come completely under our sway. It is an annoyance, no source of real danger. Besides, it is a game that two can play at, and we might make things very unpleasant for the Amir if we chose to use our opportunities of retaliation. An invasion of India, by a considerable Russian army, is, we are inclined to think, an improbable contingency; but, supposing she were to embark on it, it is likely that every Afghan, from the ruler on the throne to the slave in the hut, would readily join our adversaries. Lord Lawrence, at all events, believed this would be the case, and he counselled concentration and meeting the attack on our borders. An equally high authority, Lord Roberts, we have always understood, thought that we must meet the Russians somewhere beyond Kandahar, and stake the existence of our Indian Empire on the fate of a great battle on the He mund. It is for our statesmen and their military advisers to decide between these opposing views. For the contingency in question we must always be prepared, whatever our previous relations with an Amir may have been.

The conditions of Lord Lawrence's day no longer exist; the occupation of Quetta gives us an entrenched camp on the flank of any Russian advance from Herat to Kabul, which would force the invaders to give us battle on the Khojak range, or to have their lines of communication cut; while the occupation of Peshawur and of the Khyber, Kuram, and Gomul passes gives us the command of the roads leading to India from Kabul, and has forced on us the necessity of defending the passes on what will be in the future, as it has been in the past, the line of advance if the invasion of India is to be serious. Where we should prepare our main positions we will not venture to assert; so much depends on circumstances. If the Afghans rose to resist the Russian invasion, or showed unmistakable signs of being ready to do so, we might advance to Kabul; but if any doubt

existed on this point we believe that, with the passes strongly fortified, heavily armed, and efficiently garrisoned, our best plan would be to mass our main army on the open ground on our side of the passes, ready to fall on the heads of attacking columns. But to ensure this, our lateral communications require perfecting. We want bridge-heads on the Indus, not only at Attock, but at Kushalgarh and various other points down to Dera Ghazi; a line of rail through the Khat Pass, joining our Khyber and Kuram lines; and light railways to the points of possible concentration.

We do not believe in the policy of staking our hold on India on the issue of one or two great battles on the Helmund. It is admitted by the advocates of this course that disaster there would shake our rule in India to its foundations; why, then, run the risk? It has been held that to fight further back would have a disastrous effect in India on the people and on the native chiefs. We doubt this. There is no 'people of India': there is a huge inert mass, accustomed to be ruled, to the larger proportion of whom war does not come home at all; and the mass will remain quiet so long as we do not show alarm and have plenty of British troops in the country. As for the chiefs of India, the great majority of whom, and the most important, are Hindu, we believe that they are loyal to the Empire. They have shown this in no small degree in our present difficulties; we can surely trust them to aid us with equal and greater enthusiasm to repel an invasion, which would be, according to supposition, backed by their hereditary enemies the Mohammedans. They know that they are safe and free under us: why should they wish to throw themselves into the arms of an unknown conqueror, unless we show that we are afraid? We admit that if our armies were driven in rout over the Indus, and our troops were called on to hold those fortifications which Lord Roberts erected at Rawal Pindi—to the amazement of our best Indian friends and of our late enemy Yakub Khan, who, when asked what he thought of them, replied, 'I always knew you did not mean to fight beyond your own frontier'—we admit that then our power in India would be shaken, that many of the native chiefs would side with the stronger Power, and that the people would fail us; but we believe that no force which could be collected for the invasion of India could accomplish such a task. We have learnt something lately of the possibilities open to the defence in a hilly country.

The conditions in Afghanistan and India are at this moment curiously like those which Lord Lytton had to face, but the outlook is more serious. Again we have an Amir bigoted, ignorant,

conceited, and rightly jealous of his independence, threatened by Russian intrigue and force, the latter now hanging in a storm-cloud at his gates. We are responsible in him to the Russians for a ruler we cannot control, whom we have enormously strengthened by lavish gifts of money and arms. It is for us not to repeat Lord Lytton's mistakes. These, to our mind, may be summed up as follows. Lord Lytton did not frankly recognise that, the Amir being alienated, the one essential thing was not to frighten him, but to lure him away from Russia by offering him as much or more than Russia could give. The offer made was hampered by conditions which no self-respecting Amir, knowing that his alliance was of the utmost importance to us, and believing that we were bound in our own interests to defend him, would accept. By insisting on posting a British envoy at Herat, Lord Lytton threw the Amir into the arms of Russia. Even had the Amir agreed, his consent would have been useless unless freely given. Our envoy would have been practically a prisoner, as was Lumsden in 1857, unable to obtain information except at the Amir's pleasure; and he would not for a moment have prevented Russian communications with the Amir. Lord Lytton first tried to capole the Amir and then to frighten him; and he strove to convince him that we were more important to him than he to us, which, considering the overtures the Amir was receiving from both sides, he was not likely to believe. The incident was treated throughout in a curiously local spirit, considering Lord Lytton's diplomatic training. The question was an Imperial one, to be decided between our Government and that of Russia, rather than between India and Afghanistan. It is so at the present day; and an attack on Afghanistan must be met not only there, but in China and elsewhere.

Our position in India now is in a sense stronger than it was twenty years ago, but that of Russia is much more threatening. Her railways enable her now to mass tens of thousands of men at Kusbk within striking distance of Herat. We were warned in time, and have had twenty years to put our house in order. In a great measure we have failed to take advantage of the time given us. We have, it is true, in Quetta and Pishin—or ought to have—a position of great strength, against which invading armies should beat themselves to pieces. We have command of the main passes, and our communications are better, though by no means perfect. But our force is dangerously small; and in India, as elsewhere, we have played a gambler's game of bluff. At the present moment we are eight thousand British troops short in India; and no steps have been

taken to replace those withdrawn to South Africa. In case of a war with Russia in Afghanistan we should want an addition of fifty thousand British troops to the army in India; but no preparations have been made to supply them. A portion of our Indian army is of splendid material, and can be thoroughly trusted; but that portion is overworked, and signs of exhaustion showed themselves in it after the late frontier risings. It could not stand the strain of a prolonged campaign. As a whole the native Indian army is not in a satisfactory condition. The Madras army is useless—it would not even face the Barmese; the Bombay army is, in the opinion of many competent judges, not much better; fully one half of the Bengal army is of doubtful value. None of these troops could with safety be placed in line of battle. We rely on the Punjab army, and there is not enough of that. Fighting races exist by the hundred thousand in Northern India, from which we could fill our regiments; but this would involve the abolition of the water-tight compartment system of the Madras, Bombay, and Bengal armies, adopted after the Mutiny. That this abolition must come we believe; otherwise with the strain of actual war our army will go to pieces. An aggressive war in Afghanistan is out of the question; we cannot in safety advance beyond the Khojak range or the Kuram Khyber hills; but a defensive war would be all in our favour. Even if the Russians were welcomed into Afghanistan, a few months would sicken the people of their presence; the country would rise against the Infidel; and if we were victorious, the Russians would have to retreat behind their present frontier, pursued by our troops and the Afghans throughout the length of Afghanistan, with losses which would for ever put aside any fear of the invasion of India. If we failed to defeat Russia all along the line, and if she established herself firmly at Kabul, then the English people would have to face the problem and to be prepared to keep two hundred and fifty thousand British troops in India.

To meet the contingency of a determined Russian advance on India we must entirely re-organise the native army, and reduce the useless southern troops, thus obtaining money for the up-keep of better troops. We must improve the frontier communications, fortify the passes, and largely increase and modernise our artillery. The number of British officers with native regiments should be doubled—there are now nominally eight; practically regiments often go into action with four or five, enough to last, with luck, through one battle—and we must organise large bodies of mounted infantry. Finally, we must be prepared, the moment danger threatens, to

throw a mass of Imperial troops—they need not be regulars—into India. Thirty or forty thousand men landed partly in Bombay, partly in Calcutta, would keep the country steady; and if the country is reassured, we have nothing to fear. This means money, and plenty of it, and India cannot find it all; but the existence of the Empire is at stake, and England must be prepared to help.

As for Afghanistan, we would adhere to the old policy: keep on good terms, if possible, with the existing ruler; strengthen him if necessary, but never trust him too much; and on no account, unless at the Amir's invitation, contemplate placing British officers in the country. It is an unsatisfactory plan at best; but any dealings with a savage Mohammedan State, short of complete subjugation, must always be so, owing to the genius of the religion and its influence on the character of the people. Our policy towards the border tribes not directly under our rule should be, we believe, unaggressive, but firm. Its direction should be in the hands of one officer, working directly under the Government of India, as proposed by Lord Lytton. Where roads have to be kept open, as in the case of the Khyber, or the road by Swat and Dir to Chitral, this should be done by the use of local levies. No annexation should be attempted, and no native middlemen relied on: selected British officers with a love for frontier life should alone be employed to deal with the tribes. If the British Empire is to remain in existence and to keep India, the tribesmen are bound, in the end, to come under our rule.

In short we believe that the lesson to be learnt from the history of our Indian frontier policy during the past thirty years is to keep our powder dry, to strain every nerve to perfect our defences on the border of the Indian Empire, to extend quietly and gradually our influence over the tribes on our frontier, and not to be drawn into a policy of adventure in Afghanistan. The fate of the Empire is in the lap of the gods; there may be dark times before us; but we cannot believe that if we are true to ourselves there is any reason to fear disaster. But there must be none of that deplorable lack of common-sense preparation on the part of our statesmen, none of that dilettante treatment of vital questions, of which they have so recently been guilty. From a defeat at Magersfontein or Colenso the nation can recover, but a crash at Quetta or at the mouth of the Khyber might bring down the Empire in India.

ART. XI. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1. *The Life of Wellington: the Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. Two vols. Third edition. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 1900.
2. *Waterloo.* Par Henry Houssaye. Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1899.
3. *Vie Militaire du Général Foy.* Par Maurice Girod de L'Ain. Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., 1900.
4. *A Boy in the Peninsular War: the Services, Adventures, and Experiences of Robert Blakeney.* Edited by Julian Sturgis. London: John Murray, 1899.
5. *La Campagne dans les Pyrénées, 1813-1814.* Par Le Commandant Clerc. Paris: L. Baudoïn, 1896.

IT is now many years since an English author attempted to write the Life of the Duke of Wellington, although an enormous mass of new evidence has been produced since Glegg and Brialmont and their contemporaries essayed the task. In addition to material that has hitherto been purposely held back, much more that seems to have been merely overlooked has now come to light. Almost every year some new diary of a Peninsular officer is exhumed from a long-unopened desk. Few of these are so lively as that of Robert Blakeney, which appeared last year. The cheerful and reckless young Irishman's account of what befel him at Corunna, Barrosa, and the Nive, is quite as interesting as anything in the narratives of his countrymen Grattan, Bell, and LeStrange, which we have long known. It contains, moreover, several new points of considerable military importance.

The time is therefore ripe for the appearance of a new biography of the Duke. Sir Herbert Maxwell has undertaken the task, and has produced a solid work, which will in many ways supersede all that has gone before. A great part of its value comes from the fact that the cabinets of Apsley House were opened to the author, so that he has been able to illustrate the Duke's private life and personal views with greater freedom and certainty than any of his predecessors. We rise from reading his book with a clearer view of Wellington as a man than we ever had before. On Wellington as strategist or politician we do not think that much new light is thrown; and, to our notion, Sir Herbert is prone to be unduly severe in his judgment on the Duke's military operations. He has evidently been impressed with French criticism, which (as we hope to show) is not much fairer now than it was eighty years ago, in

the days when every retired colonel across the Channel was ready to demonstrate that Toulouse was an English defeat, and Talavera a drawn battle.

Lord Roberts, in his '*Rise of Wellington*,' published five years ago, expressed an opinion which seemed strange to many of his readers and critics. It was to the effect that the more we study the Duke's life in detail, the more we respect him as a general, and the less we like him as a man. This is precisely the impression that is left upon us by a careful perusal of Sir Herbert Maxwell's volumes. Fifty years ago it seemed almost treasonable to breathe a word against Wellington's personal character—so great was the debt we owed him for Salamanca and Waterloo. His strange political inconsistencies were condoned; his angularity and formalism were regarded with respect and even admiration; his lack of natural affection and his utter inability to understand the sentimental side of life were even praised as signs of Spartan virtue. Certain episodes which did not fit in too happily with the 'Spartan hero' theory were deliberately ignored. The Duke carried into political life a habit of arbitrary authority which had grown upon him from long years of command in the field; it was most galling to the Ministers who had to serve with him and the party which looked up to him as their leader. Nevertheless they obeyed. 'He'll say' wrote Lord Clarendon in 1829, when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was impending—"My Lords! Attention! Right about face! Quick march!" and the thing will be done.' Nothing can illustrate the Duke's unsuitness for political life better than his ridiculous duel with Lord Winchelsea. Finding his motives for a change of policy questioned by a discontented partisan, Wellington must needs challenge his critic to a personal encounter in Battersea Fields. The idea of a Prime Minister who keeps recalcitrant supporters of his Ministry in order by means of the pistol is nothing short of grotesque. Yet the meeting actually took place, and even after shots had been exchanged the Duke was inexorable, till he had been propitiated by a written apology.

The popular conception of Wellington has been largely built up on laudatory sketches and essays written by those who knew him in his old age alone. He lives in our memories as a kind of Nestor, replete with useful and interesting information—as Lord Stanhope drew him in his '*Conversations*,' or Sir William Fraser in his '*Words on Wellington*.' Sir Herbert Maxwell's book leaves a very different impression. There were a few intimates to whom the Duke was readily accessible, and to whom he often spoke freely of the past; but on the whole he

was a friendless man. For none of the old Peninsular officers who had served him so faithfully does he seem to have shown any special regard. Lord Hill, Sir George Murray, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, his most trusted subordinates, are said never to have been among his guests at Strathfieldsaye. For his political allies he had even less kindly feelings; his quarrels with Canning and his long estrangement from Peel were both due to his own touchiness and impatience of opposition. He never could comprehend the simplest principles of Cabinet government; the hopelessness of attempting to argue with him is clearly shown in one of his private letters, quoted by Sir Herbert Maxwell (ii, 194), where he is describing a meeting of his Ministerial colleagues:—

‘One man wants one thing and one another: they agree to what I say in the morning, and then in the evening up they start with some crotchet which deranges the whole plan. I have not been used to that in all the early part of my life. I have been accustomed to carry on things in quite a different manner. I assembled my officers, and laid down my plan, and it was carried into effect without any more words.’

The Duke was always prone to regard any criticisms of his views as insubordination, and too ready to impute discreditable motives to those who were guilty of them. It was almost impossible to serve under him without incurring his displeasure. We need not wonder if we find that, though he had many allies, he had no friends among the Tory Ministers of his day.

Wellington's home life leaves an even less happy impression upon us. He had made an unwise marriage with a pretty, flighty, brainless wife, who, though affectionate enough, was utterly unable to understand him or to help him.

‘They formed a couple wholly unsuited to each other, and it avails not to scrutinise or criticise their relations more closely. It would be idle to pretend that the parting brought deep grief to the Duke; it is not so referred to in any of his correspondence; indeed, there never was a wife, in her death, as in her life, of whom her husband made such rare mention in his letters. To Lady Salisbury, indeed, who . . . was at this time . . . his most intimate correspondent and confidante, the Duke did impart a very frank explanation of his infelicitous experience of married life: of the Duchess's extravagance; of her insincerity towards himself about the amount of her debts; of her flightiness and injudicious treatment of her sons; these observations are preserved in Lady Salisbury's journal’ (ii, 260.)

Nor was Wellington consoled for his matrimonial infelicity by the sympathy and companionship of his sons. He never

knew them as children; while they were growing up he was constantly absent in the Peninsula and in France. But when he finally returned home in 1818 they were but growing lads, and it was not too late to win their hearts and guide their careers. Most fathers would at least have made the effort. But there is no sign that Wellington devoted any special attention to his sons; he appears to have left them to their mother and their own inclinations.

'If between the Duke and his sons, Lord Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley, relations could never be described as other than friendly, neither can they be considered as intimate or confidential. The barrier of age, which no conscious diligence avails to surmount, was heightened and hardened between the father and his sons by the contrast of an arduous, indefatigable activity on the one part, with the easy-going indolence of well-born, well-endowed young men on the other. In truth they had not much in common.' (ii, 378.)

If there was any member of his family with whom Wellington might have been expected to dwell on terms of constant and cordial affection, it was certainly his brother Richard, the great Governor-General of India, who had first made the name of Wellesley known to the world. The whole of the Duke's career had been founded on the patronage which his elder brother had been able to extend to him in India. But for him the position of Resident of Mysore would never have been given to so young an officer, nor would Assaye and Argaum have been fought. Wellesley's support had been equally valuable to his brother during the critical years of the Peninsular War: it was his presence in the Cabinet which had prevented the feeble Ministry from starving the army in Spain, or perhaps withdrawing it altogether from that country. It is lamentable therefore to find that in late middle age Wellington quarrelled so bitterly with his brother that he would not meet him for a long term of years. It was not till 1839 that they were reconciled: they then had an interview at Wellesley's house at Fulham, 'cordial, but with no explanations,' as the Duke's confidante, Lady Salisbury, writes in her journal.

When such was Wellington's temper, it is not to be marvelled at that an acute observer remarked that 'Apsley House was never a home.' There should be much pathos in the picture of the great man sitting lonely in the bleak and comfortless surroundings that he chose, while friendship and family affection passed him by; but the sadness of the situation is discounted by the fact that Wellington sought his consolations elsewhere. He was a man of the eighteenth century in many aspects of his character: 'his relations with women,' writes Sir Herbert

Maxwell, 'have been the subject of endless gossip. It must be admitted that they were numerous, and, with two or three notable exceptions, not of a kind on which it profits to dwell.' We do not think that the biographer makes the case for his hero any the better by the extenuating clause which he adds:—

'Unlike many men who have played great parts in the world's history, Wellington never submitted his will to a woman's, although very susceptible of the influence of beauty and wit, he treated women either as agreeable companions or as playthings. He never allowed them to control his actions, nor, with two exceptions, did he feel acute sorrow when death or other circumstances put an end to the intimacy.' (ii, 375.)

The picture which we have had to draw of Wellington is not an amiable one; but there is yet one trait to add which is perhaps the most distressing of all—the ingratitude which he showed to the soldiers and officers who had made him what he was. There are words of his on record concerning his men which can never be pardoned, and words too not spoken in the heat of action but in the leisure of his later years. Take for example a passage from Lord Stanhope's '*Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*,' where he is speaking of the rank and file: 'They are the scum of the earth; English soldiers are fellows who have all enlisted for drink. That is the plain fact—they have all enlisted for drink.' Again, speaking of non-commissioned officers, he observed: 'Nothing would be so valuable as the English soldiers of that rank if you could get them sober, which is impossible.' His views of discipline were worthy of the worst drill-sergeant of Frederic William of Prussia. 'I have no idea of any great effect being produced,' he once said before a Royal Commission, 'by anything but the fear of immediate corporal punishment.' Flogging was the one recipe for all difficulties, and he declared that it was absolutely impossible to manage the army without it. For any idea of appealing to the better side of his men's natures, or moving them by sentiment, he had the greatest contempt. When her present Majesty came to the throne in 1837 she showed, with the tact that has always marked her, a strong desire to win the hearts of her soldiers by showing her personal interest in them. She expressed a wish to hold a royal review in the July after her accession, and announced her intention to appear on horseback at it. Wellington intimated his disapproval:—

'It is a childish fancy, because she has read of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort: but *then* there was threat of foreign invasion, which

was an occasion calling for display. . . . As to the soldiers, I know them. they won't care about it one sixpence.'

It is curious to note how much truer was the instinct of the young Queen than that of the dry and formal veteran.

The most distressing feature in Wellington's condemnation of the morals of his soldiery is that he was sinning against the light: officers of less note but greater heart were appealing to the self-respect, patriotism, and good feeling of their men with the best results, at the very moment when the Duke was denouncing them as soulless clods and irreclaimable drunkards. It was not by the lash that regiments like Colborne's famous 52nd foot or the other corps of the Light Division were kept together. The reminiscences of the Napiers, and of many other regimental officers of the better class, are full of anecdotes illustrating the virtues of the rank and file. There are some dozens of diaries and autobiographies of sergeants and privates who served under the Duke, which prove clearly enough that there were plenty of well-conditioned, intelligent, sober, and religious men in the armies that fought at Salamanca and Waterloo. We need only give as examples the memoirs of Surtees, Morris, Costello, and Donaldson. If there were also thousands of drunkards and thoughtless brutes in the ranks, the blame for their misdoings must fall mainly on the system under which they were trained. The ruthless mediæval cruelty of the code of punishments alone would account for half the ruffianism of Wellington's army.

It was not only on the rank and file that the Duke's indiscriminate censures used to fall. He was quite as reckless in denouncing his officers *en masse*. There were careless colonels and stupid subalterns enough under him, but what could be more absurd than a sweeping statement such as 'When I have given an order to an officer in the Line, it is, I venture to say, a hundred to one against its being done at all'? One of Wellington's general orders, issued in the autumn of 1813, was never forgotten by those at whom it was launched. It came at the end of the long and trying retreat from Burgos to the line of the Tormes which ended the Salamanca campaign. The weather had been abominable, the men were shoeless, ragged, and half-starved, the enemy had been pressing hard on the rear; under the stress of these ills discipline had broken down in some corps; there had been straggling, marauding, even desertion. But, instead of applying blame where blame was due, and commending the regiments which had preserved their order, the Duke rated his officers indiscriminately in the most exaggerated terms.

'The discipline of every army after a long and active campaign becomes in some degree relaxed: . . . but I am concerned to have to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect in the late campaign to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disasters, it has suffered no privations which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could not have prevented . . . nor has it suffered any hardship excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemency of the weather at the moment when it was most severe. I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the habitual inattention of the officers of regiments to their duty as prescribed by the regulations of the service and by the orders of the army.'

There were many corps which had kept well together, refrained from insubordination, and preserved their *moral* unbroken. It was a most bitter blow to the officers of these battalions to find themselves censured along with the rest. William Napier, writing long years after, could not contain his indignation; and the books of Kincaid, Moyle Sherer, Grattan, and others contain similar complaints. The Duke was indeed a thankless master to serve. He was almost as pitiless as Frederic the Great in resenting a mistake: the case of Norman Ramsay may serve as an example. Ramsay was undoubtedly the most brilliant artillery officer in the Peninsular army; the famous charge of his guns through a regiment of French cavalry at Fuentes de Onoro is one of the best-known episodes of the whole war. But at Vittoria he made an error in comprehending his chief's orders, and moved forward from a village where the Duke had intended to keep him stationed. He was placed under arrest for three weeks, cut out of his mention in despatches, and deprived of the brevet-majority which had been promised him. His career was broken, and two years later he died, still only a captain, at Waterloo. Another instance of hard usage is the Duke's condemnation of Major Baring for the loss of La Haye Sainte on the famous 18th of June, 1815. In a despatch written two months after the battle, Wellington states that La Haye Sainte was taken at two o'clock, through the negligence of the officer who commanded the post! Yet, if anything is certain, it is that Baring held out till six o'clock, that his nine companies four times repulsed two whole French divisions from the farm, and that when he was driven out the sole cause was that his ammunition was exhausted, and that no more could be sent him because the enemy had completely encompassed the post, and cut its communications with the main body of the British army.

That Wellington possessed the unbounded confidence of his troops was shown upon a hundred fields. 'The sight of his long nose among us on a battle morning,' wrote one of his veterans, 'was worth ten thousand men, any day of the week.' But if he had their confidence, he never won their affection: he was obeyed with alacrity, but not with enthusiasm. It was not personal attachment to him which nerved his soldiers to make their best effort: he was feared, obeyed, and followed, but never loved.

The remembrance of the countless panegyrics upon Wellington which have been written during the last half century has perhaps induced us to work out the case against him at greater length than is necessary. It is only fair that his undoubted merits should also be set forth. Putting aside his military ability, which can hardly be overrated, there was much to admire in him. England has never had a more faithful servant; he was essentially what he once called himself, using a familiar Indian phrase, 'a man of his salt.' Duty was everything to him. Though intensely ambitious, he never allowed ambition to draw him aside from the most tedious and thankless daily tasks. When once convinced that his loyalty to his sovereign or his country required him to undertake a piece of work, he carried it through with unswerving industry and perseverance. This is especially noticeable in his political career. The very acts which brought him the most virulent abuse from his enemies, and the bitterest reproach from his partisans, were testimonies to his self-sacrifice and his indifference alike to popular clamour and to the pressure of friends and allies. In the critical years 1825-1835 he was convinced that England was on the verge of a revolution. He disliked Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and all the other changes that were in the air, and so long as he thought it prudent he opposed them. It was nothing to him if mobs broke his windows and chased him down Holborn with stones and sticks. But when he had convinced himself that the further denial of reforms meant the outbreak of insurrection and the probable ruin of the constitution, he sank his prejudices and gave way. For so doing he was cursed as a traitor and a weakling by his Tory friends. But neither mob violence nor the desertion of his old followers moved him in the least. He had done in each case what he judged to be for the best, and if his duty had been discharged his conscience was clear. Strange as the statement would have seemed alike to the Whig and the Tory of his day, Wellington did more to check civil strife, and to facilitate the passage from the old constitution to the new, than any other

man in the three kingdoms. His commanding position enabled him to force his unwilling party into submission to the popular will. No other leader could have done as much, and for his wise, if reluctant, action England owes him no small debt of gratitude.

It is a relief to turn from the discussion of Wellington the man to that of Wellington the soldier. In that aspect, at least, we may fairly say that the more he is studied in detail the more does he appear to advantage. We have of late come across many books dealing with his campaigns from the French point of view. A renewed interest in the Napoleonic period has been a well-marked feature of French literature during the last ten years: it is easy to see that the military reader across the Channel must find in the records of the wars of the First Empire more exhilarating fields of study than are to be found in the annals of the last thirty years. The spirit of patriotic aspiration is more easily fed from the tale of Austerlitz and Jena than from that of Tonquin and Madagascar, though we must acknowledge that the French authors of to-day do not in the least shut their eyes to their less successful campaigns. We have before us three volumes, all possessing high merits, which are entirely devoted, the first to Waterloo, the two others to the Peninsular War. All of them are valuable to the student of Wellington's career, though two of them are written in a spirit of somewhat captious criticism of his achievements; it seems almost impossible for a French writer to discuss the Duke's career with a perfectly impartial mind. Of one of the three books—M. Houssaye's 'Waterloo'—we note that Sir Herbert Maxwell has made much use, too much, indeed, in some places, for he more than once follows that author into serious errors. The second Clerc's 'Campagne dans les Pyrénées, 1813-14'—seems to be unknown to Sir Herbert: he would have found in it much good material for amplifying the account which he has drawn up, mainly from Napier, of Wellington's operations in the south of France. The third, which bears the somewhat misleading title of the 'Vie Militaire du Général Foy,' has only appeared within the last few weeks. It is practically an edition of Foy's rough journal of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, with a short preliminary sketch of his earlier career.

Oddly enough, it is Foy who, among the three writers, shows the most impartial mind, both concerning Wellington and concerning the whole British army. He was a man of singularly calm and fair judgment, who rose superior to the prejudices which make the Peninsular memoirs of his contem-

poraries Marbot and Thiébault so untrustworthy. He is not one of those who explain all the Duke's successes by his undeserved good fortune, and maintain that he was perpetually being delivered by chance from a well-earned disaster. Nor does he hold the easy theory that the English army was always present in superior numbers, and could not beat its adversaries without them. As testimonials to Wellington and his soldiery, Foy's hasty journal-notes, made in the short intervals between battle and battle, are much more striking than the more studied periods of his unfinished '*History of the Peninsular War.*' What can be more creditable to the writer, as well as to the subject of his praise, than the lines which Foy jotted down in his note-book six days after Salamanca (July 28th, 1812)?—

'Cette bataille est la plus savante, la plus considérable quant au nombre des troupes agissantes, la plus importante quant à ses résultats, que les Anglais aient gagnée dans ces derniers temps. Elle classe Lord Wellington presque à la hauteur du duc de Marlborough. On avait eu l'occasion, jusqu'à présent, de connaître sa prudence, son choix des positions, son art pour en tirer parti. Il s'est montré à Salamanque grand et habile manœuvrier : il a tenu ses dispositions cachées pendant presque tout le jour : il a attendu notre mouvement pour prononcer le sien : il a joué serré : c'est une bataille à la Frédéric.' (p. 178.)

It was in August 1810, before he had learned to know Wellington so completely, that Foy wrote as follows concerning the English army :—

'Les Anglais sont méthodiques dans la guerre : le soldat est calme et brave : les officiers sont excellents : les généraux sont méliocres. Je regarde les armées anglaises d'aujourd'hui comme supérieures aux nôtres à égalité de nombre et sur un champ de bataille donné. Cette opinion je me garde bien de l'émettre en public : il faut que le soldat méprise et haïsse son ennemi.' (pp. 98, 99.)

It was natural that Foy should also suppress this opinion in his formal history of the war, when he laid it before the French reading public. But that the notion was always running in his head is sufficiently shown by his diary during the Waterloo campaign. He was never very hopeful. On June 17th he observes that, 'colour it how we may, the fight at Quatre Bras has been a defeat for us.' A most interesting note, jotted down on the very field of Mont St. Jean, during the long morning's waiting that preceded the attack on Hougomont, is to the effect that an English officer had said, the night before, that Blücher was drawing back by way of Wavre, to join the Duke of Wellington and fight a battle to preserve Brussels. The Emperor refused

to pay attention to the report, and merely observed that the English army would have retired as far as Antwerp before the 21st of June. Like all the generals who had fought in Spain, Foy was not reassured by his master's attitude, and believed that, if Wellington retreated, it was because the circumstances of the moment and the general plan of campaign of the Allies demanded it. We have Foy's authority for the fact, sometimes denied by French historians, that Napoleon, when warned, so early as daybreak on the 18th, that the junction of Wellington and Blücher was possible, replied that no such junction could be effected for two days to come, seeing the state in which the Prussians had been left after the battle of Ligny, and remembering that a considerable force had been detached under Grouchy to follow them. In this mistaken view of the probable effects of Ligny lay the secret of the loss of Waterloo.

The works of Major Clerc and M. Henry Houssaye contrast very strongly with Foy's journal, in that they are both written with a strong bias against Wellington. We fear that both authors would be inclined to meet the old general's evidence with a reply somewhat after the manner of Napoleon's brutal taunt to Soult on the morning of Waterloo:—

'Parce que vous avez été battu par Wellington, vous le regardez comme un grand général. Et moi, je vous dis que Wellington est un mauvais général, et que les Anglais sont de mauvaises troupes.'

But in spite of this similarity of view there is the strongest contrast between the character of Clerc's *'Campagne dans les Pyrénées'* and Houssaye's *'Waterloo.'* The one is in essence a series of painstaking but rather confusing topographical sketches; the other is an elaborate literary work of art. The author of the first is an intelligent officer quartered at Bayonne, who has gone over all the battlefields that lie in front of that fortress, as far as the Spanish frontier, with the object of identifying all Soult's lines and Wellington's points of attack. His main interest is purely technical; he wishes to determine how far field-fortification can counterbalance superior numbers. M. Houssaye, on the other hand, is occupied in writing a sort of Napoleonic epic. Those who, a few years ago, read his *'1814,'* will easily guess the main thesis of his *'Waterloo.'* He is celebrating the wonderful deeds of the Emperor as the valiant defender of French soil against the last and most powerful of the Coalitions. With the Napoleon of earlier years, the inventor of the Continental System and the oppressor of Europe, he is not concerned. In their essentiality his two

works are glorifications of his hero's great struggle against desperate odds in the last two of his great campaigns.

The earlier work, '1814,' is so far from being a complete military sketch of the events of that year that its opening incidents are omitted; there is no account of Brienne and La Rothiere: the chronicle starts with Napoleon's successes at Champaubert and Montmirail. So entirely is M. Houssaye occupied with the Emperor that the reader will search in vain for even a mention of the Nive, Orthez, or Toulouse. In 'Waterloo' this concentration of interest on a single figure is not quite so obvious. Nevertheless, the same spirit is working: the main thesis of the book, when we examine it carefully, is that Napoleon's great plan for beating Blücher and Wellington in succession was really practicable, and that it was only foiled by the stupidity of Grouchy and the recklessness of Ney. This is a repetition of the old theories of Gourgaud and Thiers in a new and more persuasive form. But M. Houssaye differs from his predecessors in that he has brought to bear on his subject a far greater array of authorities than they had consulted, many of them authorities which have only become available during the last few years. He has collated with great care a number of English and German documents far exceeding the list of those consulted by his forerunners. Among the sources on our own side he has made especial use of Siborne's 'Waterloo Letters,' an invaluable collection much neglected hitherto by foreign writers on the campaign. Kennedy, Chesney, Ropes, and the other English commentaries are well known to him; he has even looked through (but not, we think, mastered) the great controversy in the 'United Service Journal' for 1845, concerning the relative parts taken by the English brigades in repulsing the final attack of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo.

The strong point of M. Houssaye's work is his painstaking research. The weak point is his frequent inability to weigh conflicting evidence with a just balance: it is human to give the preference to the witnesses whose tale squares with our own preconceived ideas. We must give the greatest praise to him for the diligence with which he has sought out many important facts hidden in unlikely corners. He has, for example, cleared up in a fairly satisfactory way the extraordinary marches and counter-marches of d'Erlon's corps between Ligny and Quatre-Bras, by discovering the exact sequence of Ney's and Napoleon's despatches and the name of the officer who carried each of them. Probably Forbin-Janson's inability to give an intelligent explanation to d'Erlon of the

all-important orders that he bore was the main cause of the aimless wanderings of the 1st Corps on the eventful afternoon of June 16th. On a still more important point of the campaign—the number and character of the despatches interchanged between Napoleon and Grouchy on the 17th and 18th—we think that M. Houssaye has arrived at a conclusion that will be accepted by all subsequent enquirers.

But in his main thesis, the practicability of Napoleon's plan for attacking and beating in succession the armies of Blücher and Wellington, we cannot follow M. Houssaye. His conclusion in favour of the scheme is really a statement that if all the Emperor's plans had been carried out with absolute accuracy and punctuality by his lieutenants, and if, on the other hand, all the mishaps and miscalculations which did actually occur in the English and Prussian armies had taken place also in the hypothetical campaign which he is constructing, Napoleon should have been victorious. But it is obviously impossible to grant that one side only should make mistakes. Neither *Kriegspiel* nor real war is worked out in such a way. Chance is always intervening, and he is the best general who can best improvise remedies for the new situations which chance creates.

In order that Napoleon's plan may be made to appear feasible, Wellington has to be made responsible for the somewhat slow concentration of his forces which unquestionably caused danger to his army during the earlier hours of the battle of Quatre Bras. 'His orders were pitifully bad'; 'he must have been possessed with hallucinations, and paralysed with a vision of Napoleon attacking in person at all points of his line simultaneously.' The Duke's concentration was undoubtedly slower than it should have been; but, when we seek the causes, we find that they were beyond his personal control. The main fault lay with the Prussian General von Zieten, on whose corps the first French attack fell; after dispatching one aide-de-camp in the early morning of the 15th, to say that his outposts had been driven in, he sent Wellington no further information at all for twelve hours. At seven in the evening the Duke was still ignorant of the strength of the French advance, and of the number of the points on which it was directed. He could therefore do no more than order his divisions to mass at their respective *rendezvous*, and to be ready to march at dawn. He himself, as everyone knows, looked in for a few hours at the Duchess of Richmond's celebrated ball. Had Zieten sent a series of messengers to say that French columns were pouring down every road, that his whole front was

attacked, and that he was being everywhere forced back by overwhelming numbers, Wellington would not have been forced to hesitate, twelve hours would have been gained, and on the early morning of the 17th there would have been fifty thousand men massed at Nivelles and Genappe, with a strong advanced guard at Quatre Bras. But M. Houssaye will grant no allowance for the accident of Zieten's neglecting to send information, and makes the Duke bear the whole burden. When similar events happen on the French side, Napoleon is held blameless and his subordinates get all the censure. It would be quite possible, but very useless, to draw up a reconstruction of the campaign of 1815 on lines the exact opposite of M. Houssaye's, proving that if Wellington and Blücher had been properly served and supplied with information, there would have been 120,000 Prussians at Ligny and 80,000 Allied troops at Quatre Bras, so that Napoleon's whole plan must have miscarried on its second day of execution. But all such hypothetical reconstructions are futile.

It is regrettable that Sir Herbert Maxwell has taken M. Houssaye's arguments so much to heart that he has actually spoken of Wellington as being 'surprised' on the 15th and 16th June. This is a very ancient heresy, resting on a misapplication of words. The Duke knew that the French were close to the frontier, he received early tidings of their crossing it, but for want of prompt and accurate information as to their subsequent movements he lost much time in concentrating on the crucial point. To quote his own words to the Duke of Richmond: 'Napoleon has humbugged me—he has gained twenty-four hours' march on me.' But this is a very different thing from being 'surprised'; the use of that word implies that Wellington had not considered a French advance by Charleroi a possible development of the game, nor taken measures to provide against it; and this was far from being the case.

There are a good many points on which a careful reader will detect in M. Houssaye that *sentiment de gloire* which he so much deprecates (p. 393) in English historians. With the 'Waterloo Letters' (p. 355) in his hands, he should not have written that a French officer was 'tué en prenant le drapeau du 32^{me} régiment anglais.' The flag was not captured, though the gallant Frenchman was certainly killed. Similarly, his statement that some of the English squares at Waterloo *must* have been broken into, because flags were captured by Kellermann's Cuirassiers in this part of the field, requires correction. It is true that three colours were lost, but

they were those of two regiments of the German Legion, the 5th and 8th battalions, which the Prince of Orange had idiotically deployed into line and sent down-hill among the French cavalry. No square was broken, though some of them sustained as many as thirteen assaults. The very heavy losses which they suffered were due, not to the Cuirassiers, but to the French artillery, which was brought forward between the cavalry attacks, and fired on the British and Hanoverian masses from a distance of only 200 yards. M. Houssaye never mentions this aspect of the fight; to judge from his account, the squares had to deal with cavalry alone.

No incident in the battle of Waterloo has been more written about than the final advance of the Imperial Guard. M. Houssaye is so convinced that the modest force of veterans which Napoleon employed would have sufficed, if properly managed, to turn the whole tide of battle, that it may perhaps be worth while to follow the author in detail with regard to this last episode of the famous 18th of June. For our own part we are inclined to think that the real crisis of the battle of Waterloo did not occur at the moment of the celebrated advance of the 'Middle Guard,' but a full hour earlier. Before Ney and Friant led to this last desperate attack the five (or six) battalions which were to give the *coup de grace*, another, and a much larger, force of fresh infantry had been launched against the same point of the English line, and had failed disastrously to break through. About 6.15, when the mangled squadrons of Milhaud and Kellermann had just reeled back from their fourth and last general charge, Ney had resolved to throw in all his disposable battalions against the English centre. Many historians have told the story of Donzelot's furious and successful assault on La Haye Sainte; but the equally vigorous attack of Reille's corps to the west of the main road seems to have passed almost unnoticed. Here the whole division of Bachelu and one brigade of Foy, fourteen battalions in all, attacked on the narrow front of 800 yards to the east of Hougomont. Neither in the reminiscences of the English eye-witnesses, nor in the narratives of our military historians, is the importance of the assault of these six or seven thousand fresh troops brought out. Siborne, generally the most careful of writers, barely mentions their movement (ii, 84 and 90); many of the less important authorities omit any notice of it whatever. The men in the fighting-line seem to have felt it as little more than an interlude in the awful cannonade which impressed itself on their minds as the main feature of the later hours of the after-

noon. Out of the smoke which hid the retreating hordes of Cuirassiers and Lancers, who had just deserted the hill-side of Mont St. Jean, there loomed forth for a moment heavy columns of infantry. Hardly realising that this was a new and most dangerous phase of the combat, the much-tried troops along the ridge wheeled from square into line and opened fire upon the new enemy. The three brigades engaged against Foy and Bachelu seem to have been Adam's on the right, Maitland's in the centre, and Halkett's on the left. Evidence in the invaluable 'Waterloo Letters' shows that all three were closely engaged with French infantry an hour before the final advance of the Guard. Grant's brigade of light cavalry seems also to have found an opportunity of charging, apparently from the interval between Adam and Maitland: officers in it report that they were engaged with dense bodies of infantry, feebly supported by cavalry, between six and seven o'clock. But to men whose perceptions had already been dulled by eight hours of battle, this repulse of a heavy attack of French infantry hardly presented itself as a separate phase of the combat; many of the narrators blend it with their account of the defeat of the Cuirassiers between four and six o'clock; to others the combat seemed but a preface and preliminary to the attack of the Imperial Guard, which did not take place till long after seven.

Foy's and Bachelu's men had a clearer appreciation of their own advance and retreat as a distinct and self-contained episode of the battle. They had spent the whole day standing at ease on the slopes of La Belle Alliance, without firing a shot. Ordered to the front at last, they came under a heavy fire of artillery, but this did not stop them. They made their way forward till they came, half-way up the English slope, into a sort of semi-circle of fire from the Duke's infantry. Maitland's and Halkett's men were in their front; Adam's brigade, and part of du Plat's brigade of the German Legion, on their left flank. The musketry was too much for them; '*C'était une grêle de mort*,' says Foy. More than fifteen hundred men of his and Bachelu's divisions fell in the first few minutes of the combat. After a very short stay on the slope the wrecks of the fourteen French battalions recoiled, and fell back across the valley to the position which they had but just quitted. So thoroughly had they been disorganised that they practically took no further part in the battle.

Now, if between six and seven o'clock fourteen battalions of fresh troops tried and failed to break the English line just at the point where five (or six) battalions of the Guard afterwards attacked at 7.30, we may fairly argue that the first assault was

far the more dangerous and critical. Obviously it was much more likely that 7,000 men would burst through than that 3,500 would do so. Nor had the condition of Wellington's right wing grown more unfavourable in the interval. Between the repulse of Foy and Bachelu and the advance of the Imperial Guard, the Duke had brought up several bodies of fresh troops into his front line, and had ranged in its rear the cavalry brigades of Vivian and Vandaleur, with which he ultimately made his great counterstroke. If, therefore, the earlier and heavier attack was driven off without extraordinary exertion, it was morally certain that the later attack, delivered by a much smaller column, was foredoomed to failure. The Middle Guard was far too weak for the work which the Emperor set before it: fifteen or twenty battalions might have succeeded, but five or six were certain to fail. If the advance and retreat of Friant's column has attracted far more attention than those of Foy's and Bachelu's divisions, it is mainly because of the ancient fame of the Imperial Guard. To see the masses of bearskins waver, break, and roll down the hillside, meant much more both to French and English onlookers than the sight of double the number of troops of the line recoiling. Nevertheless, the danger to Wellington had been much greater at the time of the earlier attack, for, while it was being delivered, the British line further to the east was also being far more vigorously assailed than was the case after seven o'clock. Donzelot's division was just capturing La Haye Sainte, and the German battalions to the right rear of that farmstead were wavering for a moment under the fearful artillery fire to which they were exposed. An hour and a half later the French attack in this direction had done its worst: there was no sign that it could win any more ground, though d'Erlon's corps did make one last futile effort to aid the Imperial Guard. We think then that the future historians of the battle must reconsider the received view of its penultimate phase, and acknowledge that its most critical moment was about 6.30 p.m., instead of an hour later.

Nevertheless, a high interest will always be attached to Bonaparte's last effort, and we are glad to find that M. Houssaye, in spite of many small errors, has succeeded in bringing some new light to bear upon it. More ink has been spent during the last eighty years upon the repulse of the Imperial Guard than upon any other incident of the battle; in the forties a very lively controversy raged between the officers of the 52nd, of the Guards, and of Colin Halkett's brigade, as to the relative importance of their shares in the victory; it bore fruit in sundry pamphlets and magazine articles which all deserve study.

There are at least a dozen narratives of French eye-witnesses, and the 'Waterloo Letters' must not be neglected. M. Houssaye has searched through nearly all these sources, and for the French side of the fight has decided to follow the version of General Petit, to the practical exclusion of all others. This officer should be a good authority, as he was about Napoleon's person and witnessed the formation and advance of the Middle Guard for the great attack. He says that the whole of the four regiments of that corps were employed, with the exception of one battalion, which the Emperor drew off, and placed on a mound to the left of La Belle Alliance as a support. In all the official 'states' of the French army which we have seen, the Middle Guard is credited with eight battalions, the same number as that composing the Old and the Young Guards. This should leave seven battalions for the attacking column; but Petit alleges that the 4th Grenadiers had been organised as a single-battalion regiment only, and that the 4th Chasseurs had suffered so much at Ligny that its two battalions had been cut down to one. He therefore holds that only five columns marched up the hill to the attack. Both these statements are strange: the Middle Guard was very strong in numbers: it had 4,600 men in its ranks, several hundreds more than either the Old or the Young Guard. Yet each of the two latter was organised in eight battalions, so that it appears hardly possible that the Middle Guard should have been formed with seven only. Again, as to the losses at Ligny, Gourgaud says that the whole of the Guards—at least twelve battalions were engaged—only lost 100 men. M. Houssaye believes that this figure is too low, and suggests 300 as a more probable estimate. But even if this figure is accepted it is clear that the 4th Chasseurs—one sixth of the force engaged—cannot have lost enough men to make it necessary to amalgamate its two battalions into one. The regiment must have been 1,200 or 1,300 strong, and cannot have lost more than 100 or 150. This would not justify the breaking-up of its organisation.

Even admitting that the details given by General Petit as to the numbers and marshalling of the column of attack are to be accepted, to the neglect of all other versions, French and English, we have still some criticisms to make on M. Houssaye's account of its defeat. The statement that the battalions of the Middle Guard advanced '*seuls contre l'armée anglaise*' is a mere figure of rhetoric: immediately to their right d'Erlon's corps was making its last attack; behind them the remains of Reille's corps and large masses of half-rallied cavalry were already moving forward. So far was Friant's column from attacking the

whole English army that, as a matter of fact, it had to do with three brigades only—those of Colin Halkett, Maitland, and Adam. The first-named had lost over three hundred men at Quatre Bras; it had taken up its position at Waterloo only 1,900 strong; and, after repelling a dozen cavalry charges and standing four hours in square under a devastating artillery fire, it had been reduced to a mere handful of men. The 73rd had, at the moment of the advance of the Middle Guard, not more than eighty men in line, as that admirable witness, Thomas Morris, relates; the other three regiments were in hardly better case. It is doubtful if the whole brigade had 600 muskets left to receive the enemy's final attack. Maitland's two battalions of Guards had also suffered dreadfully at Quatre Bras, where they had left behind them 514 killed and wounded—more than a quarter of their strength. They had been exposed at Waterloo, during the afternoon, to trials only less severe than those which had fallen upon Halkett's devoted brigade, and had lost the greater part of the 450 men who fell during the whole engagement, long ere the head of Ney's last column came opposite them. Instead of being 'two enormous battalions,' or '2,000 men,' as M. Houssaye repeatedly calls them, they cannot possibly have had more than 1,200 muskets left for the final struggle. Adam's brigade had not been present at Quatre Bras, and had arrived on the field of Mont St. Jean with its full strength of 2,600 men. Allowing 300 men as having been lost in the afternoon, when they had stood many charges of the Cuirassiers and beaten back Foy's infantry, Adam's battalions may have mustered 2,300 bayonets at the crucial moment. In all, then, the three English brigades which fought the Imperial Guard cannot have had more than 4,100 men in their ranks at 7.30 on the fatal evening.

According to M. Houssaye two other corps were engaged with the French, to the left of Halkett's line, viz., two Brunswick battalions and Ditmer's brigade of Dutch-Belgian militia. This allegation is contrary to all evidence, save that of two vague official reports of Dutch *provenance*. Halkett's officers positively state that no French column attacked to their left or eastward flank; they dealt themselves with the two battalions of the Guard which came up against their front. The validity of the claim of Ditmer's militia, that they pushed forward into the front line in time to co-operate in this repulse of the French, may be gauged from the fact that they only lost one officer and 28 rank and file killed during the whole battle, but contributed more than 250 'missing' to the horde of runaways who were pouring

to the rear down the Brussels road. As to the two Brunswick battalions, we have the clear evidence of Colonel Mercer, whose battery was placed precisely between them. He bears witness to their excellent conduct during the cavalry charges, but is positive that neither he nor they had any part in repulsing the Imperial Guard. At the moment of the final clash they were being vexed by artillery fire from the neighbourhood of La Haye Sainte, and not by an infantry attack. Incidentally we learn from Mercer's 'Waterloo Campaign' that Van der Smissen's Dutch battery, which M. Houssaye alleges to have been turned upon the Guard, was, as a matter of fact, engaged at the moment with French guns to the left, which it succeeded in enfilading and ultimately drove from the field. The three English references which M. Houssaye gives, as proving that the Brunswick troops were attacked by Friant's column, turn out, when verified, to refer to a previous stage of the battle; and one of them contains a statement (ignored by the French author) to the effect that these German corps were not engaged with the Guard.

We are surprised to find that Sir Herbert Maxwell has, most incautiously, swallowed the whole of M. Houssaye's inaccurate statements concerning the number of Allied troops which took part in this phase of the battle. He even makes a most unnecessary apology for the omission by earlier English writers of any acknowledgment of the services of Dittmer's brigade. A more careful study of the original authorities would have shown him that every statement of M. Houssaye requires careful verification, and that there is no proof that the Dutch Belgians were engaged with the Guard at all. The result of a careful comparison of M. Houssaye's version with the English evidence seems to be that five (or six) French battalions took part in the attack. They advanced in *échelon*, with their right columns thrown forward. The two leading battalions struck Halkett's brigade, and were repulsed by it after a short engagement; the two central columns, which had drawn close together and acted as a single mass, came against Maitland's Grenadier Guards and Napier's battery, and suffered defeat from them. The left, or rear, *échelon*, one (or more probably two) battalions strong, was taken in flank by Adam's brigade and driven off eastward, some minutes after the rest of the attacking force had been dispersed. Among the many maps which we have examined, showing the positions at the moment of the Middle Guard's advance, that in Mr. Horsburgh's 'Waterloo' seems to give the formation of the French columns more clearly than any other. Siborne, generally the safest of guides, has been misled by two false conceptions,

The first was an overestimate of the strength of the French; he gave them ten instead of six battalions. The second was an idea (which he subsequently recanted in the 'United Service Journal' for 1845) that the front and right *échelon* of the Guards did not extend more to the east than the spot occupied by Maitland's brigade. The evidence of Halkett's officers makes it clear that the leading French battalions formed a separate attacking force, which reached far beyond Maitland's left flank, and was repulsed by the desperate remnant of the 30th, 33rd, 69th, and 73rd regiments before the Grenadier Guards had opened fire upon the second *échelon* of the assailants.

We have lingered long over the details of Waterloo, for it is a subject from which every student of military history finds it hard to tear himself away. Before bringing our criticism of M. Houssaye and Sir Herbert Maxwell to a close, we have to note some inexactitudes of names and words which require correction. The French author is by far the milder offender in this respect: his spelling of English names is far more correct than is usual in books from across the Channel. We have only noted Yalcott for Walcott, Waymates for Whinyates, Mac-Ready (an odd-looking word) for Macready, and a composite personage 'de Lancy-Evans,' who is compounded from Wellington's Quartermaster-General Delancey and de Lacy-Evans, the hero of a very different campaign. Among his own countrymen M. Houssaye seems to be much puzzled by a certain brigadier-general of Foy's, who appears indifferently as Jannin (p. 376) and Jamin (p. 102). The latter, as is made clear by Foy himself, is the correct form. Sir Herbert Maxwell is an offender of a much worse class in the mangling of names. A good many errors in his first edition have been corrected in later issues, but Sabral is left for Sobral (i, 202), Thomara for Thomar (i, 136); while the heights on the battlefield of Salamanca are spelt Arapeles in the map, Arapiles in the text (i, 280, 281). The general who commanded the French left wing at the same fight is alternately Thomiere (map) and Thomières (i, 283 and 284). Calvarasa and Calbarasso are sufficiently diverse names for the same village. So too among the Prussian generals we have the variants Thielmann and Thieleman, Kleinst and Kleist, and among the Spaniards, Vanegas and Venegas, Ballesteros and Balasteros, Zaya and Zayas. We are positive that scores of such slips could be collected from Sir Herbert Maxwell's two volumes without any difficulty.

The impression of over-hasty work which such misprints

leave upon us is strengthened by many passages in which the author has not taken the trouble to bring his sentences into accordance with the simplest rules of grammar. We may give a few examples:—

'Hardly had Somerset galloped off, and just as Wellington rode out alone to HUART, when a patrol of French cavalry entered the village.' (i, 333.)

'With what different feelings he viewed these scenes from those when last he stood among them!' (i, 382.)

'Not ashamed some, in the delirium of success, others under the sheer pang of remembered defeat, to revile the great commander, by declaring that before the battle was fairly lost he rode off the field.' (ii, 84.)

Another class of errors consists of those in which one name is substituted for another by some trick of memory on the author's part. Sir Herbert knows well enough that Sattara was not the capital of the Peshwas, nor Agra that of Scindiah; the right names—Poona and Gwalior—appear in many pages of his book; yet on pp. 53 and 72 of vol. i he makes these unaccountable substitutions. Again, throughout the account of Assaye, the river which Wellesley had to cross is styled the Kistna. It was really the Kaitna, the larger and better-known stream which Sir Herbert names does not come within two hundred miles of the battle-field. It is comparatively seldom that we have detected absolute mis-statements of fact as opposed to errors of names; but there is a grave slip on p. 70 of vol. ii, where Picton is described as the 'beloved chief' of the old 88th, the Connaught Rangers. Anyone who has read Grattan's '*Peninsular Diary*,' or other writings by officers of the 88th, will remember that Picton was detested by the regiment. He had called them 'ragged Connaught foot-pads,' accused them of selling their cartridges to buy *aguariente*, and steadily refused to recommend any of their officers for promotion or to insert their names in despatches. Hence came a well-grounded dislike for him in the regiment, which was not forgotten for long years after his death. Another error of some importance is the description (vol. i, p. 55) of Kruse's brigade at Waterloo as consisting of Dutch cavalry. They were really Nassau infantry.

We wish Sir Herbert a competent and conscientious proof-reader for his next edition, and trust that he may find time to reconsider his enthusiasm for M. Houssaye's version of Waterloo. With a moderate amount of revision his book may take its place as the standard Life of our greatest British General.

ART. XII.—THE AFRIKANDER BOND.

1. *The Boer States*. By A. H. Keane. London: Methuen, 1900.
2. *The Transvaal from Within*. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. Popular edition. London: Heinemann, 1900.
3. *On the Eve of the War*. By Evelyn Cecil, M.P. London: John Murray, 1900.
4. *A Century of Wrong*. Issued by F. W. Reitz. London: 'Review of Reviews' Office, 1900.
5. *The Birth of the Bond*. Grahamstown, Cape Colony: Josiah Slater, 1900.
6. *Paul Kruger en de Opkomst van de Zuid-Afrikaansche Republiek*. By J. S. van Oordt. Amsterdam: Holland-Afrikaner Publishing Company, 1898.
7. *Transvaalsche Herinneringen*. By E. T. P. Jorissen. Amsterdam: 1897.
8. South African Press: (English) *Cape Times*; *Cape Argus*; *Friend of the Free State*; (Dutch) *De Patriot*; *Zuid Afrikaan*, *Ons Land*; *De Express*.

A SECTION—a large section—of the Dutch inhabitants of South Africa have long cherished a desire to convert that country into a Republic, or federation of Republics, in which Great Britain shall have no more place or authority than she has in the Republics of France or Switzerland; and certain of their leaders, not in the Transvaal and Orange Free State only, but in Natal and the Cape Colony also, have been working together to accomplish this desire. To call this desire and the concerted endeavour to accomplish it a 'conspiracy,' is to assert more than in the very nature of things can be proved; and to assert more than can be proved is to play into the hands of the champions of the South African Republics, enabling them to divert attention from the dangerous disaffection of the Dutch by a controversy as to the name by which that disaffection should be called. As Mr. Fitzpatrick remarks, in the introduction to the popular edition of his admirable book:—

'charges of treason and conspiracy are unnecessary. It is sufficient to show that the aim of the Transvaal has been to subvert the Imperial authority and expel the Imperial power, and that the sympathetic attitude of the Afrikaner Bond, however human it may be, has been used to draw British subjects into a dangerous course, and has led them to coquet with an ambition which the British half of the population and the British Empire will resist at all costs.'

With a view to discover the origin and prevalence of this

ambition or aspiration, let us examine its manifestations in the several States and colonies of South Africa.

Take first the Transvaal. That the Transvaal has continuously sought to escape from every vestige of dependence upon England, and to become a 'sovereign international State,' is clear from the history of the last twenty years. It is equally certain that an increasing number of the Boers and their leaders sought to procure the emancipation of the Transvaal as the indispensable first step to the emancipation of all South Africa. There is nothing surprising in these aspirations. Like the Orange Free State, the Transvaal was founded and peopled by fugitives from the British settlements at the Cape; and the antipathy to British ideas and British rule, which prompted them to incur untold hardships to escape therefrom, has ever since been sedulously fostered. Mr. Kruger was one of these fugitives, and most of the burghers now in arms against us are their sons or grandsons. Clearly, then, to deny the existence of an anti-British movement in South Africa, and to ascribe to the Jameson Raid the Transvaal's participation in this movement, is to ignore the great historical fact that it was in antipathy to British rule that the Boer Republics had their origin.

How faithfully the genetic aspirations of the founders of the South African Republic have been echoed and perpetuated by their successors in the management of its affairs is abundantly shown in the records of the Volksraad and the pages of our own Blue-books. President Burgers, who was never tired of picturing a United South Africa under the Dutch flag, and who sacrificed his private fortune in vain efforts to construct a railway to Delagoa Bay, which he held to be indispensable to the transformation of the raw little State under his rule into a Dutch Dominion co-extensive with South Africa—President Burgers thus explained to an audience in Holland the desire of their kinsmen of South Africa:—

'In that far-off country the inhabitants still dream of a future in which the people of Holland will recover their former greatness. He was convinced that within half a century there would be in South Africa a population of eight millions, all speaking the Dutch language, and all extending the glory of Holland—a second Holland, as energetic and liberty-loving as the first, but greater in extent and greater in power.'*

Then came Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, a mightier man in thought as well as in act than the ineffective clergyman

* Quoted in 'Transvaal from Within,' popular edition, preface, p. 111.
Vol. 191.—No. 382. 2 M

who had preceded him in the Presidential chair. Mr. Kruger saw that the dream of a united Dutch Republic required for its accomplishment, first, an independent Transvaal, which should serve as an asylum and place of arms for the Dutch throughout South Africa. So we find him on November 14th, 1883, when in England to negotiate the London Convention, frankly writing thus to Lord Derby:—

'It may be that the people of the South African Republic will even now thankfully accept from Her Majesty's Government some alleviation of the burden imposed upon them [by the Pretoria Convention], but whatever concessions Her Majesty's Government may be prepared to make, the reciprocal confidence between British and Dutch colonists will then only revive when Her Majesty's Government also will accept the Sand River Convention as the historical basis of all further arrangements. Any settlement not founded upon this basis cannot but be of a merely temporary character—only upon this basis can a permanent settlement be secured.' *

The full import of this very frank revelation of the political aims of the Transvaal appears only when we take into consideration that the Boers have always claimed, under the Sand River Convention, to which Mr. Kruger here appeals, the complete independence enjoyed by the Orange Free State under the Bloemfontein Convention of 1854. State Secretary Reitz was only repeating Mr. Kruger's claim of 1883 when, in his despatch to the High Commissioner dated May 9th, 1899, he wrote: 'The now existing right of absolute self-government of this Republic is not derived from either the Convention of 1881 or that of 1884, but simply and solely follows from the inherent right of this Republic as a sovereign international State.' †

While concentrating himself on the task of releasing his State from every restraint upon its sovereignty, Mr. Kruger has never lost sight of the more distant goal of a United Dutch South Africa. But, unlike Burgers, he has never allowed the alluring vision of that goal to blind him to the pitfalls along the road by which alone it could be reached. Accordingly we hear him from time to time publicly confessing the faith of Afrikanerdom, with a caution to the more ardent not to proclaim it from the house-tops:

'I think it too soon,' he said at Bloemfontein in 1887, 'to speak of a United South Africa under one flag. Which flag is it to be? The Queen of England would object to having her flag hauled down, and we, the burghers of the Transvaal, object to hauling down ours.

* Blue-book, 'C 3947,' p. 4

† Blue-book, 'C 9307,' p. 32

We must be patient then. We are now small and of little importance, but we are growing, and are preparing the way to take our place among the great nations of the world.*

And what of the Orange Free State? What part has it played in the endeavour to oust Great Britain from her rightful place as paramount Power in South Africa, and to establish Boer ascendancy from Cape Town to the Zambesi? Until 1858 the Boers beyond the Vaal River styled their country the 'Dutch African Republic,' but in that year they changed its name to the 'South African Republic,' and in the change gave yet another indication of their intention to extend the name and their own ascendancy to all South Africa. As a first step in this direction attempts were very early set on foot by Marthinus Wessels Pretorius, second President of the Transvaal, to absorb the adjoining Republic of the Orange Free State; but nothing was accomplished until 1889, when, on the death of Sir John Brand, Mr. F. W. Reitz (now State Secretary of the Transvaal) left the Bench for the Presidential chair. Animated by the aspirations and antipathies to which he has recently given vent in his 'Century of Wrong,' he hastened to negotiate with President Kruger the Treaty of Potchefstroom (March 11th, 1889), by which the two Republics were constituted allies. That he did not go further in this direction was due to the wise counsels of burghers like J. G. Fraser, the opponent of Mr. Steyn; C. W. H. van der Post, the ablest speaker in the Free State Volksraad; and C. J. Cloete, representing Bethlehem in that assembly.

His successor, Judge Steyn, took up his work, and was able so far to complete the fusion of the two Republics—which England had once prohibited under penalty of cancellation of the Conventions—that their common interests and policy were placed under the supervision of a Federal Council of Ten. By the same instrument—the Treaty of Bloemfontein of the 9th March 1897—the alliance of 1889 was converted, as the issue has since shown, into one of offence and defence. Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that the Orange Free State was innocent of Pan-Afrikanerism until Mr. Reitz became head of the Government. President Brand himself shared the dream, but, unlike Presidents Reitz and Steyn, without bitterness towards England. Says Mr. J. S. van Oordt, writing of the War of Independence, 'the careful Jan Brand was convinced that as yet the time had not arrived when South Africa could tear herself loose from Great Britain';† but

* 'De Express,' of Bloemfontein.

† 'Paul Kruger, &c.,' fasc. iv, p. 36.

that even President Brand looked forward to such a 'tearing loose' his remark to Mr. Froude on Lord Carnarvon's Federation Bill sufficiently proves: 'His' (Lord Carnarvon's) 'great scheme is a United South Africa under the British flag. He dreams of it, so do I, but under the flag of South Africa.' Clearly, then, the Pan-Afrikaner movement, at a date long anterior to the Jameson Raid, had extended to the Orange Free State. That most unhappy occurrence did but quicken the current and give it a stronger anti-British trend.

And now let us turn to the main field of our enquiry, the Cape Colony, for it is there that it is most necessary to display the workings of the spirit of antipathy to British rule. That this spirit existed long before the annexation of the Transvaal, Sir George Grey is witness. Writing to Sir E. B. Lytton in 1858, in protest against the views which led to 'the dismemberment of South Africa,' he said:—

'I think there can be no doubt that in any great public or popular or national question or movement, the mere fact of calling these people [the Dutch of South Africa] different nations would not make them so, nor would the fact of a mere fordable stream running between them sever their sympathies or prevent them from acting in unison. I think that many questions might arise in which, if the Government on the south side of the Orange River [the Imperial Government] took a different view from that on the north side of the river [the Republican Governments], it might be very doubtful which of the two Governments the great mass of these people would obey.'*

Of the truth of Sir George Grey's prognostication the present situation in the Cape Colony affords startling proof. Between eight and ten thousand of Her Majesty's Dutch subjects are known to have joined the Republican commandos, while three thousand more have risen in open rebellion in the western districts. But, large though they be, these numbers do not give the full measure of the disloyalty of which Sir Alfred Milner warned the Imperial Government in his despatch of 5th May, 1899. For every Cape Dutchman actually in arms against us, half a dozen skulk at home, zealous to aid and abet the enemy in every way short of open rebellion.

'The trick by which they avoid conviction and confiscation of their land is ingenious' (writes Mr. Evelyn Cecil, in his interesting record of a visit to South Africa on the eve of the war).

* Copies of correspondence between the Colonial Office and Governor Sir George Grey respecting his recall and subsequent reappointment. 'Colonial Office Paper,' April 2nd, 1860, p. 6.

'The farming fathers and grandfathers retain the transfer of the property on their farms in their own hands, and then say to their sons that they may go and do as they please, and need not fear confiscation for treason if they fight or spy for their Dutch brothers in the Transvaal. It is apparent that a large number have availed themselves of this dodge, and it is not too much to say that parts of the Cape Colony are honeycombed with treason.'

Still more ominous than this palpable and militant disloyalty, which, after all, often means no more—but also no less—than a preference for one's cousin over one's Queen, is the attitude of the Cape Ministry. It should not be forgotten that, when all the self-governing provinces of the Empire were rallying to the side of the mother country, the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, standing in his place in Parliament, had nothing to contribute to the help of the sovereign to whom he had sworn true allegiance but this:—

'I say to-day, not merely to this Colony, but to the world, that I shall do my very best to maintain for this Colony the position of standing apart and aloof from the struggle, both with regard to its forces and with regard to its people'—*

an announcement greeted, it is true, with Ministerial cheers, but of which the High Commissioner, reporting it to Mr. Chamberlain, remarked:—

'These words seem to fall little short of a declaration of independence, and amount virtually to a policy of separating the Colony, if only *pro hac vice*, from the Empire of which it forms a part.'†

Mr. Schreiner, of the Cape Colony, is brother-in-law of Mr. Reitz, of the Transvaal, as Chief Justice Sir Henry de Villiers is brother to Chief Justice Melius de Villiers, of the Orange Free State; and there is a disposition to regard these family ties as absolving Her Majesty's subjects thus related from their duties to Queen and country. Not so did either Northerners or Southerners argue in the Civil War, and theirs is the nobler precedent.

But the aspect of the situation to which we desire to direct attention most of all is the evident presence, behind these manifestations of disloyalty, of the inspiring and directing agency of the Afrikaner Bond. A year ago, even six months ago, a generous man, ignorant of the history of this formidable organisation, and taking its words at 'face value,' might still accept its protestations of loyalty. But since the outbreak of war the Afrikaner Bond has thrown aside the mask of fair

* Blue-book, 'Cd. 43,' p. 12.

† *Ibid.*

words contrived by Mr. Hofmeyr; and although the postponement of the Annual Congress for 1900 leaves the acts of its members and the resolutions of its district committees still lacking the congressional seal, yet enough has been said and done to warrant the charge that the Afrikaner Bond must be counted among the Queen's enemies. And she has none more formidable in her South African dominions. So long ago as 1890 Mr. Merriman wrote: 'Almost one half of the members of the Cape Assembly are nominees of the Afrikaner Bond, and they entirely control the government of the Colony.'* It is still truer to-day that the Afrikaner Bond sustains the Cape Ministry in office, and prescribes its policy—a policy which, to speak leniently, would run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Happily, the subsequent acts of the Ministry have not quite matched their disloyal declaration of neutrality on the eve of the war; for the local forces and State railways were at last placed at the disposal of the Imperial authorities, and the Prime Minister did at last bring himself to sign the High Commissioner's proclamations placing certain districts under martial law. But under what pressure and how grudgingly that assistance was conceded, Sir Alfred Milner's despatches only too painfully display; while the correspondence, for example, which passed between the High Commissioner and the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, with reference to the transmission of arms and munitions of war by the latter to the Orange Free State,† gives startling evidence of the prevalence of disloyalty in high places.

But of the disloyalty of the Afrikaner Bond these dubious acts and omissions of its creature, the Cape Ministry, are not the only evidence. The open rebellion of the northern and western provinces of the Colony lies at the same door. The Bond is strongest exactly where rebellion is most rampant. Not only so, but in every authenticated case of rebellion, it is Bondmen, sometimes through and in the name of their local organisation, who have taken the initiative. Until the rebels shall have been brought to trial, the full measure of the Bond's complicity cannot be known, but the facts already published make it certain that, as at Vryburg, where the 'Distrikbestuur' handed over the town to the Republican troops, and joined their ranks, so it has been at Aliwal North, at Burgersdorp, at Colesberg, and other Bond centres in the areas which have been placed under martial law. Several Bond leaders, amongst

* 'Fortnightly Review,' March 1890, p. 305.

† Blue-book, 'Co. 43, pp. 11 *et seq.*

them Mr. De Wet, Member of the Cape Legislative Assembly, have been arrested on a charge of treason; but there is only too much reason to fear that, as in the earlier case of Mr. Michau, Chairman of the Kimberley Branch of the Bond, Mr. Schreiner's Attorney-General will refuse to prosecute. Yet all this has failed to elicit from the Central Committee of the Bond, or from Mr. Hofmeyr, the omnipotent leader of the Bond, one word of condemnation. On the contrary, 'Ons Land,' its official organ, and the 'South African News,' a new auxiliary, have set themselves to belittle our troops and our victories, to assail and misrepresent Sir Alfred Milner, to applaud and encourage the Republics. The grudging and partial departure of the Cape Ministry from its policy of neutrality has been resented; and when Mr. Schreiner wrote to President Steyn complaining of the invasion of the Colony by the Free State commandos, 'Ons Land' approvingly anticipated that President Steyn's reply would be as follows:—

'The Republics are engaged in a bloody and righteous struggle. They must therefore make such dispositions as they may deem necessary to secure victory. Cape colony is *not* neutral, for British troops are being moved through the Colony with the consent of its Government. Moreover, the Cape has been made the basis of an assault on the Republics, whilst its harbour, railways, telegraphs, volunteers, and rifle associations are assisting the Imperial Government.'*

Even more significant of the solidarity of the Afrikaner party throughout South Africa is the following extract from 'Ons Land' (1896), quoted in Mr. Reitz's 'Century of Wrong,' where it is given as typical of the feeling of Afrikaners:—

'This is truly a critical moment in the existence of Afrikanerdom all over South Africa. Now or never! Now or never the foundation of a wide-embracing nationalism must be laid. The iron is red-hot, and the time for forging is at hand. . . . The partition wall has disappeared. Let us stand manfully by one another. The danger has not yet disappeared; on the contrary, never has the necessity for a policy of a Colonial and Republican Union been greater; now the psychological moment has arrived, now our people have awakened all over South Africa; a new glow illuminates our hearts, let us now lay the foundation-stone of a real United South Africa on the soul of a pure and all-comprehensive national sentiment.'

At this point it will be convenient to give some account of the constitution and working of the body whose acts we are passing under review. According to its 'Annual Report for

* 'Ons Land,' December 1899.

1898,' the Afrikaner Bond counts in the Cape Colony 11,487 members and 316 'branches.' These branches coincide in number and area with the 'field-cornetries' or units into which the Colony is divided for the purposes of civil administration. Branches are grouped into 'districts,' each district being under the rule of a committee or 'bestuur,' formed of two delegates from each of its constituent branches. The district committees in their turn are under a Provincial Committee of two delegates from each district. In its entirety, the Afrikaner Bond consists of four provinces—the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State; and the whole is presided over by a Central Committee of two delegates from each province. Such is the compact organisation on which reposes, in so far as the Cape is concerned, the 'dominion of Afrikanerdom.' But, in all matters touching the Cape Colony, the real control of the Afrikaner Bond is exercised by yet another committee—the 'Vigilance Committee' (Toezicht Comité)—which came into being about three years ago, when, over the attitude to be adopted towards Mr. Rhodes, the Bond was rent with discord threatening schism. The Vigilance Committee consists of only three members—Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr himself, his brother, and a docile third—who, sitting always *in camera*, settle all disputes arising out of the selection of Parliamentary candidates, and generally administer discipline to members and branches suspected of entertaining views of their own. The instrument of discipline is a system of boycott, more thorough and unrelenting than any to be found outside Madagascar when Rainilaiarivony held that island as in the hollow of his hand. It would be impossible for the untravelled reader to understand the baffled, helpless state of a resident of one of the little, remote, *veld* townships of the interior—and all the townships of the interior are little and remote—when placed under the ban of the Bond. Burial may of grace be accorded him, but no other human service. There is nothing for him but to starve, or fly, or yield.

In the exercise of this discipline the Bond is aided by all the powers of the pulpit—the pulpit of the Dutch Reformed Church. Its deliverances are marked by so singular a unanimity of temper and argument that one example will suffice. Preaching before the Bond in Annual Congress, the Rev. Dr. Maeder, of Victoria West—one of the most eminent members of his denomination—took for his subject 'Registration as a godly act.' Having read out several passages from Holy Writ bearing, as he said, on registration, he went on to explain, reports one who was present, 'how great a mistake it was to suppose the Bible spoke only about religion. It was just as full and clear

about politics; and they would assuredly lose their place and power in the land should they ever look to any other source for political guidance. It was his duty as a minister of the Gospel to advise every young Afrikaner to have himself registered. Registration was as godly an act as preaching a sermon, partaking of Holy Sacrament, or giving an impressive funeral address.' This sermon, which was delivered in April of last year, when nothing more serious was in sight than a general election, very well exemplifies the part played by the pastors of the Dutch Reformed Church in ordinary political life. In moments of stress and strain like the present it is their assigned task to deliver, from the safe asylum of their pulpits, appeals and incitements which their lay allies dare not speak or print. The sedition which 'Ons Land' and the 'South African News' have but hinted to the Cape Dutch, the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church have proclaimed aloud.

The strength of the Afrikaner Bond lies, then, not in numbers, which barely reach ten per cent. of the total electorate of the Colony. It is to be found, rather, in its deftly articulated organisation, its stern discipline, its close alliance with a Church which contains within its fold the entire Dutch population, but above all in the absolute sway exercised by Mr. Hofmeyr through his Vigilance Committee.

So far, in our quest of the real aims and affinities of the Afrikaner Bond, we have not gone outside the record of the last six months, and though we have found within these narrow limits convincing evidence of its antagonism to all that we understand by loyalty to Crown and Empire, it may be well to review its origin and history, that we may know whether this antagonism is permanent and of set policy, or only a momentary exacerbation of the intense ethnical bias, which, as Mr. Keane shows in his work, 'The Boer States,' has been evolved under pressure of the potent environment to which the Dutch of South Africa have, for over two centuries, been subjected. The Afrikaner Bond is one of the legacies of Majuba Hill. It was founded on the morrow of that fateful event, not by Mr. Hofmeyr and not in the Cape Colony, but by Messrs. Reitz and Borckenhagen and in the Orange Free State; and the character of its founders and the circumstances of its origin furnish a clue, which should not be neglected, to much in its subsequent career. Mr. Reitz we all know now. His manifesto, of which mention has already been made, and his despatches to the Imperial Government since he became State Secretary of the Transvaal, display him to view as what his friends know him for—a man full of various learning, but

with a mind unhinged and inflamed by the passion and the prejudices of race. But of Karl Borekenhagen, dead these two years, few in this country have ever heard the name, and few who have heard it know aught of the man—the tall, spare figure, usually clad in a long brown sack coat and a soft felt hat; the keen frascible countenance; the mordant pen and tongue he used in public life; the abounding courtesy and culture reserved for his own hearthstone. Editor of 'De Express' of Bloemfontein, he made it the most powerful organ in the press of the party which has laboured to convert South Africa into a Dutch Republic, looking to the Continental Powers rather than to Great Britain for its models and its alliances. Borekenhagen, German-born, hated England and Englishmen with a whole-souled sincerity and vehemence that made one gape with wonder. Mr. Rhodes, who knew the man well, tells the following story of him:—

'I remember very well indeed, when I went to Bloemfontein on the opening of the railway to that place, that I was approached by Mr. Borekenhagen, who, pleased for the moment by some speech I had made, invited me to throw in my lot with what he termed the Afrikaner party. I asked him what he meant. He told me that the Afrikaner party was working for an independent South Africa, and they would take me in their arms if I would join them. I replied that I was neither a knave nor a fool. I should be a knave to leave my own people, and a fool to join his, because I should be hated by my own people and despised by his. Mr. Borekenhagen was the closest personal friend of President Reitz, and therefore in close touch with the conspiracy which has existed for the last twenty years.'*

Such were the men who founded the Afrikaner Bond; and the uses to which they intended to turn it may fairly be inferred from what we know of their characters and career. That the Bond was aimed against the Imperial Power while engaged in its first struggle with the Transvaal is, however, further attested, not only by the outspoken reprobation with which it was visited by Sir John Brand as a disturber of the peace, but also by the fact, disclosed by Dr. E. T. P. Jorissen, in his 'Transvaalsche Herinneringen,' that during the negotiations between Sir Evelyn Wood and the Transvaal leaders, of whom Jorissen was one, the founders of the Bond were doing their utmost to bring about the re-opening of hostilities.

The bitterly anti-British organisation thus engendered made its appearance in the Cape Colony about the end of 1881, and the first Congress was held at Graaff-Reinet in March 1882.

* Speech at Kimberley, February 1900.

Among the names most prominently associated with this sinister event is that of the Rev. S. J. du Toit, now, for reasons it were ungrateful to be curious about, a loud-voiced Imperialist. It was in 1897 that Mr. du Toit founded, in opposition to the Bond, the Colonial Union, a Dutch association, whose first principle is the 'acknowledgment, maintenance, and vindication of British supremacy in South Africa,' and the second, 'the acknowledgment of the equal rights of the different European nationalities in South Africa, especially the Dutch and the English, the promotion of good understanding and co-operation between the different races, and the removal of all racial feeling.*' But in 1881 the Rev. S. J. du Toit was a fierce Republican, as firmly resolved as Mr. Hofmeyr to rid South Africa of the 'Imperial factor.' On the 11th of February, 1882, he addressed a letter to 'De Patriot,' a Dutch journal, calling attention to the Congress about to meet at Graaff-Reinet for the purpose of establishing the Afrikaner Bond in the Cape Colony, and setting out 'a programme of principles' for adoption by the Congress. The following extracts will suffice to establish our contention that, as in the Orange Free State, so in the Cape Colony, the Afrikaner Bond was devised to undermine and ultimately to destroy the rights of the British Crown in South Africa:—

'I. The Afrikaner Bond represents in South Africa the essence of our national character as it has been formed by the settlement and development of a colony of Europeans, chiefly Dutchmen and Huguenots, on African soil, and it wishes to develop this in accordance with our present national conditions in a form calculated to provide for the requirements of our time. . . .

'VI. Neither in the popular will nor in law, but in God alone, the Bond looks for the source of sovereign authority, and for this reason it repudiates on the one hand the principle of a lawless sovereignty of the people, and on the other hand all unjust foreign dominion. . . .

'VII. Not considering any single form of government in itself to be the only eligible one, and acknowledging the forms now existing, the Bond is still of opinion that the goal of our national development is to be a United South Africa under a flag of her own. 'The existing conditions of the Cape Colony, Natal, the O.F.S., and the S.A.L., are taken by the Bond to be the points of departure from which, by legal means and through reforms of existing institutions, this goal shall be attained.'

There is no ambiguity here. British paramountcy is resentfully referred to as 'foreign dominion'; 'a United South Africa

* Official publications of the Colonial Union.

under a flag of her own' is indicated as the goal towards which good Afrikaners should strive. These principles were adopted by the first Bond Congress very much as drafted by Mr. du Toit in his letter to 'De Patriot,' while that journal thus gives them practical application:—

'There is just one hindrance to confederation [of the South African Colonies], and that is the English flag. Let them take that away, and within a year the confederation under the free Afrikaner flag would be established. . . . They [the English] must just have Simon's Bay as a naval and military station on the road to India, and give over all the rest of South Africa to the Afrikaners.*'

In 1883 (May 12th) Mr. du Toit's Afrikaner Bond was formally amalgamated with Mr. Hofmeyr's Farmers' Protection Association, a body which had been created a few years earlier, not for agricultural ends—as the title would imply—but for political ends closely resembling those of the Bond. The title of the younger body was retained, but its outspoken frankness was replaced by a reticence and an ambiguity which have ever since characterised its public utterances. All mention of 'foreign dominion' and an independent flag was at once dropped; and in 1889, at the Middleburg Congress of March 4th, the initiatory manifesto of the Rev. S. J. du Toit was replaced by the comparatively colourless form of words to which the officials of the Bond now refer enquirers. This document contains seven articles, of which we can quote only a portion. The rest of the programme lays down certain general principles with regard to the promotion of trade and agriculture, taxation, justice, and religion, not important in the present connexion.

'1. The Afrikaner National Party acknowledge the guidance of Providence in the affairs both of lands and peoples.

'2. They contemplate, under the guidance of Providence, the formation of a pure nationality and the preparation of our people for the establishment of a "United South Africa."

'3. To this they consider belong:—

'(a) The establishment of a firm union between all the different European nationalities in South Africa, and

'(b) The promotion of South Africa's independence (self-standingheid). . . .

* 'The Birth of the Bond,' pp. 8, 9. This remarkable paper is the translation of a Dutch pamphlet published early in 1882. The original is entitled 'De Transvaalse Oorlog' (The Transvaal War). It consists of a series of articles contributed to 'De Patriot,' and believed to have been written by Mr. S. J. du Toit, its then editor. Since this article was in type, long extracts from this pamphlet have been published in the 'Times,' April 16th, 1900.

'5. For the advancement of the independence mentioned in Art. 3 (b) it is important:—

- '(a) That the sentiment of national self-respect and of patriotism towards South Africa should above all be developed and exhibited in schools, in families, and in the public press.
- '(b) That a system of voting should be applied which not only acknowledges the right of numbers, but also those of property and of relative intelligence, and which is opposed as far as possible to bribery and compulsion at the poll. . . .
- '(d) That the South African Colonies and States, either each for itself or in conjunction with one another, should regulate their own native affairs, employing thereto the forces of the land by means of a satisfactory burgher law; and
- '(e) That outside interference with the domestic concerns of South Africa should be opposed.

'6. While they acknowledge the existing Governments holding rule in South Africa, and intend faithfully to fulfil their obligations in regard to the same, they consider that the duty rests upon those Governments to advance the interests of South Africa in the spirit of the foregoing articles; . . .'

Deeds speak louder than words; and the aim and meaning of this manifesto, in which the political passages are mingled with much that is harmless and even laudable, will only be understood if read in the light thrown by the circumstances under which the 'Afrikaner National Party,' or, more briefly, the Afrikaner Bond, was formed, the character of the men who formed it, and their subsequent actions. As to their purpose, we have the express evidence of Mr. J. X. Merriman, now a member of Mr. Schreiner's Ministry, and therefore a nominee of the Bond, who, speaking at Grahamstown in 1885, is reported to have said:—

'Each one of you will have to make up his mind whether he is prepared to see this colony remain a part of the British Empire . . . or whether he is prepared to obey the dictates of the Bond. From the very first time, some years ago, when the poison began to be distilled into the country, I felt that it must come to this: was England or the Transvaal to be the paramount force in South Africa? . . . I could not agree with the Bond. It would make people have different sides and places, one colonist who was a Dutchman in opposition to another colonist who was an Englishman. Nothing could be more disastrous. Since then, that institution has made a show of loyalty, while it stirred up disloyalty. . . . Its main object is to make the South African Republic the paramount Power in South Africa.'*

* Quoted by Mr. Fitzpatrick: introduction, pp. xxi, xxii.

Again, in 1890, Mr. Merriman wrote as follows:—

'Two separate and distinct ideas were united in the somewhat nebulous constitution of the original association. One, the national and separatist article of faith, aimed at creating a united South Africa under its own flag, whose watchword should be "Africa for the Afr.kanders"; while the main object of the other was to foster and spread Dutch, as distinct from English, ideas, in language, government, and education.'*

What, in truth, is an Afrikaner? Ask Mr. Hofmeyr, and if you should be one of those inconvenient subjects of Her Majesty whose suspicions it may be judicious to allay, he would blandly give you in reply the Bond's cut-and-dry official definition: He is an Afrikaner 'who, whether by birth or adoption, considers Africa as his home and its interests as his own;'[†] and as additional proof of the Bond's indifference to race he would point to the half-dozen Britons and the dozen or so Germans who wear his livery. Yet Mr. Hofmeyr knows well that the word 'Afrikaner' means Dutch; that an Afrikaner is a person born in South Africa of Dutch descent; and, further, that ninety-nine per cent. of South African-born British would resent the application of the term to them. What can be clearer than the following extracts from 'De Transvaalse Oorlog'?—

'The Afrikanders, especially the young ones, have now got an aversion to foreign languages and customs, and particularly to the English. . . . It made us more angry still when we found in an Afrikaner family an English governess, who talked only English with the children. Dear friends! Afrikaner parents! banish this pest from your houses.'[‡]

Again, throughout Mr. Reitz's 'Century of Wrong,' 'Afrikaner' is used exclusively as the equivalent of South African Dutch, and, indeed, the book would lose all its point if the word were read in any other sense. The same remarks apply to Mr. Ben Viljoen's seditious appeal to the Cape Dutch. The appeal is addressed to 'Afrikanders . . . men of our own race that live under the British flag,' and it contains this noteworthy sentence:—

'Who amongst us does not know that the only reason that would inspire England to war would be the fear that British paramountcy

* 'Fortnightly Review,' March 1890, p. 904

† Annual Statement published by Afrikaner Bond

‡ The Birth of the Bond, pp. 4, 24

in South Africa is threatened by the victory of the Afrikaner Bond in the Cape Colony? "—

Finally, the eminent geographer, *Élisée Reclus*, writes thus:—

'Possessing for two centuries no work except the Bible, the South African Dutch communities, Afrikaners as they call themselves, are fond of comparing their lot with that of the "Chosen People." '†

Reading then the word Afrikaner as the Dutch themselves—Reitz and Viljoen for instance—would read it, we shall find hidden behind the equivocal phraseology of the Bond an aim substantially identical with that of their more outspoken allies in the Republics. As to Mr. Reitz himself, it would be difficult to conceive a clearer statement of what he really means by 'A Century of Wrong,' and of the method which he thinks proper for redressing it, than is supplied by the conversation between him and Mr. Theodor Schreiner, as recently reported:—‡

'*Schreiner*.—I see quite clearly that the ultimate object aimed at is the overthrow of the British power, and the expulsion of the British flag from South Africa.

'*Reitz*.—Well, what if it is so?

'*Schreiner*.—You don't suppose, do you, that that flag is going to disappear from South Africa without a tremendous struggle?

'*Reitz*.—Well, I suppose not; but, even so, what of that?'

This conversation took place in 1882. What becomes of the statement that all this trouble is due to the Raid?

Let us again bring words to the test of deeds. The extrusion of the authority of the Crown from South Africa, and the creation of a Dutch Dominion extending from Cape Town to the Zambesi, must needs be a gradual and lengthy process; and, in the very nature of things, the Cape Colony would be the last bit of the land to be cleansed from 'the stench of the English'—to borrow General Joubert's elegant phrase. But in the years 1883-85 two tasks contributory to these ends called for immediate attention: the one was the emancipation of the Transvaal from the suzerainty imposed in the act of retrocession, the other was the prevention of the threatened advance of British sovereignty, under the inspiration of the Rev. John Mackenzie, northward beyond the line of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, into Bechuanaland and the Kalahari Desert. These were objects as dear to Mr. Hofmeyr as to Mr. Kruger, for if the 'Imperial factor' could not yet be thrust out from the

† *Blue-book*, 'Cd. 43' p. 102.

‡ '*Africa*,' vol. iv.

‡ *Cape Times*, 6 Nov. 1889. *Blue-book*, 'Cd. 43,' p. 191.

regions where it was already installed, it was all the more necessary to prevent its further encroachments. Accordingly when, in October 1883, Messrs. Kruger, du Toit, and Smit were despatched to London by the Transvaal Volksraad to negotiate, as we have seen, the replacement of the Pretoria Convention 'by a new agreement, founded on the principles of international law, and in genetical connexion with the Sand River Treaty,' under which their relation to England should be 'that of two contracting Powers,'* the Afrikaner Bond addressed a petition to the Queen, virtually endorsing all the demands that the Transvaal deputation might make.†

Precisely the same solidarity between the Afrikaner Bond and the Transvaal Government was displayed against the Imperial authorities when, a little later, the question of the annexation of Bechuanaland, rescued from the Transvaal raiders by Sir Charles Warren, came up for discussion. The High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, strongly urged its incorporation with the Cape Colony, but, at the dictation of the Afrikaner Bond, the Cape Ministry, then as now its creature, refused to adopt the High Commissioner's suggestion. We ascribe this refusal to the dictation of the Bond, not so much on the general ground that the Uppington Ministry notoriously held office by the grace of the Bond, as because that organisation made no secret of its co-operation with the Transvaal in the task of preventing the extension of Imperial authority beyond the point to which it had been carried by the annexation of Griqualand West in 1871. Thus Mr. Hofmeyr, in the course of the debate in the Legislative Assembly on the proposed annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony, is reported to have said:—

'The Transvaal Convention [i.e., the London Convention of 1884] was not yet ratified, and it was quite possible that it might not be ratified—at all events, as to that part which concerned the boundary. Suppose, notwithstanding, that we were to annex the territory: we should at once be landed in a quarrel with the Transvaal. The Volksraad might not think very much of the military power of the Cape Colony, and would not respect their wishes if they endeavoured to have the boundary line to be as defined by the Imperial Government. . . . The great question was one of peace and war, and then of Colonial interests. With reference to the latter he did not wish to sacrifice the trade route to the north altogether; but it was quite possible that an arrangement might be made, under which, although the trade route would not belong

* Blue-book, 'C 3947,' p. 5

† Blue-book, 'C 2341,' p. 79.

nominally to the Cape Colony, they might have virtually the same rights as if it did.*

But despite the utmost endeavours of the Bond leaders, and Mr. Hofmeyr's hints from his place in Parliament that war might result if the Transvaal were thwarted, Bechuanaland was declared a Crown Colony September 30th, 1885.

The Bechuanaland incident has other aspects and meanings, to some of which we shall return a little later on. For the moment we are concerned with it only in so far as it reveals the close co-operation of the leaders of the Afrikaner Bond with the leaders of the Transvaal in pursuit of their common ideal, 'Africa for the Afrikaners.' Bechuanaland for the Boers, could they have accomplished it, would have brought them within sight of its fulfilment.

Thus far, in speaking of the Afrikaner Bond, we have adopted its official designation, but it would have been equally appropriate to have merged it in the personality and name of Mr. Hofmeyr. For, as its misfortunes during his brief abdication of the leadership plainly show, the Bond without Mr. Hofmeyr is but a blind man in a passion. Mr. Hofmeyr himself would deprecate any such attempt to exalt him above his fellows, and would assure you that the very inconsiderable influence he is able sometimes to exert is the issue of solicitation, not of dictation. But then this is Mr. Hofmeyr, whose portrait, as one avers who knows him well, hangs in the long gallery painted by Lord Clarendon in the 'History of the Great Rebellion':—

'He made so great a show of civility and modesty and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be.'

This may not be true of John Hampden, of whom it was written, but it is photographically true of Jan Hofmeyr, and whoever will take the trouble to peruse it will be in the way to understand the influence which he exercises in South Africa.

Mr. Hofmeyr was born at Cape Town in 1844. A journalist by profession, and editor of 'Zuid Afrikaan' until its fusion

* 'Cape Hansard,' 1885.

with 'One Land,' he entered Parliament in 1879. In May 1881 he joined the Scanlen Ministry without portfolio, but, discovering that office imperils power, he resigned in November of the same year, and has contented himself ever since with the rôle and title of 'the Cabinet-Maker.' Mr. Hofmeyr and Mr. Kruger have not always been able to see eye to eye. They, and with them their respective sections of the 'Afrikaner National Party,' have differed widely as to the means by which the ideal common to both should be attained. About the year 1888, perhaps a little earlier, the two sections began to move apart; in 1890 their differences had become so acute that Afrikanerdom was literally rent in twain; in 1895 Mr. Hofmeyr withdrew from Parliament and the leadership of the Bond, and it seemed for a moment that the Cape section of the Afrikaner Party might permanently throw in their lot with the Imperialists led by Mr. Rhodes. But the Jameson Raid changed all that, and made the schism 'ancient history.' Much of this story is unwritten, and must so remain, since Karl Borckenhagen—who alone could have told the whole story, because in his hands alone met all the threads of intrigue—is dead, leaving no record of his busy plotting life. Yet without some knowledge of at least the larger causes of the schism, much in the tangled affairs of South Africa since the retrocession of the Transvaal, and more particularly of those in which the Afrikaner Bond has played a part, is undecipherable.

The first of these larger causes in order of time was the increasing partiality which President Kruger displayed for Germany after his visit to Berlin in 1884, on the completion of the London Convention. How deeply that visit impressed him Mr. Kruger himself told us many years later, at a banquet given in 1895 by the German Club of Pretoria in celebration of the Kaiser's birthday. Replying to the Chairman's toast, the President said:—

'In the first place I must thank you for the kind manner in which you received the toast, and, seeing that your Chairman has referred to my career and this Republic in connection with Germany, I will deal with these points first. You all know that in the year 1884 I went to England about the Convention. The British Government received me in a friendly manner and had the matter of the suzerainty altered. Previously I could not enter into treaties with other countries without Her Majesty's consent, but they met me in a friendly spirit and the treaty was altered. They relinquished the suzerainty and I was free. After that I went through Europe, and amongst other places I visited Germany, where I was received by the Kaiser. I had always thought before that our Republic was regarded as a child among other countries, but the Kaiser received

me as the representative of a grown-up Republic. I was courteously treated, and was able to enter into a treaty with Germany, our Republic being recognised as an important country. I always had the greatest respect for Wilhelm I. Wilhelm II, who now reigns, I met, but only casually, but what I saw of him gave me the impression that he would follow in his namesake's footsteps, and that he would endeavour to tighten* the bonds of friendship that exist between Germany and this country. I have received proof of it since he has been reigning, and he has decorated me with the Order of the Red Eagle. His father I met as well, and he received me very kindly. I know I may count on the Germans in future, and I hope Transvaalers will do their best to strengthen and foster the friendship that exists between them. When the Convention with Her Majesty's Government was signed, I regarded this Republic as a little child, and a little child has to wear small clothing. But as the child grows up it requires bigger clothes—the old ones will burst—and that is our position to-day. We are growing up, and, although we are young, we feel that if one nation tries to kick us the other will try to stop it. When we asked Her Majesty's Government for bigger clothes, they said, "Eh? Eh? What is this?" and could not see that we were growing up. As regards this celebration, I am very pleased to see you Germans here to do honour to your Kaiser. You have proved law-abiding citizens here, and I feel certain when the time comes for the Republic to wear still larger clothes you will have done much to bring it about. It is my wish to continue those peaceful relations, and I wish also to give Germany all the support a little child can give to a grown-up man. The time is coming for our friendship to be more firmly established than ever. I now ask you to drink to Kaiser Wilhelm, and may he continue in the footsteps of his grandfather, Wilhelm I, and may he enjoy God's blessing.†

This speech—known in South Africa as the 'big clothes' speech—was delivered 26th January, 1895; nearly a year, therefore, before Mr. Kruger's affront to the Imperial Government in the closure of the southern frontier of the Transvaal to goods seeking entrance through the ports of the Cape Colony—the Vaal River Drifts affair, as it is called. Coming then as it did like a bolt from the blue, even Lord Kimberley was startled into instructing the British Ambassador at Berlin to draw the attention of the German Government to the speech and to protest against the attitude of Germany revealed in it.

Of the exact nature of the relations which subsisted between the German Government and Mr. Kruger there is no official evidence; but apart from the 'big clothes' speech

* The word is mistranslated 'narrow' in the published report.

† 'Star' of Johannesburg, January 28th 1895.

which was something much more than a mere 'Proxit!'—there are good grounds for suspecting that the almost simultaneous advent of Germany at Angra Pequena and the Transvaal's resolute attempt to carry her western boundary across Bechuanaland and the Kalahari Desert, were but the two halves of one concerted movement to prevent our extension northwards, against which Bismarck, in his interviews with Mr. Meade, of our Foreign Office, was protesting as being inimical to German interests. In the case of Herr Einwald's frustrated attempt, a little later, to annex St. Lucia Bay and territory on the Zululand coast, the evidence is tolerably complete of Mr. Kruger's co-operation with Germany.

Now all sections of the Afrikaner National Party have recognised that for the creation and maintenance of a Dutch dominion something more was necessary than the mere extrusion of the Imperial factor from South Africa, namely, the protection of some Great Power against the other Great Powers. In view of the strategical importance of the Cape and the rush of Europe into the Eastern hemisphere, every thinking Afrikaner saw for himself that South Africa would never be able to stand alone, and that to drive England out would be merely to substitute one foreign yoke for another. Hence the problem, how to transform South Africa into an independent Dutch Republic, was, for the more thoughtful, complicated with this other problem, how, in the same act, to procure the protection of some Great Power for the sea-board. The solution, for a large majority, even in the Transvaal, was that, after England had been expelled from South Africa, a friendly arrangement should be entered into with her for the protection of the coasts—Simon's Bay, and perhaps Port Natal, being assigned to her in consideration of this service.* Mr. Merriman, in 1890 supported this solution, 'The only safe policy for South Africa is that recommended by the eminently unromantic and common-sense official, Sir Hercules Robinson: "the Imperial Government on the coast, and the country for the people that live in it."† Mr. Hofmeyr has always been the foremost advocate of this scheme, to which we must refer those items of his policy which have enabled him to pass for an Imperialist: for example, the duty which he would persuade the self-governing Colonies to levy on non-British imports as a contribution to the maintenance of the British navy, and the Cape subsidy of 30,000*l.* a year to the same object. Honestly convinced that England was the Power with which his pro-

* Of above, p. 526.

† *Fortnightly Review*, March 1890, p. 309.

jected Independent Dutch Republic should seek alliance, since it could not stand alone, and that Germany, as an iron-fisted foe to Republican institutions, should be held aloof, Mr. Hofmeyr was very naturally alarmed at the discovery of Mr. Kruger's intrigues, first with Bismarck and later with Kaiser Wilhelm II. Alarm deepened into resentment, and the rift in the Afrikaner National Party began, when through the agency of Karl Borckenhagen (to whom in such dangerous matters the duty was assigned of making the written word unnecessary), pressure was put on him and the Bond to fall in with Mr. Kruger's plans.

To this cause of difference a second was added when, in 1890, on the accession of Mr. Rhodes to the Premiership of the Cape Colony, Mr. Hofmeyr lent the support of the Afrikaner Bond to that northward expansion which in 1884 he had conspired with the Transvaal to prevent. With the details of the eventful bargain between the leader of the Afrikaner Bond and the leader of the Imperialists we are not now concerned. It will be sufficient to say that in return for his support to certain domestic measures dear to the Cape Dutch, and to certain other measures in which Mr. Hofmeyr saw a means of securing and enlarging his own parliamentary ascendancy, Mr. Rhodes procured the co-operation of the Afrikaner party in the task of opening up the vast regions in the north that now bear his name. Doubtless Mr. Hofmeyr was rendered all the more disposed to fall in with Mr. Rhodes's proposals by the thought that in the projected development of her 'Hinterland' the Cape Colony might regain the hegemony of the South African family of States, threatened by the new-found wealth of the Transvaal; but the only point in the transaction of present interest to us is that, as the result of it, Mr. Kruger was compelled to witness the spectacle of his old allies committed to an enterprise which must rob the Transvaal of its cherished possibilities of expansion beyond the Limpopo. His resentment was profound and practical. Cape Afrikaners were immediately treated as Uitlanders; their places in the service of the Transvaal Government were taken away and given to Hollanders and Germans; their products—wine, brandy, fruit—were as far as possible barred out; and, generally, every opportunity of doing the Cape Colony an ill turn was promptly seized. President Kruger's purpose in these reprisals was to convince his compatriots at the Cape that they could enjoy Mr. Rhodes's good will only at the sacrifice of his own. These reprisals, and the estrangement out of which they sprang, provoked much correspondence between the Cape Dutch and

their kinsmen beyond the Vaal—correspondence of which the following telegram, dated August 14th, 1895, from Mr. Hofmeyr to President Kruger, is an instructive specimen :

'Telegrams in Cape Town papers, re the resolution passed by Volksraad with regard to increased duty on imported liquor, cause great anxiety amongst Transvaal's friends down here, who have, during the late complications, done their utmost in the interest of their fellow Afrikaners north of the Vaal. They fear that if increased duties are placed upon Colonial liquor it will be taken advantage of by your and our enemies to cause estrangement between your people and our people, to the great injury of both. I pray you watch against all steps which might injure your friends, the Colonial wine-farmers. Answer me, s.v.p., to calm their minds.

'Kindly lay this before your Executive.' (From 'Oos Land'.)

But Mr. Kruger's unkindnesses were not in themselves sufficient to undermine Mr. Hofmeyr's position. It was only when Mr. Rhodes, their dear-bought ally, forgetful, as it seemed, of his pledge of a free hand for Bond policy within the Cape Colony, lent all his weight to a measure for the compulsory eradication of 'scab'—a measure detested by the entire Bond, with the exception of its urban members, innocent of sheep—that they turned at last on their leader. They notified Mr. Hofmeyr of their dissatisfaction with a policy which had issued in the alienation of the Transvaal and the threatened imposition of an Act to compel them to 'dip' their sheep; and he, bowing low before the blast, resigned his seat in the Legislative Assembly for Stellenbosch, resigned also the leadership of the Bond, and, with much ostentation of ill health, retired into private life. Mr. Hofmeyr, in fact, had come to see that in his alliance with Mr. Rhodes he had over-reached himself, and that, without having in any wise served the interests of Afrikanerdom, he and his party had contributed substantially to extend and perpetuate the authority of the 'Imperial factor,' which it was of the very essence of their own policy to oust from South Africa. Rhodesia had been made hopelessly British, and, as was shown in an article, 'The Years Before the Raid,' in our last issue, Sir Henry Loch had put it beyond doubt that British paramountcy was a living and active force in South African affairs. For these obstructions to their ambitions the Afrikaner National Party held Mr. Hofmeyr mainly accountable, in that the Parliamentary support which he had given the Rhodes Ministry had alone made them possible; and their resentment, to which Mr. Borekenhagen in his journal, 'De Express,' gave utterance, was loud and deep.

It was in the earlier days of 1895 that all this took place.

Then came the Jameson Raid, and with it Mr. Hofmeyr's opportunity of rehabilitating himself in the eyes of Mr. Kruger and Afrikanerdom. To show how effectually he seized the opportunity would be to tell the whole story of the public life of the Cape Colony since the beginning of 1896. Except a few members who clung to Mr. Rhodes, the Afrikaner Bond gave Mr. Hofmeyr the welcome of the sinner that repenteth. He closed up their ranks, organised the Anglophobia which the Raid had fanned to a passion; created the Committee of Vigilance, and by means of it has ever since exercised an authority over Bond and Parliament greater even than that which he enjoyed in 1890 when he placed it at the service of Mr. Rhodes. Nor was this reunion limited to the Cape section of the Afrikaner National Party. The breach between it and the Republican section over the question of foreign alliances was healed; and even the scars of the wound disappeared when the other day Mr. Kruger discovered that, in trusting to Germany in the contingency of which he had spoken five years before on the occasion of the Kaiser's birthday, he was leaning upon a broken reed. How Mr. Hofmeyr has used his regained ascendancy in Afrikanerdom we may infer from those acts and omissions of the Cape Ministry, and of its masters, the Bond, at which we have already glanced. And, as he has used his ascendancy, so will he continue to use it; for in him there is but a shadow of turning—just that shadow which marks all statesmen gifted with a sense of timeliness.

Though Mauser and Krupp are likely to fail, the Afrikaner cause may yet triumph by dint of Afrikaner statecraft. The conditions that govern the allocation of Parliamentary power are mostly in its favour. Thus, in the Cape Colony, thanks mainly to an inequitable distribution of Parliamentary representation, the Dutch, though numbering barely forty per cent. of the total electorate, have a substantial majority in the Legislative Assembly; and it is difficult to say how this state of things is to be remedied. In the Orange Free State, where the Dutch constitute nine elevenths of the population, Parliamentary power, when Parliamentary government is reinstituted, must necessarily and rightly fall to them. On the other hand, Natal and Rhodesia are securely British. The unknown quantity is the Transvaal. What will happen here in the Parliamentary arena, when, the period of military occupation having passed, the Transvaal embarks on its career as a self-governing British Colony? For Parliamentary purposes the Dutch will be in a permanent minority, but will the non-Dutch section of the population remain politically homogeneous?

Hardly. The world-wide strife of capital and labour must presently extend to the Transvaal also; and then the Dutch minority, being equally indifferent to the particular aims of both, will naturally sell its Parliamentary support to the one of the two that will in return pledge the larger measure of support to Afrikaner policy. Afrikaner statecraft then need not despair. For unless our own statecraft should be able to devise a remedy, Mr. Hofmeyr and his coadjutors may reckon on the Parliamentary control of two, and perhaps three, of the five future Governments of South Africa.

The other essential to the restoration of the 'Dominion of Afrikanerdom' is the segregation of the Dutch element; and to this end their leaders will be quick to turn to account any flaws in the settlement and any blunders on the part of the Imperial officers charged with its administration, transmuting them into the 'wrongs of a martyr race.' The conservation of the racial integrity of the South African Dutch as the indispensable basis of an Independent Dutch South Africa is, as we have seen, the prime purpose of the Afrikaner Bond; and in nothing has Mr. Hofmeyr displayed so much astuteness as in his practical recognition of the value of 'grievances' as an aid to this conservation. Though himself cultivated and even scholarly, one of his earliest undertakings was to stir up among his compatriots a sense of wrong done them as a race in the non-recognition of their debased *patois*, the 'taal.' He used all the powers of the Afrikaner Bond to secure the official equality of the 'taal' with English; and there now stands in the public gardens of Burghersdorp—a rebel centre—a marble statue emblematic of the 'taal,' with this inscription on the pedestal:—

'Erkend is nu der Moedertaal
In Raad, Kantoor, en Schoollokaal.'

How much survives of the spirit of which the statue and the rebellion at Burghersdorp are equally the expression, and to what length it is prepared to go, we may expect to learn presently, when the Cape Parliament and the proposed Congress of the Afrikaner Bond assemble, and when the trial of the rebels has been held. We may then return to the subject.

ART. XIII.—THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. II.

THE first period of the war in South Africa ended in the middle of December with the unsuccessful attempt of the British force in Natal to pass the Tugela at Colenso. The close of the second period is marked by the British occupation of Bloemfontein in the middle of March. We dealt in January with the former period, and propose now to attempt a general survey of the course of events between the middle of December and the middle of March.

The conditions under which our sketch is undertaken prescribe certain limitations in the objects at which it can aim. The despatches of the British generals, giving their deliberate account of the actions which they have directed, are not yet published; the text of the orders which they have issued from time to time is not yet accessible; the composition and distribution of their forces are still, to observers at home, at least partly, matters of conjecture; the minute topography of most of the battle-fields, without which no full insight into the tactical conditions is possible, has yet to be ascertained and recorded. Of the composition and distribution of the Boer forces and the intentions of their commanders no trustworthy account exists. We are compelled to rely, first, on those official telegrams from the British generals which it has been thought expedient to publish, and in which, therefore, no information is given which it would have been at the time imprudent to communicate to the enemy; and, secondly, on the telegrams and letters of the press correspondents, written and transmitted under the supervision of the military censorship, and therefore in many cases restricted, both as regards their substance and their form. The survey of a war based upon such materials will resemble rather the rough experimental map of a region which the map-maker cannot enter, and in regard to which he has to rely upon the reports of travellers, than the finished and accurate product of a regular and scientific survey. Yet even the first rough sketch of an unsurveyed country may be useful.

We know the dates, the general nature, and the results of the principal engagements which furnish the skeleton or outline of the campaign, and we may, therefore, safely make such deductions as can be drawn from the general scope of the operations. But we must avoid such inferences as depend upon an intimate knowledge of local conditions or of the motives governing the decisions of commanders, except in the special cases where the necessary facts have been the subject of authentic record.

The war began on the 11th of October, the day on which Sir George White arrived at Ladysmith. The Boer armies were then ready for operations and at full strength ; while the British forces, except the small garrisons imprisoned at Mafeking and Kimberley, and the small field force assembling in Natal, were still at home. The Boer plan was to take advantage of the length of time which must elapse before any considerable British force could be conveyed to the theatre of war and be in readiness for operations, in order to overpower the small British detachments, and to conquer as much territory as possible in the British Colonies, where the help of the malcontent Dutch population was to be expected. The principal Boer army was employed in Northern Natal, where the only considerable organised British force was to be met with, while smaller Boer contingents, proportionate to the magnitude of the several tasks, were devoted to the observation of the southern frontier of Rhodesia, to the attacks upon Mafeking and Kimberley, and to the invasion of Cape Colony, or, what was perhaps not quite the same thing, to the encouragement of rebellion among the Dutch farmers in the extensive borderland lying to the south of the Orange River, from the Basuto frontier on the east as far as Douglas and Prieska on the west. It seems probable that this plan was dictated as much by political as by military considerations. The ambition of the Boer leaders to found a great Boer State led them to pose as the champions of a new order, both to the Dutch settlers in Northern Natal and to the Dutch farmers in the northern portion of Cape Colony ; while the possession of Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking would have been a means of preventing or delaying the advance of a British army along the line of railway which connects those towns. But the direct influence of a political motive has, almost invariably, a bad effect upon strategical decisions. No great political result is secured in war, except by decisive victory in the field, and decisive victory can seldom be obtained except by the concentration of military effort upon one objective at a time. Had the Boers at the beginning devoted their whole energy to offensive operations upon one frontier, contenting themselves meanwhile on the other frontiers with those simple measures of observation which, in the almost entire absence of British forces, would have been quite sufficient for purposes of protection, some definite success might have been attained. The attempt to carry on offensive operations upon three frontiers at once absorbed the entire forces of the two Republics, and subjected them, as the British forces successively arrived upon the scene, to a constantly increasing strain, while it left no sufficient reserve of power for resistance

to sudden and unexpected pressure at any point. This widely dispersed offensive movement of the Boers, met as it was during the first period of the war by a corresponding dispersion of British efforts, gave to the Boer army for the time the appearance of very great strength, but resulted, in the second period, in the complete collapse of the Boer offensive so soon as the first blow was struck through the circumference of their enormously extended cordon.

The principal effect, at home and in the Colonies, of the unfavourable course of the war, in October, November, and December, was to arouse among all classes the determination that the war should be carried on, no matter at what sacrifice, until success should have been achieved. This national resolve was reflected in the measures announced by the Government in the course of the autumn and winter. On the 9th of November was issued the order for the mobilisation of a fifth division, followed on the 3rd of December by an order for the mobilisation of a sixth division, and on the 8th by the announcement that a seventh division would also be prepared.

Two days after the battle of Colenso Lord Roberts was appointed to the command-in-chief of the forces in South Africa, and Lord Kitchener to be Chief of his Staff. Lord Roberts sailed from England on the 23rd of December, was joined on the voyage by Lord Kitchener, and landed at Cape Town on the 10th of January. During the interval further arrangements for the increase of the forces had been made. The British Colonies in both hemispheres were invited to increase their contingents in the field, and responded with enthusiasm to the call. The Government at home called for volunteers to form a new corps of Imperial Yeomanry, to be organised and drilled as mounted infantry, and the Volunteer force was at the same time invited to furnish a number of companies, one from each of the territorial regiments: each company on reaching South Africa to be attached to the line battalion of the territorial regiment which had raised it. A number of militia battalions had been embodied at the time of the mobilisation of the first army corps, and in the middle of January a beginning was made of the despatch of some of these battalions to the Cape. About the same time sixteen additional batteries of artillery were mobilised and successively sent off, and an extra battery of horse artillery from India was also added to the force in South Africa.

The increase of forces sent across the sea was accompanied by the determination to encourage the raising of local forces among the loyal population of the South African Colonies, and

by the close of January there were in Natal more than 7,000 local volunteers of different categories in the field, while at the same time the contingent furnished to the Imperial army by the inhabitants of the Cape Colony amounted to not less than 12,500 men. Some idea of the numerical increase of the British forces may be gathered from the following figures, which are approximate only, and are not official :—

British regular troops in South Africa before}		24,000
Nov. 9, 1899	
Troops landed in South Africa after Nov. 9, 1899—		
Until Dec. 14, 1899	55,854
" " 31, 1899	70,066
" Feb. 9, 1900	101,716
" Mar. 10, 1900	119,945

Thus the total force in South Africa, at the time of the entry of Lord Roberts into Bloemfontein, including British and Colonial troops of all categories, was not less than 163,000.

The fifth division began to sail from England on the 20th of November, and its last detachment reached Cape Town in the first days of January. Six out of eight battalions composing this division were sent on to Natal as they arrived. The sailing of the sixth division began on the 16th of December, and its transport was not completed till the end of the third week in January. The transport of the seventh division began on the 4th of January, and was completed in the second week of February.

On the 10th of January, when Lord Roberts reached Cape Town, he found in the theatre of war something like a condition of equilibrium. The Boers were besieging Mafeking and Kimberley with little prospect of speedy success. Between Kimberley and the Modder River Lord Methuen, with three brigades, was confronted by the force of General Cronje, estimated at about the same strength. Each of these opposing generals felt perfectly well able to defend his own position; neither of them felt equal to an attack on his enemy. In the district to the west of the Cape-Bulawayo Railway there were, on a small scale, raids and counter-raids. Thus on the 1st of January the Boers captured Kuruman, and on the same day Colonel Pilcher, with a small column from Belmont, defeated a party of Boers at Sunnyside, near Douglas. At the same time General French, who had collected a small mixed detachment of the three arms at Naauwport, and had manœuvred the Boers out of Arundel, was able to push forward and threaten their flank, so as to bring their offensive to a standstill, and

during the whole month of January to hold them in their positions at Colesberg. On the Burghersdorp-Queenstown line, General Gatacre and the Boer forces were watching each other without attempting any decisive movement. Thus in the western theatre of war the forces on both sides were fully occupied, so that a decided change could be expected only from the arrival on the scene of fresh forces for one side or the other. The fresh British forces were on the sea; fresh Boer forces did not exist, but there was the possibility of a transfer of troops from the Boer army in Natal to some point within the Free State.

In Natal Sir Redvers Buller, after the repulse of Colenso, had drawn to himself the greater part of Sir Charles Warren's division, and, so soon as that division should have been provided with transport, would be in a position to take the field with three divisions and a respectable force of artillery. It was high time that he should be able to act. On Saturday, the 6th of January, a considerable Boer force made an assault upon the defences of Ladysmith. The attack began at a quarter to three in the morning, and was renewed time after time with great determination. Some of the British entrenchments on Waggon Hill, which was defended by Colonel Ian Hamilton, were three times taken by the Boers, and three times retaken by the British. At half-past seven in the evening, however, the last Boer attack was beaten off. The assault had failed, and the Boers had suffered heavy loss. Sir George White had at one time heliographed to Sir Redvers Buller that he was very hard pressed; and there could be little doubt that if the Boers should be able once or twice to repeat a desperate attack of this kind, the defence of Ladysmith might be overpowered. It was therefore a matter of urgency that Sir Redvers Buller with his army corps should attack and defeat the Boer army which was covering the siege of Ladysmith, and should effect a union between his own forces and those of Sir George White. There was no reason to suppose his army inadequate to the task. In order to maintain the investment of Ladysmith, the Boers were forced to keep in the works by which the town was encircled a garrison which could not safely be diminished below the strength of Sir George White's force. The Boer Commander-in-chief could hardly have at his disposal in Natal a force large enough to supply this garrison and at the same time to confront Sir Redvers Buller with numbers anything like those of the British army corps. The union of Sir Redvers Buller with Sir George White would make the British army in Natal strong enough to try conclusions with any force which the Boers could possibly assemble.

The British Commander-in-chief, in framing his plan of operations, had to consider as his main object that destruction of the Boer military power which alone would enable the British Government to give effect to its policy in regard to the future of South Africa. The reinforcements due in the course of a few weeks would give him such a numerical superiority as would justify an offensive aiming at the most decisive results. At the same time, he had to bear in mind the importance of preventing any local and temporary reverse to the British arms, and in particular to avoid, if possible, so great a disaster as the destruction of Sir George White's force.

The great feature of Napoleonic strategy was the single line of operations and the advantage to be drawn from interior lines. Napoleon himself, commenting upon the campaigns of 1796 and 1797, speaks of 'the principle that an army ought to have only a single line of operations.' It is one of the great merits of Jomini to have analysed the conditions of the Napoleonic strategy, and to have shown that, in his adoption of the single line of operations, Napoleon conformed to the fundamental principles of the art of war. The most systematic of recent French writers on strategy, the late General Berthaut, was so much under the spell of the Napoleonic tradition that he hesitated to approve, even in case of great numerical superiority, of any departure from the single line. But the year 1813 and the campaign of Leipzig proved that the convergent attack, if undertaken with sufficient numbers, may overpower even the greatest commander; and Jomini, in his famous '*Precis*,' admits that the double line of operations may be rendered necessary, either by the configuration of the theatre of war or by a division of the enemy's forces, involving the necessity of resistance to each of his great masses. Consequently (he allows) the double line is justified when there is a numerical superiority so pronounced that it is possible to operate by two different lines without running the risk that one of the two bodies may be overwhelmed by the enemy.

Clausewitz, whose analysis of war, though it lacks the charm of graceful exposition, is so profound that it repays the most exhaustive study, had the advantage of looking back, as he wrote, upon the whole course of the Napoleonic period, as well as of an intimate personal acquaintance with those who had directed the movements of the Allies in the final struggle. He was of opinion that, given a sufficient preponderance of force, the convergent attack, the offensive conducted by independent armies operating on two or three separate lines, is the most effective. The same opinion was independently expressed by Willisen,

the most logical of all the great writers on war. It may therefore fairly be said that Lord Roberts, in determining to use the reinforcements which he expected for the purpose of an advance through the Free State, while leaving Sir Redvers Buller to effect his junction with Sir George White in Natal, was acting in accordance with the principles upon which the best analysts of the military art are agreed. There is, moreover, a condition which rendered the formation of two separate armies especially desirable in South Africa: there is always a limit to the number of troops which can be conveniently supplied in a single district or on a single line of operations. The embarrassment of great concentrations, from the point of view both of movement and supply, was admirably explained by Moltke, who went so far as to say that 'the essence of strategy consists in the arrangement of separate marches with due consideration for timely concentration.' In a country like South Africa, with few roads, a sparse population, and the scantiest possibilities for the local supply of the troops with provisions, the limit to the numbers that can be moved and fed as a single army is very much smaller than in Europe, and this limit is greatly curtailed the moment it becomes necessary for the army to move to any considerable distance from a railway line.

The decision of Lord Roberts to operate himself with the principal army in the western theatre of war implied, of course, that he would form the bulk of the fresh troops which would arrive during the next few weeks into a single army, which he would so move as to unite with it in succession the other bodies already distributed over the field of operations. The plan involved a considerable delay, for it would be necessary to postpone the opening of the campaign until the forces were thoroughly equipped for the field, and the transport so organised as to permit of rapid movement with or without the support of a line of railway. In the meantime, it might reasonably be expected, Sir Redvers Buller would be able to raise the siege of Ladysmith, and to effect the junction of Sir George White's division with his own army corps, now stronger by almost a whole division than it had been on the unfortunate 15th of December. To reinforce it further by again detaching troops from the Cape would lead either to the postponement of the opening of the campaign in the Free State, or to a diminution of the force which would for that purpose be available.

Sir Redvers Buller lost no time before opening his new campaign. The last of his reinforcements reached him during the first week of January, and on the 10th his army was in motion. On the 11th of January Lord Dundonald with a mounted

brigade occupied, without opposition, the heights on the south bank of the Tugela opposite Potgieter's Drift, about seventeen miles in a straight line to the west of Colenso. A party of his men swam the river, and brought the pont or ferry-boat across without serious opposition from the Boers. A brigade of infantry was left to protect the camp and railhead at Chieveley, and the main body of the army set out from Chieveley and Frere towards Springfield, a point on the Little Tugela seven miles south of Potgieter's Drift. The weather was wet, the rivers swollen, the hilly and difficult ground exceedingly heavy, and the tracks, which have the name without the quality of roads, rendered the marching, and still more the movement of the baggage-trains, extremely laborious. One of the waggons which stuck fast in a ford could not be moved by eighty oxen, though it was eventually dragged out by a traction-engine. Several days were occupied in the movement to Springfield, in the preliminaries for a further advance, and in marching from Springfield to the Tugela. On the 16th, Lyttelton's brigade with a battery crossed the river at Potgieter's Drift, and on the 17th Lyttelton was demonstrating against the enemy in his front; while Clery's division, without serious opposition, seized the passage at Trichard's Drift, five or six miles to the west of Potgieter's Drift, bridged the stream, and began its passage. The whole of the force which here crossed, two divisions and a cavalry brigade, seems to have been entrusted to the general direction of Sir Charles Warren.

The interval between the 11th and the 16th had been used by the Boers in preparations to resist the new movement. Between the two drifts the hills which form the northern slope of the Tugela valley bend away to the north-west to form the margin, not of the valley of the Tugela, but of the valley or plain of its tributary, Venter's Spruit. This range of hills had been selected by the Boers as their defensive position. The slopes rise to a height of three or four hundred feet above the level of the river and lead to a flat summit a mile or two in width. Behind the obtuse angle formed by the north-westerly bend of the hills rises from the top of the tableland a peak called Spion Kop, several hundred feet higher than any other point of the plateau. Trichard's Drift appears to lie a mile or two to the westward of the apex or corner of the plateau. Sir Charles Warren, having pushed forward a small advance-guard to hold the hill or ridge directly covering his bridges, turned the head of his column to the north-west, Lord Dundonald with the cavalry leading the way towards Acton Homes, where on the 18th he drove away a party of Boers from the Acton Homes

and Ladysmith road. Behind the cavalry came Clery's division, and behind that Warren's. On Friday the 19th, while Lyttelton's brigade was still holding the edge of the plateau in front of Potgieter's Drift, the divisions of Clery and Warren, forming front to the north-east, began a careful reconnoitring advance up the slopes of the plateau. On Saturday, the 20th, the edge of the plateau was in the possession of the British, who found the Boers entrenched in carefully chosen positions at median ranges from the edge, and therefore commanding with their fire the intervening comparatively level ground. Throughout Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the musketry and artillery contest was carried on along the whole distance from Brakfontein Kopje, in front of Potgieter's Drift, on the British right, to a point near the Acton Homes road, on the British left. Sir Charles Warren found that the Boers on Spion Kop commanded the ground in their front and on both flanks for a considerable distance, and came to the conclusion that this peak was the key to the position. With the concurrence of Sir Redvers Buller he decided to capture this height by a night attack; and during the night of Tuesday, the 23rd, the hill was scaled and a lodgment on its summit effected under the direction of General Woodgate. The Boers were not driven off the hill, but remained in possession of entrenchments from which that portion of the summit occupied by the British was commanded. During the whole of Wednesday the British on the hill, constantly reinforced until the numbers present were greater than the space available for their effective employment, were exposed to a heavy fire both of musketry and artillery, and of machine guns, to which, from the difficulty experienced in finding or creating cover, and from the fact that the Boers were well sheltered, they found it impossible to make an effective reply. It was not found practicable to take guns up the hill, and when night fell the British troops had lost heavily, among the wounded being General Woodgate, who has since died. The troops holding the position were, as is common in such cases, in some disorder, as the units were mixed and many officers had been killed or disabled. During the night of Wednesday Colonel Thorneycroft, the senior officer present, having, as it seems, received no communication either from the Commander-in-chief or from Sir Charles Warren, and not being visited by any officer of superior rank or by any staff officer representing his superiors, and judging that he would be unable next day to prolong the conflict under conditions like those of the day before, gave the order for retirement. On Tuesday morning Sir Redvers Buller, riding over to Sir Charles Warren's quarters,

learned to his surprise that Spion Kop had been abandoned in the night, and immediately determined to withdraw the whole force to the south of the Tugela. The retirement was completely effected without mishap by the morning of Saturday, the 27th. Lyttelton's brigade, however, appears to have been maintained in a position on the hills which, a mile or two in front of Potgieter's Drift, protected the bridges over the river at that point.

This brief campaign, which began on the 10th of January, will no doubt become more intelligible when it can be studied in the light of topographical maps and of the official despatches. The telegrams of Sir Redvers Buller suggest a series of questions, in the solution of which the letters of the newspaper correspondents give little assistance. The delay which elapsed between the appearance of Lord Dundonald at Potgieter's Drift on the 11th, and the appearance of the main column at Trichard's Drift on the 17th, was no doubt in part due to the extreme difficulty of movement, under the conditions which have already been described. It was, however, fatal to whatever element of surprise may have been intended to enter into the operation. But this delay, if its cause is here rightly explained, must have been foreseen. In that case surprise was not expected, and the Commander-in-chief must have calculated upon finding the Boers entrenched to receive him. The British attack appears to have been everywhere directed against the enemy's front, and to have been at no point, except Spion Kop, of a determined character. In the seven days between the 17th and the 24th, in which the fighting took place, the British loss, out of a force of 25,000 men, was 27 officers and 246 men killed, 53 officers and 1,056 men wounded, 7 officers and 340 men missing; or 1,729 of all categories. The principal losses were those of Wednesday, the 24th, at Spion Kop.

There may have been another cause for the delay to which reference has been made. It is possible that the army in Natal was encumbered with more baggage than was absolutely necessary, and that it had never been trained to march in large bodies. Upon the subject of superfluous baggage some of the newspaper correspondents have expressed a decided opinion. A word may here be said as to the system of marching. In a letter published in the 'Morning Post' of February 17th, Mr. W. S. Churchill describes the march from Chieveley and Frere to Trichard's Drift, and in this description occur the words: 'Miles of stern-looking men marching in fours so quickly that they often had to run to keep up.' If that is a true account, it betrays a very serious defect in the staff arrangements of the

British army. The general whose infantry on the march are to-day obliged to run, in order to keep up, does not know his business, and has no educated staff. Four-and-twenty years ago the operation of marching large bodies of all arms was the subject of a thorough analysis by the French general Lewal,* who showed that the way to avoid delays in the march of a column, and to prevent the evils which arise from the checks inevitable in the course of the movement and from the undue extension of the length of roadway covered, is to allow large gaps at regular intervals in the column, and to fix at a uniform slow rate the movement of the head of each section. The arrangements proposed by General Lewal have been adopted with little modification in Continental armies, and the facility of movement which they confer has been amply illustrated in France, where large bodies of troops in all recent manœuvres have covered distances which astonished English observers. It is to be feared that the substance of Lewal's work has not yet been digested by those responsible for the training of the British forces.

It is difficult to avoid the impression that on Wednesday evening the Boer Commander-in-chief had at least as good reason for anxiety as his British opponent; and that had Sir Redvers Buller or Sir Charles Warren taken those precautions which are usually expected of a commander in regard to what he supposes to be the decisive attack on the key of the enemy's position, and either himself superintended the operations of the second night or communicated his views so soon as it was dark by a proper representative to the officers on the spot, the decision of Thursday would have been, not the retreat of the British, but that of the Boers. Before the advance took place Sir Redvers Buller in a proclamation to his troops had announced that there would be no going back; and it may perhaps fairly be said that military tradition justifies the view that by such a proclamation a general stakes his character upon the success of his enterprise, and may be expected at the critical moment to throw into the scale at the decisive point the whole weight of his personal character and of his own presence.

On the 5th of February Sir Redvers Buller made a fresh attempt to raise the siege of Ladysmith. The range of hills which overlooks the Tugela from the north, and which beyond Potgieter's Drift bears the name of Brakfontein, takes the shape, four or five miles nearer to Colenso, of a circular many-buttressed mass called Dornkop. Between this and Brak-

* *Tactique de Marche.* Paris: Dumaine, 1870.

fontein is a lower hill called Vaal Krantz, commanded from them both, while between Vaal Krantz and Dornkop there is a dip through which runs a good road from the Tugela to Ladysmith. Vaal Krantz, the dip followed by the road, and the banks of the river in this portion of its course, are commanded from a hill called Zwartkop on the south side of the river. Under cover of the trees on Zwartkop, Sir Redvers Buller posted a number of guns. While these guns were masked by the trees a brigade of infantry and thirty-six guns made a demonstration in front of Potgieter's Drift, as though about to attack Brakfontein, and while this was in progress the battery on Zwartkop was unmasked and a brigade of infantry crossed the river by a pontoon bridge at the base of that hill, and attacked and seized Vaal Krantz. The troops were then withdrawn from the demonstration and Vaal Krantz was temporarily entrenched and held against a counter-attack. Next day, the 6th, Vaal Krantz, the defenders of which had been relieved during the night by fresh troops, was subjected to heavy artillery fire, not only from the Boer position to the left but also from Dornkop on the right, where the Boers had placed guns in such a manner as to command Vaal Krantz without being visible to the British gunners on Zwartkop. The operation of crossing the river at this point may have been intended to turn the left flank of the Boers' position on Brakfontein, but so soon as the enemy had forces posted on Dornkop it became an attempt to pierce his centre, and—as the troops could not advance without being exposed to the fire of heavy artillery both from the right and the left, and as there was no prospect of that artillery being silenced by the British guns—had little prospect of success. Sir Redvers Buller determined not to prosecute it further, and on the 8th and 9th withdrew his troops to the south of the river.

If the operation which ended in the retirement from Spion Kop failed from want of determination in the execution, the question suggested by the attack on Vaal Krantz concerns rather the conception. It is not at present easy to understand what was expected from an attempt to pierce the enemy's centre, when the spot chosen for the purpose was evidently commanded on the one flank by an artillery position from which there was no prospect of dislodging the enemy, and on the other by a lofty hill which offered to the enemy the most formidable artillery position in the district and was likely to be utilised by him for that purpose.

Meanwhile preparations were being made for more successful movements elsewhere. On Tuesday, the 6th of February, Lord

Roberts left Cape Town, and on Friday, the 9th, arrived at Lord Methuen's camp at the Modder River station. During the week there were reports from the western theatre of war, which at the time a little puzzled observers at home: it was announced that an overwhelming force of infantry had been sent from Naauwport to seize Norval's Pont; and there were reports of the presence of General Kelly-Kenny on the railway which passes through Steynsburg towards Stormberg Junction. At the same time came the news that the Highland brigade, now under General Hector Macdonald, had marched out from Modder River to make a reconnaissance to Koodoosberg Drift, where a party of Boers had been reported. General Macdonald, afterwards reinforced by a cavalry brigade, succeeded in driving back the Boers, and in holding a position which cut their communications with the Boer raiders on the south bank of the river. On Saturday morning, the 10th, the Highland brigade was again at Lord Methuen's camp, where it was addressed in encouraging terms by the Commander-in-chief.

The reports from Naauwport and from Steynsburg had, no doubt, some relation to facts, for the cavalry division of General French had indeed been relieved by a small force of infantry. It seems probable that these rumours were intentionally spread in order to deceive the enemy with regard to the real nature of the British plan. The reconnaissance to Koodoosberg Drift was probably intended partly to inspire the High and brigade, which had been shaken by the heavy loss suffered in a few minutes at Magersfontein, and partly to draw the attention of Commandant Cronje, commanding the Boer forces in front of Kimberley, to his extreme right, in order that he might be the less prepared for a turning movement by his left. Lord Roberts had quietly collected a large force for the opening of his campaign; he had sent north not merely the cavalry division of General French, now composed of three brigades with seven batteries, but also at least one brigade of mounted infantry. The sixth and seventh infantry divisions had also been moved in the same direction, and a ninth division had been formed of troops already in the theatre of war. There had also been a proportionate increase of the artillery. The first sign of movement which reached this country was the news that on Sunday, the 11th, Colonel Hannay with a brigade of mounted infantry, on the march from Orange River towards Randam, a point on the south bank of the Riet River, some eight miles above Jacobsdal, had found a party of Boers posted on his right. He had detached a portion of his force to contain the enemy whilst the rest of his force pushed on to Randam.

It was evident from this report that Colonel Hannay had been occupied in covering the march of a convoy. On the following day, the 12th, General French with the cavalry division seized a drift or ford, and crossed the Riet River, some dozen miles above Jacobsdal. He was closely followed by the sixth and seventh divisions. On the 13th, whilst the infantry divisions crossed the Riet River, General French with his three mounted brigades moved north from the Riet to the Modder River, where two drifts were secured and several Boer laagers were captured, proving that the turning movement had completely surprised the enemy. On Wednesday, the 14th, the sixth and seventh divisions were on the march from the Riet to the Modder, and on Thursday—the sixth division having crossed the Modder River—French with his mounted division pushed on towards Kimberley, broke through the Boer lines at Alexanderfontein and entered the town. The investing force thereupon disappeared, and the siege terminated.

On Thursday, March 15, Jacobsdal was occupied by the British, whose left was now represented by the first division facing the Boer trenches at Magerfontein, the front being prolonged through Jacobsdal to Klip Drift on the Modder River, beyond which the sixth division was encamped. The cavalry was quartered for the night in Kimberley, and on Friday, the 16th, moved northwards from the town in pursuit of a Boer force which probably represented the investing army. On the same day General Kelly-Kenny, commanding the sixth division at Klip Drift on the Modder, discovered that Cronje's force from Magerfontein had during the night passed across his front and was in full retreat. The sixth division set off in pursuit and attacked the Boer rear-guard, which was eventually brought to a standstill. While the Boer force was crossing the Modder River at Paardeberg General French was recalled from the north, and the Highland Brigade, now belonging to the ninth division, pushed out from Jacobsdal by a forced march along the south bank of the Modder. On Saturday the Boers, who had entrenched themselves on both banks of the river, found themselves cut off from retreat by either bank by British troops. On Sunday, the 18th, an attack on their position was attempted by the British divisional commanders, whose troops, however, failed to make substantial progress and suffered considerable loss. On Monday Lord Roberts reached the scene and put a stop to the attempt to bring about the surrender of the Boers by direct assault. The Boer force was completely surrounded and could have no prospect of success in an attack on the investing British line, so that its surrender

could only be a matter of time. In order to accelerate it Lord Roberts arranged to subject the position to a continuous cannonade from fifty guns. On Monday Commandant Cronje asked for an armistice, but on the arrival of Lord Roberts was told that no armistice could be granted, and that a cessation of fire was to be obtained only by unconditional surrender. The Boer commander declined to surrender, and the bombardment proceeded. It was known that a number of Free State commandos had some days before left Natal in order to reinforce Commandant Cronje; and the first care of Lord Roberts on reaching Paardeberg was to arrange to repel any attack which might be made by a relieving force upon his own troops. Two or three such attacks delivered by small forces were easily beaten off. At length, on the morning of Tuesday, the 27th of February, when the investing force had so contracted its lines as to be within charging distance of the Boer trenches, Commandant Cronje surrendered the position which he had held with such determination. It had been defended by only about four thousand men, who now became prisoners of war, and who, by a system of deep and narrow trenches, skillfully constructed on the river banks, had been enabled to endure with surprisingly small loss a cannonade as violent and as prolonged as has ever been concentrated upon so small a space.

The opening moves of the new campaign reveal the power of the new Commander-in-chief. The assembling of a force of fifty thousand men to deliver the blow is a sufficient indication of concentration of purpose. The preparations were completed with a secrecy in marked contrast to the preliminaries of previous movements during this war. When the move came it was both sudden and swift, taking the enemy completely by surprise. Cronje indeed deserves every credit for the rapidity of his retreat, and nothing but the greatest vigour and determination on the part of the British commanders of all ranks rendered it possible to overtake and stop him. There seem, however, to have been minor faults in the execution of the British commander's design—faults which are usually inevitable in the early period of a campaign in which the Commander-in-chief is for the first time at the head of his army. Two points in particular may be reserved for enquiry at some future date when the full official records of the war may be accessible. The escape of Cronje from Magersfontein may not have been intended, and in that case is not, with the information we at present possess, entirely explicable. So soon as the advance guard of the British army was beyond the Modder River at Klip Drift the relief of Kimberley—that is, the raising of the

siege—was absolutely certain, and it was a matter of indifference whether the entry of British troops into the town should take place twenty-four hours sooner or later. The essential thing was, if possible, the destruction of Cronje's force, of which the whereabouts seems to have been a matter of doubt. Yet we are not told that the cavalry division, previous to its entry into Kimberley, made any reconnaissance westwards towards Magersfontein; whilst the first division, which had been for many weeks facing the Boer position, is not known to have taken steps either to ascertain whether the Boers were retreating or to intercept a possible retreat to the west. The conception of the relief of a besieged town by the entry into it of the relieving force, appears to have had a stronger hold upon the minds of many of the British officers than the more fundamental and vital conception of the raising of the siege by the destruction of the besieging force. Lord Roberts, like Moltke, is little disposed to make public even such faults in execution as may have most tended to derange his plans, and it is therefore possible that a long time will elapse before a critical knowledge of these events can be obtained. Nor is it certain, with our present information, either that the eastward retreat of Cronje was not intended by Lord Roberts, or that, if the purpose was to prevent it, there were not insuperable difficulties in the way.

While these operations were in progress, there occurred a mishap which might well have checked a weak commander. The large convoy, which had been successfully escorted to Randam, was afterwards attacked by a Boer force as it was attempting the passage of the Riet. The small escort was overpowered, and the greater part of the convoy lost. The capture of a portion of Cronje's convoy near Klip Drift was a very inadequate compensation for the loss of so many British waggons; nevertheless Lord Roberts was not for a moment deterred by this misfortune from carrying out his design of moving across a country entirely devoid of supplies to Bloemfontein. It is a part of the nature of war that a commander's intentions should rarely be perfectly carried out, and that mishaps of various degrees of magnitude should constantly occur, tending to thwart his schemes; and there is no stronger evidence of the firmness of purpose which is the first quality of a general than the absolute indifference with which men like Lord Roberts appear to superficial observers to treat these various forms of misadventure.

The effect of Lord Roberts' advance was immediately felt in Natal. Sir Redvers Buller, after his failure at Vaal Krantz, had withdrawn to Chieveley; for the Boers had pushed forward

to the south of the Tugela, and their advanced post on Hussar Hill threatened Chieveley from the north-east. On the 14th of February, while the advance-guard of Lord Roberts was marching from the Riet to the Modder, Sir Redvers Buller successfully attacked the Boer position on Hussar Hill. On the 18th he drove the Boers from Monte Cristo; and on the 19th succeeded in pushing them entirely across the Tugela, and in obtaining possession of the whole range of hills which fills up the space between the Tugela and the Blaaukrantz River. The western spurs of this range commanded a portion of the Boers' position opposite Colenso, where on the 20th of February Buller's advance-guard crossed the river. The attack was pressed along the line of the railway and in the hilly country to the west of the line, but came to a standstill on Friday, the 23rd, with the failure of a very determined attack by the Irish brigade upon the Boer position westward of the railway near Pieters Station. The British troops, though they could not carry the position, were not withdrawn, and held their ground, while the Tugela was bridged a mile or two lower down. On Monday, the 26th, Barton's brigade passed across, and on Tuesday, the 27th, attacked the Boer left flank. At the same time the frontal attack was renewed. The Boers were this time defeated, with decisive results. Next day, the 28th, Lord Dandonald, sent forward with two cavalry regiments to reconnoitre, found no enemy in his front, and entered Ladysmith unopposed. The Boers had raised the siege and removed their guns; but Sir Redvers Buller's force, which on this day reached Nelthorpe, was too far distant to be able to pursue. Sir George White attempted to send a small party to press the Boer rear-guard, but his men were so exhausted by sickness and famine as to be incapable of marching; and it was impossible, from among the horses that had not yet been sacrificed to the necessities of supply, to make up teams equal to the effective movement of artillery.

In reviewing the campaign in Natal it is difficult to avoid the impression that Sir Redvers Buller made inadequate use of field entrenchments, and of the local defensive, for the purpose of containing the enemy in front with a portion of his force, in order to be able to accumulate troops for the attack upon one of his flanks. The practice of Sherman, in his famous campaign against Johnston, was to entrench along his adversary's front, and then to prolong his entrenchments to a flank until the Confederate general was compelled to choose between retreat and a defensive action in a situation in which defeat might well have led to the loss of his army. The great power of modern

weapons for purposes of defence in a position prepared by field entrenchments is probably the best basis for offensive tactics. The evidence before us does not justify a dogmatic statement that this use of the defensive escaped the notice of Sir Redvers Buller; but it may perhaps fairly be said that there is no sufficient proof that the possibilities of field works as an assistance to the enveloping attack were fully utilised.

The great turning movement which ended at Spion Kop failed of its purpose, for it degenerated into a frontal attack upon a prepared position, which it was the great object to avoid. If this was inevitable, owing to the greater mobility of the Boer forces, the question arises whether the attacks on Hussar Hill, Monte Cristo, and Hlangwane ought not to have been made at the beginning of the campaign rather than after a series of failures, of which the consequences might have been disastrous.

The raising of the siege of Ladysmith must be in part attributed to the advance of Lord Roberts, upon the news of which several thousand Free State Boers left Natal for the defence of their own country. Sir Redvers Buller, when he crossed the Tugela, was at first under the impression that he had only a rear-guard to deal with; and, though this impression was modified by the desperate resistance made by the enemy on the 23rd, it seems probable that the Boer commander had already recognised the impracticability of continuing with his reduced force both the investment of Ladysmith and the resistance to the relieving army—a resistance which at Spion Kop had probably taxed to the utmost the energies of his then undiminished forces.

After the surrender of Cronje there was a short pause, for the removal of the prisoners—who were sent to Cape Town—for the replenishment of supplies, and for the arrival of reinforcements, among which were included the Guards' Brigade. The camp was moved a few miles eastward, to Oosfontein; whilst the enemy's reinforcements, in position a few miles further east, at Poplar's Drift, were carefully reconnoitred. On the 7th of March Lord Roberts moved forward with three and a half divisions of infantry and three or four brigades of mounted troops. The advance was arranged on a broad front, with a strong force of cavalry thrown forward on the right, the intention no doubt being that the Boer position should be turned by the mounted troops before its front and flanks should be attacked by the infantry. The Boers did not await the attack, but retreated hastily. The advance was continued next day, again on a broad front, and on Saturday, the 10th of March, a Boer force at Driffontein made a determined resistance to the sixth division,

but was driven away with heavy loss. The advance was continued, and, as the Boer forces were believed to hold a position to the west of Bloemfontein, the cavalry division was pushed to the south-east, where, on the 12th of March, it struck the Free State railway a few miles south of Bloemfontein. Next day Lord Roberts, with the third cavalry brigade, rode forward and joined General French, hastening the march of the leading infantry divisions by the same route. The enemy had retreated from Bloemfontein to the north, and Lord Roberts received the surrender of the town.

The forethought of the Commander-in-chief had provided for an attempt to cut the railway to the north of Bloemfontein, and thus to secure locomotives and carriages for use on the Free State railway. This was happily effected; the railway to the south had not been seriously damaged, and a day or two after the entry into Bloemfontein a portion of the Guards' Brigade was sent by train towards Springfontein, where a junction was effected with the troops of General Clements and of Sir William Gatacre, who had meantime crossed the Orange River. The enemy's resistance in the southern portion of the Free State had crumbled to pieces, and the Boer forces, which had so long presented a formidable front, dispersed into a number of small bands, some of which surrendered, while others endeavoured to make good their retreat to the northern portion of the Free State.

The most remarkable feature of the war in the period under review is probably the contrast between the character of the operations which preceded and those which followed the arrival of Lord Roberts at Modder River Station on the 9th of February. Before that date there was a condition of equilibrium in which the Boers were holding their own, and the British, though nowhere compelled to abandon the struggle and admit defeat, were making no perceptible progress. But from that date began a complete change. Fresh British forces—amounting perhaps to thirty-five thousand men—were brought to bear upon a selected point in the Boer circuit of resistance, and violently upset the balance. The Boer armies being everywhere fully occupied, there was no means of stemming the inrush of this new force; and the attempt to improvise a buffer which should delay its advance led to a perceptible weakening of the Boer forces at other points. Thus the Boer system of defence, depending upon the occupation of the advanced positions gained in the early period of the war, was shattered at a blow. The rebellion in the Cape Colony, deprived of its support, immediately languished; the southern portion of the Free State passed

into the power of the British; and the Boer army in Natal fell back upon its own frontier.

It is evident that the success which attended the advance of Lord Roberts was to some extent due to the previously existing conditions, in which the forces of both sides were fully occupied throughout the theatre of war; while it is also clear that the greater rapidity of the movements in the Free State was partly dependent on the difference between the comparatively level plateau of the Free State and the rugged hills through which the Upper Tugela and its tributaries make their way. Though the future historian will probably be able to assign their due share of influence to those local and special difficulties, of which at present the exact effect is obscure, he will hardly modify the first impression that, in explaining the contrast between the two epochs of the war, a place must be given to 'the neglect of the principles of strategy in the one and to their application in the other.'* A good commentary upon the whole campaign is conveyed by a well-known passage of the great Swiss strategist in which he declares that the object of his work is to prove that there exists a fundamental principle of all the operations of war, and that it consists, first, in bringing the main body of the forces of an army successively to the decisive points of a theatre of war; secondly, in engaging this main body against the fractions of the enemy's army; thirdly, on the day of battle, in directing the main body of the forces upon the decisive point of the battle-field; and, lastly, in putting these forces into action, whether on the theatre of war or on the field of battle, with such energy and such unity of direction that they may put forth a simultaneous effort. Jomini regarded it as essential that a general should, so far as possible, endeavour to place his principal force upon the communications of the enemy without compromising his own; and Lord Roberts, by choosing for his point of concentration the camp on the Modder River, was able, in his subsequent advance towards Bloemfontein, first to threaten and then to occupy the main line of communications of all the Boer troops in the southern portion of the Free State, while his own line of communications was protected partly by the garrisons which defended its vulnerable points, and still more effectively by the position of his own army and the direction of its movement.

But the analysis of Jomini, valuable as it is as a clue to the formal strategy of the late operations, is yet in one respect inadequate. The campaign of a good general will always stand

* Jomini: 'Troisième Appendice au Précis de l'Art de la Guerre.'

the test of strategical analysis and illustrate the principles of what used to be called correctly but vaguely 'the art' of war. But the strategical principles which analysis reveals are the smallest part of generalship. A knowledge of strategical theory helps us to appreciate the work of a Cromwell or a Napoleon and to recognise his greatness ; it does not account for him. A great commander is before all things a great man, in whom concentration of purpose is carried to the point at which his whole action appears simple, so that what half the world calls genius is called by the other half the embodiment of common sense. The science of strategy is no more than the logic of the general's mind, and good generalship is related to strategical theory exactly as good thinking to logical science. Logic never made a great mind, nor æsthetic analysis a great artist. Moreover, in the conduct of war, as in all matters of practical skill, it is in the execution, and not merely in the design, that the master-hand reveals itself.

Much has been said and written on the various defects in the preparations made during the earlier portion of the war ; upon the insufficiency or imperfection of the supply of guns, the faults of the rifle with which the troops were armed, and the delay in providing the requisite animals and waggons for land transport. These subjects seem now likely to pass, too soon perhaps, into oblivion ; but something will have been gained from the experience of the past six months if the nation should be induced by it to take to heart once more the great lesson of all military history, that in war the first requisite is a leader ; and that, in regard both to the preparations made during peace and to the conduct of operations, the most responsible, the most important, and the most decisive act of a Government is the selection of its Commander-in-chief.

ART. XIV.—FOREIGN OPINION.

MODERN journalism has, in these latter days, fulfilled the poet's prayer—

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !'

and has proved, only too conclusively, that our neighbours on the Continent see us, at present, in an extremely disagreeable light. In no previous epoch of our history, it may probably be said, has there occurred so general an outburst of animosity against this country. The fact is patent: the causes are not equally clear. The average Englishman is apt to attribute the prevalent feeling to mere envy and malice; to detestation of free trade, parliamentary government, the Protestant succession, and other national palladia; to colonial disappointment and commercial jealousy. Such reasons may account for much, but they hardly suffice to explain the hostility of the cultivated and intelligent. It is at least interesting, and may be important, to ascertain the reasons which influence persons whose opinions we are bound to respect, even when those reasons are not convincing. We need hardly remind our readers that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements made or the views expressed in the following articles, but the names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee that the thoughtful element in their respective countries is duly represented.

GERMANY.*

Amid the angry war of words to which the hostile condition of public opinion in England and Germany has unfortunately given rise, we recall, like a half-forgotten legend of the distant past, that tremendous moment when Wellington, on the heights of St. Jean, in the late afternoon of June 18th, 1815, expressed aloud his wish that night or the Prussians would come. The hopes of victory were sinking with the setting sun, when, at first dull in the far distance, then nearer and nearer, louder and louder, in the rear and on the flank of the enemy, the thunder of the Prussian guns burst on Wellington's ear, and 'Thank God!' he exclaimed, 'old Blücher is there.'†

The great fight was over: the victory that decided the fate

* It has been thought advisable to translate this article from the German original. The translation has been revised by Herr Rodenberg.

† Pierson. 'Preussische Geschichte,' pp. 152, 154.

of the world was won. The English call it the battle of Waterloo, and the Waterloo column on the Waterloo-platz in Hanover preserves the memory of the name. We Germans call it the 'battle of La Belle Alliance.'

'In the centre, and on the highest point of the French position, lies a farm called La Belle Alliance. . . . As a memorial of the league which exists to-day between the Prussian and the English nations, of the union of the two armies, and of their mutual confidence, the Field-Marshal has proposed that the battle shall be known by that name.'

Thus ran Gneisenau's order to the army; and the triumphal column on the Belle-Alliance-platz in Berlin maintains the memory of it to this day. But, by whatever name we know the battle, the 18th of June, 1815, is a day of glory for Germany and England alike; and both nations link together in undying recollection the names of Marshal Vorwärts and the Iron Duke.

The memory of these events was still green in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, and the German youth of that day grew up in the glamour of them. They formed the glorious climax of the history-lessons in the schools, and the story of the 18th of June, enthusiastically narrated by the teacher, was drunk in by his pupils with equal enthusiasm. True, a jarring note was even then struck when we were told that the English claimed the greater share of credit for the victory, and that Wellington himself, twenty-one years after it had been won, had in a speech in Parliament uttered words insulting to the Prussian army.* The present writer was at that time a schoolboy in Hanover, and can speak of these things from his own recollection. He even remembers seeing King Ernest Augustus—the monarch who overthrew the Constitution, and forced the seven Göttingen professors to resign—a 'Stock-englander,' as Treitschke calls him, full of that arrogant contempt for the German nation which prevailed among the more ignorant section of his compatriots, and which led him to remark that no humiliation was too great for a German to put up with.†

But utterances like these of the two English dukes were forgotten in the general admiration which was felt in Germany for England, and which, if possible, grew still warmer when the lad passed from school to university. The British constitution was the ideal of our historical professors; its praises resounded in the lectures of Schlosser, of Gervinus, of Häusser,

* Häusser 'Deutsche Geschichte' (ed. 1867), iv, p. 668, note

† Treitschke: 'Historische und politische Aufsätze' (ed. 1865), p. 383.

and, above all, of Dahlmann, one of the famous seven of Göttingen, who designated the English people as, politically speaking, the most advanced in the world, and was wont to describe the State possessed of English institutions as, simply, 'the good State.'* To England our eyes were turned when, in the dreary days of the Reaction and amid the internal divisions of our distracted country, we strove to infuse hope into our bosoms, and to summon up courage for new efforts, by gazing on the spectacle of a great and free nation. It was on the free soil of England that our political exiles, condemned for their conscientious opinions to life-long prison or even to death, found a hospitable refuge until the dawn of a better day restored them to their homes. In later years, when, grown to man's estate, a German travelled to England and to London, he was astounded by the material greatness of the country and its huge metropolis, while an imperishable impression was made upon him by the monuments of a glorious past and the accumulated signs of present opulence. He gazed upon these wonders with no envious eyes; but a feeling of bitterness came over him when the superiority of England was unsparingly pressed home, and when it became only too clear that Englishmen took no pains to know the higher sides of German social life, but derived their idea of Germans from the specimens of the race who frequented the wretched purlieus of Leicester Square or North London.

We tried to comfort ourselves with the reflection that, in the days before the Crimean War, the average Englishman nourished a deep-seated prejudice against all 'foreigners' without exception; but it did not escape our notice that the great London journals, while retailing by the column all that happened in Paris, hardly ever deigned to take notice of German affairs, and, if they spoke of them at all, only displayed their ignorance. To be sure, Germany was not, in those days, particularly interesting; it was, as Metternich said of Italy, rather a geographical expression than a political entity. But—here we touch the beginning of that hostility towards England which has ever since been on the increase—no sooner did we take the first step towards realising our political aspirations than we encountered the jealous opposition of Great Britain.

The accomplishment of our political unity, the longing for which has never wholly slumbered in the German heart, began with the Danish War of 1848, when, against law and against treaties, Denmark attempted to tear asunder two German pro-

* Treitschke *'Historische und politische Aufsätze'* (ed. 1860), p. 395.

vinces and to incorporate one of them in the Danish State. Whoever remembers the time when the song, 'Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen,'* echoed from the Belt to the Alps, as twenty years later did the 'Wacht am Rhein,' needs not to be told how strongly ran the tide of national feeling in Germany. Well, everyone knows what was the end of that first outburst of patriotic emotion. With it rose and with it sank the belief in our future; but bitter resentment remained behind. By the London Protocol of May 8th, 1852, Denmark's deed of violence received the sanction of the Powers. But what the German nation could not forget, though its political weakness compelled it to suffer in silence, was that this humiliation was largely due to the attitude of England. Here, if we would go to the bottom of the matter, lies the root of the quarrel; here was the first convincing proof of what we might expect if we again should dare to stir.

In England, says Sybel,† 'public opinion was, it is true, divided but the vast majority of Englishmen were on the side of Denmark. The commercial classes saw in the German rising the prospect of an extension of the Zollverein, and in the occupation of Schleswig the first step towards the formation of a German fleet—both, in their opinion, most objectionable things. In Parliament the whole Tory party roundly declared the action of Germany to be a brutal deed of violence.'

The treatment meted out to us was in accordance with these views; no wonder that, in spite of the dull lethargy which to outward appearance brooded over Prussia and over Germany, the worm still gnawed at our hearts and allowed us no inward repose. Ten years later, the generation of those who were youths when the Revolution of 1848 and the fight for Schleswig-Holstein came to so pitiable an end had grown up to manhood; and, with the accession of William I to the Prussian throne, the national spirit in Germany began to stir again. A new age appeared to be dawning; the unification of Italy began; and the work was pressed forward amid the sympathetic plaudits of England—that same England which showed so little liking for similar efforts when made by Germany. In Italy, to be sure, the question was how to shake off the yoke of 'tyrants'; and what comparison, it was asked, could be drawn between the 'tyrants' of Italy and the 'six-and-thirty monarchs,' under whose tender care, as Heine sarcastically said, Germany slept so sound?

* 'Schleswig-Holstein, sea-surrounded.' The author was Chemnitz, a Schleswig attorney.

† H. v. Sybel. 'Die Begründung des deutschen Reichs,' i, 225

Vol. 191.—No. 382. 2 P

Now in order to sit in judgment one should first understand; but German questions and German conditions form a problem with which England has never taken the trouble to grapple seriously. Perhaps we were regarded as hardly worth the trouble of understanding; or rather, does it not seem probable that Sybel is right, and that, even so far back as the fifties, the extension of the Zollverein, the German fleet—in a word, the competition of Germany—showed itself likely to become formidable? Be that as it may, the growth of Germany has at length made her formidable; and that growth was mainly due to one mighty product of the new age—to Bismarck, in whom all national aspirations were gradually embodied, and through whom they eventually attained their accomplishment. So soon as he appeared, the situation was changed; in the teeth of a violent parliamentary opposition, the military forces of the nation were re-organised and strengthened; the disgrace of Schleswig-Holstein was wiped away; and the very spot where the injustice had been done witnessed the triumph which was to determine the future of Germany. The war of 1866 was the outcome and conclusion of the war of 1864; it laid the foundation of the new German Empire. But what reproaches, what abuse, had we to bear, especially from England, during those critical years! What moral condemnation of the 'Blood-and-Iron' policy! What outcries at the wickedness of the words attributed to Bismarck, 'Might goes before Right.' As a matter of fact, he never uttered those words; but, supposing he had uttered them, was England, of all states, justified in throwing them in our teeth?

Again, it was England whose veiled opposition we encountered, a year later, in the Luxemburg question. Lord Stanley, then Foreign Secretary in his father's third Ministry, would have been best pleased 'had Prussia yielded to the threats of France, and simply retired from Luxemburg'; it was with great reluctance that he consented to the Conference in London, and only with great difficulty that the Treaty of May 1867 was brought to completion, and Luxemburg declared neutral ground, 'under the collective guarantee of the signatory Powers.' As to the way in which this treaty was regarded in England, let us again quote Sybel,* who says:—

'A most unpleasant incident occurred in the English Parliament when the treaty was laid before it by the Government. In the Lower House, a Radical member, Mr. Labouchere, maintained that the Government had thrown over the great principle of non intervention,

* Sybel 'Die Begründung,' &c., iv. 174.

and had undertaken a guarantee which might involve England in a costly war for a matter with which she had no concern. Such views being extremely popular in England at that time, Lord Stanley was at pains to represent the "collective guarantee" as a quite unimportant affair. All it did was to give England a formal right to military interference, no legal obligation to interfere was involved; at most, there might be a moral or honourable obligation. . . . In the Upper House, sophistries of a still more contemptible description were uttered. The Prime Minister, Lord Derby, calmly explained that the treaty bound the signatories to nothing but a joint guarantee of the neutrality of Luxemburg against any violation by a non-signatory Power; so that, if that neutrality were violated by any one of the signatories themselves, the treaty, in accordance with the universal rules of law, would become invalid, and the other contracting Powers would no longer be bound by it. Objections were raised by Lord Houghton and other Opposition peers against an interpretation of the treaty . . . which, if accepted in the light of this outspoken *arrière pensée* of England, would be "an unexampled mystification of the Prussian Government" . . . "Who" (it was asked) "outside the great Powers would, or could, injure Luxemburg? Perhaps the Emperor of China, or the Sultan of Morocco?" But it was all in vain. Lord Derby adhered to his statement, and there were not wanting Ministerial speakers who praised "the admirable adroitness which the Premier had displayed throughout the negotiation."

So servile a distortion of justice in submission to popular tendencies (says Sybel in conclusion) may not have been exemplary, but it was harmless in other respects; harmless, we may add, except that it applied a fresh irritant to public opinion in Germany, already sufficiently incensed against 'perfidious Albion.'

Three years later this and other questions were settled by the Franco-German war. So early as 1866—shortly before the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian war—Mr. Gladstone had used all his influence to hurl Bismarck, 'the peace-destroyer,' from his place. When the conflict with France began, and when the whole soul of the German nation was aflame as with a sacred fire, the same statesman did not scruple to declare the war to be the most abominable of the century. Difficulties were at once raised over the measures requisite to secure Belgian neutrality; but worse was to come. Serious disagreements occurred in the course of correspondence between the English and Prussian Cabinets respecting the obligations of neutral Powers and the duty of British traders to abstain from giving assistance in weapons, ammunition, or other war material—in short, in contraband goods—to either of the belligerents. In reference to this point we may quote Sybel's

authoritative statements, drawn from the archives of the State. He says:—

'Immediately after the outbreak of war, Bismarck received information that English houses in Birmingham and Newcastle were furnishing large quantities of coal to French men-of-war bound for the Baltic, and that other firms had entered into contracts with the French Government for the supply of arms and ammunition. That these articles were contraband there could be no doubt; and Bismarck accordingly suggested that the English Government should, in accordance with the Queen's proclamation, prohibit such trade. What happened? Lord Granville replied that . . . coal and ammunition were not contraband unless actually addressed to a belligerent; that to ascertain the truth about this in every case was beyond the power of the British Government; and that, in order to satisfy the demands of Prussia, it would be necessary to prohibit the export of such articles altogether—a measure obviously impossible. . . . When the subject came up for discussion in Parliament, the Attorney-General declared that the Government had nothing to do with the definition of contraband, which was a matter for the prize-courts alone.'

Referred to these tribunals, the Prussian Government was helpless; for, as Sybel concludes, whatever may have been the legal basis of these principles, in point of fact they left English traders perfectly free to export to France war material of every kind. The conduct of the English Government had serious consequences, for it enabled France to prolong the war at the expense of Germany; and, if victory eventually crowned our arms, it is certainly not to England that we owe any thanks for our success. These facts are too fresh in general recollection to require detailed treatment. But let any Englishman lay his hand on his heart and say with what sensations he heard the news of German victories. We may allow that even then there were men and women in England who were not carried off their feet by the tide of anti-German feeling, and it should be remembered with gratitude that from these circles there came lavish contributions for our sick and wounded. But this does not alter the fact that the great majority of the English people—especially of those who form public opinion—was hostile to Germany, and ostentatiously took the side of our opponents. In support of this statement we may call an unprejudiced witness, a friend of England, if she ever had one, and one whose memory is respected by all men of learning in that country, Professor Pauli. He had been invited to Edinburgh to give a course of lectures in December 1870 on the growth of

* Sybel, '*Die Begründung*,' &c., vii, 376-377.

Germany during the previous fifty years. These lectures gave occasion to violent anti-German demonstrations. A month later Pauli wrote from London as follows:—

‘Speaking generally, I find public opinion in England—of course, with certain exceptions—hostile to Prussia: it is almost worse than in Scotland.’

Again, on his return to Göttingen, the historian wrote to his friend, Professor Lorimer, of Edinburgh:—

‘I found the opinion of society in general distinctly unfriendly to our cause. Young Oxford, of which I saw a good deal, expressed itself in lofty republican tones... with hope for the France of Gambetta, and with hatred, inspired by fear, for Prussian despotism. On the other hand, it was a real comfort to listen to the talk of men like Lewes and Carlyle.’

Among all his contemporaries none was so intimately acquainted with the genius of the German people, none could appreciate it so correctly, as Thomas Carlyle; and it was just at this moment that he raised his voice loudly and fearlessly in our behalf. His letter to the ‘Times’ † (November 18th, 1870) ends with the words:—

‘That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation, and become Queen of the Continent, ... seems to me the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my time.’

But did these words find an echo, or was his only the voice of one preaching in the wilderness? Facts point only too clearly in the latter direction. Read the following paragraph, taken from a letter published only a short time back in one of the most respected of the London weeklies:— ‡

‘Why should the Germans display such extraordinary virulence against us? Politically they can hardly be called a free nation, and a nation that within the short space of five years grabbed the half of Denmark, and, after a war cynically precipitated by means of a forged telegram, grabbed Alsace-Lorraine, a nation which holds down these stolen provinces, and Posen as well, by brute force, and whose Sovereign advertises himself as the bosom friend of the Turk assassin—what right has such a nation to lecture us in the name of liberty?’

Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones; and no member of that nation of which it may with equal justice

* Reinhold Pauli: ‘Lebenserinnerungen,’ &c., pp. 283, 284.

† Reprinted in ‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ (‘Latter stage of the French-German War’).

‡ The Spectator, February 10th, 1899, p. 204.

be said that it holds down Ireland 'by brute force' has the right to cast Posen in our teeth. We Germans have a proverb: 'What you shout into the wood, the wood shouts back'; and Englishmen have no right to be surprised if such unworthy imputations elicit unpleasant retorts, or if such men as Theodor Mommsen, the greatest of living historians, are stung into uttering indignant protests.

'No German,' says Mommsen in his letter to Mr. Sidney Whittman,* 'who knows anything of politics, can forget the intrigues of England in the Schleswig Holstein affair and during the Franco-German War. I make no recriminations. I merely state a fact. No political necessity compelled England to side with our enemies. Denmark was regarded as a mere appendage of England, and Paris as the summer residence of wealthy Englishmen. Battles are more easily forgotten than that sort of diplomacy.'

And he quotes the remark of Bismarck: 'As for foreign countries, the only one for which I have ever felt sympathy is England; and even now I am not always free from it; but they will not allow us to be friends.'

We may note in passing how often, in his posthumous Memoirs, Bismarck complains of the unfriendly attitude of British statesmen; how, for instance, he speaks of the 'veracious readiness' which they showed at the outset of the Franco-German War to promote the interests of France.† That the relations of Germany with neutral States gave King William some anxious hours is clear from his letters, which contain more than one bitter remark about England ‡; while Bismarck directly ascribes the prolongation of the siege of Paris to English influences.§

After 1871 we passed entirely out of the earlier phase of unconditional and unlimited admiration of England. The German Empire had been established, and, thanks to its wise and pacific direction, maintained in peace the position which it had won in war. A united German nation had come into existence, strong with the strength of youth and fully self-conscious, but free from undue self estimation. A new historical school, which now dominates German thought, saw in Bismarck the realisation of its political ideals; Heinrich von Treitschke, Dahlmann's most distinguished pupil, declared outright that, for Germany, the imitation of English institutions was at an end. No longer obliged to follow the lead of other nations, the

* 'North American Review,' February 1900.

† 'Gedanken und Erinnerungen,' ii, 55.

‡ Erich Marcks: 'Kaiser Wilhelm I,' third ed., Leipzig, 1899, p. 318.

§ 'Gedanken,' &c., ii, 114.

German people was no longer inclined to put up with their contempt.

This is what the English nation seems never to have understood. Englishmen have been unable to get out of their heads the image of that older Germany, weakened and distracted by internal strife. They could not accustom themselves to look upon it as a State on a level with their own, and eventually, when they could no longer shut their eyes to this fact, when Germany began to force itself upon the attention of England and to become irksome to it, when German and English commercial interests came into collision, then—I know that I am writing for British readers, but yet I must speak out—then the contempt of former days was transformed into something worse, although it implied the acknowledgment, welcome enough to us, that we were no longer a negligible quantity: it was transformed into dislike, into jealousy, into hatred.

The Editor of this Review, when he invited me to write this article, requested me to state the plain truth about the grievances of Germany, and I state them as they force themselves upon me. The task has not been easy for me, and I undertook it with no light heart; for one who has lived the happiest years of his youth in England, one who has learnt to know it so well, and to love and admire it, as does the writer of these lines, cannot but feel genuine reluctance to appear as its accuser. But if he has learnt to love England well, he loves Germany more; and when he reads such words as those quoted above from the 'Spectator,' it is not to be wondered at if the blood boils in his veins. If I am to state the literal truth, I cannot conceal the fact that the German people, as a whole, is in a condition of violent irritation against England. The blame for this, or at least a large part of the blame, has been laid upon the daily press of both nations, and I cannot altogether acquit it of the charge. '*Intra muros peccatur, et extra.*' Yet we must not lose sight of the facts, firstly, that some German journals, and among these the greatest and most influential, have entirely abstained from that violent abuse of England with which other papers have filled their columns; secondly, that, although it may be the duty of the daily press to lead, control, and correct public opinion, this is only possible up to a certain point; and that, when once this point is passed, when once popular passions have become inflamed, the press no longer dominates public opinion but is dominated by it.

At this point I hear an English reader remark: 'All your grievances turn out to be matters of opinion and sentiment. We do not see what actual harm we have done or are now

doing to Germany: we want facts—actual facts; for the events of 1836, 1848, 1867, or even those of 1870–71, cannot possibly have produced the existing state of public opinion.* A matter of opinion and sentiment, indeed! but do not such opinions and sentiments constitute just those all-important but imponderable motives which so often turn the scale in the life of nations? And do not our grievances against England culminate in this very point, that it has taken so little trouble to understand our opinions and to spare our feelings? From the resulting irritation arise those misunderstandings which in their turn still further embitter public opinion; as for instance has been the case with the phrase, ‘Made in Germany.’ This designation, as well-informed persons are of course aware, was meant merely to protect English industry, and did not originally imply contempt for German goods. But it will hardly be denied that another meaning has come to be connected with this designation, and that the words were eventually attached to German manufactures as a mark of inferiority. ‘England is jealous of our industry,’ said Bismarck* so far back as 1857. This is an illustration of what has been observed in connexion with many facts of recent history: we have not encountered what may be called open hostility on the part of England, but we have constantly met with unfriendliness.

This remark applies also to British colonial policy. It is not so much the action of the Colonial Office as the manner in which colonial and cognate questions have been treated, which has caused irritation and bitterness in Germany. That England, if she had chosen to disregard the danger of driving us into the camp of her enemies, would have been able to hinder all attempts at colonial expansion on the part of Germany, cannot be doubted by anyone acquainted with the facts. But just on this account, if England made up her mind to admit Germany to a share of colonial power, she ought to have done so in a less grudging manner; she should not have adopted a peddling and discourteous policy, which neutralized the good effect that might otherwise have flowed from her action. For instance, the cession of Samoa would have produced an excellent impression in Germany but for those unfortunate occurrences in the island which preceded the cession. The conclusion and the results of the Samoan affair make it plain that the British Government, if it lays any value on the maintenance of friendly relations with Germany, should

* ‘Gedanken,’ &c., i, 163.

not only habituate itself to treat the German Government with respect and courtesy, but should also inculcate similar behaviour on its subordinates. The same remark applies to the recent seizure of German ships on the coast of South Africa. To correct mistakes such as were made by England in Samoa and off Delagoa Bay is well; not to make them is better; and therein lies, in our opinion, the root of the matter. To live and let live, to concede willingly and not grudgingly what is to be conceded, that is the policy of justice and common-sense.

The movement in Germany against the policy which England has followed in South Africa arises almost exclusively from ethical grounds, from indignation at the proceedings of a great Power against a handful of men fighting for their freedom and independence, and from the suspicions which the mixture of financial with political questions has aroused. But in the leading circles of Germany, even during the period of English defeats, there was not a moment when it was thought possible that the general position of England could be endangered by the struggle. The heart of the German people—of this there can be no kind of doubt—was, and is, with the Boers. But even in the time of our greatest irritation, and when it required no little courage to take the other side, this sympathy did not prevent so distinguished a diplomatist as Herr von Brandt, our former Ambassador in China, from declaring in the plainest language that in our own interest we could not desire the downfall of England. In an article which has attracted much attention, entitled '*Die Krisis in Süd-Afrika*,'* Herr von Brandt finds that the German dislike for England and her ways possesses historical justification.

'Indeed,' he says, 'the selfishness of her aims, and the callous indifference to the interests of others which characterises the measures adopted for their attainment, are only too well calculated to irritate and to disgust cooler tempers than ours. But ordinary wisdom bids us pause and consider what the world would look like if England's share in its destinies were to sink to the level of Portugal's or Spain's, or what would be the effect on our trade and industry if another Power were in possession of India or of the British colonies.'

We are ignorant of the purport of the treaty between the German and British Governments about South Africa, but we are justified in assuming that we have nothing to fear for our colonies. The question, what effect the immigration of Boer trekkers might have upon German South-West Africa, touches our colonial politicians much more nearly than the

* '*Deutsche Rundschau*,' February 1900, p. 186.

possibility of English encroachments in that direction. The attitude of England towards us in colonial questions will always be determined by the weight that we can throw into the scale, for or against her, in other quarters; and this is perhaps the strongest argument for the increase of the German fleet, which has been urged by General C. von der Goltz, one of our leading military authorities. If this writer, in his article on 'Seemacht und Landkrieg' *—an article which has made an immense sensation in Germany—remarked that 'it would be foolish to deny the possibility of a war between England and Germany,' we can only say, God forbid that this possibility should ever become a fact! or that two nations bound together by so many common traditions and interests should ever meet each other in the field! We refuse to believe that it is more than a possibility.

JULIUS RODENBERG
(Editor of the '*Deutsche Rundschau*').

FRANCE.

Lorsque j'étais en Amérique, où je donnais alors quelques conférences, le directeur d'une grande 'Revue' de Boston me fit un jour une proposition singulière, et flatteuse. Il me demanda si je ne voudrais pas écrire pour sa revue—c'était l' '*Atlantic Monthly*'—un article où j'essaierais d'expliquer aux lecteurs américains 'comment et pour quelles raisons un orateur français, en sa langue, était toujours *plus naturel* qu'un orateur anglais ou allemand.' Et, naturellement, ainsi que l'exigeait la politesse internationale, je l'assurai d'abord qu'il se trompait; que nous avions, nous aussi, nos 'déclamateurs'; que je craignais même qu'ils ne fussent plus nombreux au Palais-Bourbon qu'au Capitole;—et j'écrivis l'article. On le trouvera dans l' '*Atlantic*' du mois d'octobre 1897.

Le directeur de la *Quarterly Review* me fait l'honneur de me demander au ourd'hui si je pourrais lui dire pourquoi, dans la guerre que l'Angleterre soutient contre les Boers, l'opinion française, unanimement, s'est déclarée pour les Boërs; et, sans doute, si j'étais sage, ou seulement prudent, je devrais lui répondre avant tout qu'il se méprend sur l'état de l'opinion; qu'elle n'est pas unanime contre l'Angleterre; et qu'à tout le moins y a-t-il quelques exceptions: l'honorable M. Yves Guyot, entre autres, et le vénérable M. Tallichet. Il est vrai que ce sont des exceptions qui ne comptent guère! En France,

* '*Deutsche Rundschau*,' March 1900, p. 346.

comme en Suisse, le vénérable M. Tallichet et l'honorable M. Guyot sont connus pour être les spécialistes de la contradiction. Semblables tous les deux à ces gens dont nous disons qu'ils ne savent pas trop ce qu'ils veulent, mais qu'ils le veulent bien, l'honorable Guyot et le vénérable Tallichet ne savent pas toujours ce qu'ils disent, mais il leur suffit que ce soit le contraire de ce qui se dit autour d'eux. Ils pensent après, d'après, et contre les autres. Noinmons encore le paradoxal M. Edmond Demolin, l'auteur du livre intitulé : 'A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?'... Mais, d'une manière générale, j'aime mieux en convenir, il n'est pas douteux qu'en France, comme en Suisse, et comme en Belgique, pour ne parler que des pays de langue française, l'opinion publique ait pris parti contre les Anglais; et, puisqu'on m'a prié d'en chercher les raisons, je vais donc essayer de le faire avec une franchise égale à la franchise de la question.

De toutes ces raisons,—je dis *toutes*, parce que je crois bien que je vais en indiquer plusieurs —la première est sans doute celle-ci, qu'en cette fin de siècle l'Angleterre est en train de détruire ou d'anéantir *une nationalité*. Tout le reste n'est que secondaire, et presque indifférent. Que valent exactement les griefs des Boërs? et que valent ceux des Anglais? Quelle est l'origine de la guerre actuelle? Et de qui, de M. Chamberlain ou de M. Krüger, eût-il dépendu d'en épargner l'horreur au monde? Toutes ces questions, où je comprends très bien que les Anglais s'acharnent, intéressent peu l'opinion française. L'opinion française ne veut voir et ne voit en effet qu'une chose : à la fin d'un siècle qui s'appellera dans l'histoire le siècle du réveil ou de la renaissance des nationalités, et, par conséquent, où le grand crime politique, le grand crime international, est de détruire *une nationalité*, c'est ce que les Anglais n'ont pas craint d'entreprendre. Effacer le Transvaal de la carte du monde, tel est l'objet pour lequel l'Angleterre s'est armée de toutes ses forces. Mais, précisément, depuis cent ans, c'est ce que n'admettent ni le droit nouveau des peuples ni la *conscience* européenne. Ils ne l'admettraient que dans le cas extrême, dans le cas évident où les ambitions du Transvaal menaceraient non pas même les intérêts vitaux, mais la vie, mais l'existence nationale de l'Angleterre; et qui le dira de quelques milliers de Boërs opposés à tant de millions d'Anglais?

Est-ce que je veux dire par là que d'autres raisons, moins généreuses, ne se soient pas mêlées, pour en altérer la noblesse, à cette raison principale et première? Ce serait bien peu connaître les hommes! Il y a donc d'autres raisons, et, parmi ces raisons, il y en a d'assez laides; et, par exemple, si l'on me

dit que la prospérité continue de l'Angleterre depuis cent ans, que ses progrès de toute nature, que l'augmentation de sa fortune, que l'extension de son pouvoir politique ont excité contre elle plus d'une jalousie, j'en conviens très volontiers. Les hommes ne sont pas des anges! Ils ne sont que trop disposés à croire que ce qu'ils n'ont pas, et que les autres ont, ces autres le leur ont volé.

J'ajouterai, si l'on le veut, qu'on nous a peut-être aussi, dans ces dernières années, trop complaisamment rebattu les oreilles de la 'supériorité des Anglo-Saxons'; et à la longue, tout naturellement, cela finit par exaspérer les amours-propres nationaux. D'autant que nous savons assez qu'en ce monde le succès n'est pas toujours en raison du mérite; et où irions-nous, à quelle barbarie, si jamais nous nous résignons à voir dans la fortune une preuve de 'supériorité'? Il y a des millionnaires qui sont des imbéciles, et il est bon, il est moral qu'il en soit ainsi.

Mais, en ce qui concerne plus particulièrement la France et l'opinion française, une autre raison est encore survenue, celle-ci plus avouable et non moins naturelle, qui est tirée de l'attitude que la presse anglaise, à peu près tout entière, a cru devoir prendre dans l'affaire Dreyfus. Les Anglais ont-ils peut-être affecté de n'y rien comprendre, à cette malheureuse affaire, ou n'y ont-ils vraiment rien compris? ont-ils fini par voir, et savent-ils aujourd'hui qu'elle n'a servi que de prétexte ou de couverture à tous 'les ennemis de l'âme française'? et tout ce qu'ils respectent eux-mêmes comme étant le support ou la base d'une société civilisée, les Anglais se sont-ils rendu compte que c'était tout cela qui se trouvait engagé dans l'affaire Dreyfus?

... '*Scandebat fatalis machina muros,
Fœta armis.*'

Mais ce qui n'est que trop certain, c'est que de tout cela, deux ans durant, la presse anglaise n'en a rien voulu voir. Deux ans durant, il n'y a pas d'invectives ou d'injures dont ses journaux, le 'Times' en tête, n'aient accablé tous ceux de nous qui ne croyaient pas à l'innocence du capitaine Dreyfus. J'en puis parler assez savamment, ayant là, sous les yeux, les 'aménités' dont m'a honoré à ce sujet, dans la 'National Review,' je ne sais quel M. Conybeare. Et il est bien vrai qu'elles m'ont été fort indifférentes, parce qu'il y a plus de vingt-cinq ans que je vis, sans m'en porter plus mal, au milieu des polémiques de presse. Mais tout le monde n'a pas mon indifférence ou ma philosophie! Que les Anglais

me permettent donc de le leur dire : ils ne se doutent pas de ce que l'intervention violente, insultante, et passionnée de la presse britannique dans l'affaire Dreyfus a soulevé contre eux de juste irritation en France. Ils se plaignent du langage de nos journaux : qu'ils se rappellent comment les leurs, deux ans durant, ont parlé de nous ! S'ils n'ont pas voulu se mettre au point de vue du 'nationalisme' français pour juger l'affaire Dreyfus, qu'ils ne s'étonnent pas si nous refusons, à notre tour, de juger la guerre sud-africaine du point de vue de 'l'impérialisme' anglais ! Et n'ayant enfin voulu voir, comme ils disaient, dans l'affaire Dreyfus, qu'une 'question de justice,' qu'ils nous permettent, à notre tour, de ne voir, sans nul égard aux intérêts britanniques, dans la lutte qu'ils soutiennent contre les Boërs, qu'une 'question d'équité' !

Élevons, en effet, le débat, comme il convient en pareil sujet ; dégageons-nous du point de vue national, *nationaliste* ou *impérialiste* ; saisissons pour le faire le moment même où l'Angleterre semble vouloir s'y enfermer ; et arrivons à la vraie question. Ce que l'opinion reproche à l'Angleterre, dans la guerre sud-africaine, c'est d'employer à la destruction d'une petite *nationalité* tout l'effort de sa puissance ; mais c'est bien plus encore de n'invoquer, pour excuser son entreprise, que des raisons anglaises ; et contre lesquelles, à ses yeux, ni l'humanité, ni la justice, ni l'équité ne sauraient prévaloir.

Il n'est personne, même en Angleterre, qui n'ait entendu vingt fois citer le mot fameux de Gambetta : 'L'anticléricalisme n'est pas un article d'exportation.' On pourrait dire pareillement que 'le libéralisme anglais n'est pas un article d'exportation' ; et c'est ce que l'opinion reproche d'abord aux Anglais : d'avoir des 'principes' pour le dedans, et d'autres 'principes—les quels sont le contraire des premiers—pour le dehors.' Les Anglais sont 'le plus libéral' des peuples, mais leur 'libéralisme' n'est que pour eux ; il n'a pas d'usage au dehors ; l'application en est bornée aux frontières des trois royaumes, ou plutôt de la Grande-Bretagne. Sous ce rapport, la politique extérieure de l'Angleterre, en ce qu'elle a de traditionnel, est, dans le monde contemporain, une politique d'ancien régime. C'est ce qui fait sa force ! mais aussi, c'est ce qui la rend si souvent, et si aisément, si naïvement odieuse. Les intérêts anglais sont conçus par elle comme une 'religion nationale,' dont il n'est pas permis de discuter les articles, et qui n'en a pas trente neuf, ni même une douzaine, mais un seul, dont la formule est qu'il n'y a jamais lieu de considérer en politique ce qui est permis ou défendu, bien ou mal, juste ou injuste, humain ou inhumain, mais ce qui est conforme aux intérêts anglais. . . . 'Il nous faut

des débouchés' disait tout récemment à un journaliste français un membre du Parlement d'Angleterre—et de cet axiome, tirant cette conséquence qu'aussi loin que s'étend la puissance de l'Angleterre, aussi loin doit s'étendre son droit, il en concluait que tous les moyens sont légitimes qui peuvent ouvrir ou assurer à l'Angleterre de nouveaux débouchés. Se croyait-il d'ailleurs pour cela moins 'moral' ? Non, sans doute ; mais il estimait que, comme le libéralisme, la morale anglaise n'est obligatoire qu'en Angleterre, ou encore, et plus probablement, que ce qui serait immoral de la part d'un Français ou d'un Allemand, ne l'est pas de la part d'un Anglais, et même devient moral en devenant anglais.

Encore si cette politique se couvrait, comme autrefois, d'un prétexte ou d'un air de magnificence et de gloire ! Mais, malheureusement, elle n'est qu'économique,—ce qui ne veut pas dire qu'elle ne coûte quelquefois fort cher, comme en ce moment même, mais qu'elle n'a toujours en vue que l'augmentation de la richesse anglaise. L'un des écrivains français de ce temps qui ont le mieux connu l'Angleterre, qui en ont célébré le plus éloquemment les réelles grandeurs, qui l'ont le plus sincèrement aimée, Émile Montégut, écrivait il y a déjà longtemps 'Ce respect de la richesse est plus qu'un défaut, c'est un crime ; c'est la grande corruption que les Anglais ont jetée dans le monde ; ils ont infecté de cette fausse idée, inconnue avant eux, toutes les autres nations. Dieu seul sait quel châtiment il tient en réserve pour punir cet attentat contre l'humanité ! Ce qui est certain, c'est que les Anglais paieront leur coupable idolâtrie, comme les autres peuples ont payé toutes les corruptions dont ils ont donné l'exemple aux nations, et qu'ils ont rendues enviables.' Et en écrivant ces lignes, Émile Montégut ne faisait que traduire ou paraphraser un passage du 'philosophe de Concord,' Ralph Waldo Emerson, dans ses 'English Traits' (1856). C'est encore une des causes du soulèvement de l'opinion contre l'Angleterre.

Car, nous avons tous admiré, depuis six mois, la constance avec laquelle l'Angleterre a supporté les premiers revers de la guerre sud-africaine. Nous avons tous rendu justice à son esprit de persévérance et de ténacité. Mais nous aussi nous avons bien vu qu'il n'y allait que d'une affaire d'argent. Je prends ici l'expression dans son sens le plus avouable, et je n'ai garde, on l'entend bien, de me faire le calomnieux écho d'aucune accusation personnelle. Mais je veux dire que, tout de suite, l'opinion européenne a compris qu'il s'agissait pour l'Angleterre de ne pas permettre au Transvaal d'échapper à sa 'sphère d'influence' economico-politique ; et de s'assurer, sinon pre-

cisément les mines d'or du Rand, du moins le chantier de travail qu'elles sont. En vérité, si ce n'était les mines d'or, les Anglais auraient laissé les Boërs tranquilles ! Une source de fortune qu'ils n'ont pu, depuis vingt ans, réussir à s'approprier ni par la diplomatie, ni par l'intrigue, ni pour ainsi dire, en noyant l'élément boer dans l'élément étranger, ils prétendent s'en emparer aujourd'hui par la force. Et je ne sais s'ils y réussiront à ce coup, quand, et dans quelle mesure ! Mais le succès ne les empêchera pas d'avoir fait précisément le contraire de tout ce que l'Europe a essayé dans ce siècle pour introduire dans les rapports internationaux plus de justice, ou une justice plus conforme à celle que les individus pratiquent entre eux ; et le contraire aussi de tout ce que l'Angleterre est fière, et à bon droit, d'avoir réalisé chez elle.

D'où vient cependant la contradiction ? Car, il semble bien, nous le répétons, que la conscience individuelle ne soit nulle part plus délicate, plus inquiète, plus timorée qu'en Angleterre. On n'est nulle part plus soucieux de morale et de moralité. Dans un ordre d'idées que je crois bien connaître,—à titre de 'professionnel' de la critique—ce n'est pas le roman de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevski, ni celui de George Sand, mais le roman de Dickens et de Thackeray, d'Elisabeth Gaskell et de Charlotte Brontë, de George Eliot et de Mrs Humphry Ward, c'est la critique de Carlyle, c'est l'esthétique de Ruskin qui ont introduit les préoccupations humanitaires et sociales. N'y faut-il voir, par hasard, qu'une apparence ou un décor ? C'est ce que disent les ennemis de l'Angleterre, ceux qui ne l'aiment pas sans savoir pourquoi. Mais je n'en crois rien ; et si je ne me trompe, ce ne sont là qu'autant de formes de cet orgueil anglo-saxon qui semble être le fond de la race ; et c'est du même fond que se tirent la 'moralité' personnelle de l'Anglais, et l'immoralité de la politique anglaise.

Protège par son isolement géographique et comme retranché dans son île ; enivré d'une prospérité ou, si le tempérament et la sagesse, le bon sens, la modération nationale ont leur part, les circonstances ont aussi la leur ; imbu de ce sentiment de sécurité qu'on trouve dans la possession de la fortune, et qui dégénère d'ailleurs si facilement en un sentiment de notre importance personnelle ; habitué à une manière de vivre qui diffère en tant de points de la nôtre, et, sous le nom d'excentricité, qui prend même plaisir à s'y opposer ; toutes ces différences, tous ces traits se sont insensiblement transformés, chez l'Anglais de nos jours, en une conscience et une conviction de la 'supériorité de sa race.' Peu importent les origines et les particularités. Brachycephale ou dolichocephale, brun ou blond, Celte

ou Saxon, Normand ou Germain, manufacturier de Manchester ou négociant de la Cité, ministre du Cap ou pair d'Angleterre, l'Anglais contemporain est à ses propres yeux une sorte d'homme à part; le produit d'une 'sélection' unique; et, pour ainsi parler, la variété aristocratique de l'espèce humaine. C'est ce que nous avons appelé quelquefois, nous autres continentaux, son 'insolence,' mais le mot n'est qu'à moitié juste. L'insolence des autres hommes est voulue; celle de l'Anglais semble être involontaire et même inconsciente. On ne peut pas dire précisément qu'il méprise les autres hommes: il les ignore. Mais de cette ignorance ou de cette insolence il résulte une conséquence. L'Anglais n'applique pas à ses actes la même mesure qu'à ceux des autres hommes. Il ne se permet pas à lui-même des choses qu'il passe à d'autres hommes, et voilà le principe du respect qu'il a pour lui-même! mais il se permet contre les autres ce qu'il ne leur passerait pas contre lui, et voilà le principe de sa politique extérieure!

On l'a comparé plus d'une fois à celle des anciens Romains, et, en effet, à deux mille ans de distance, on peut noter quelques analogies. Ni un Anglais ni un Romain n'a jamais douté que, quoi qu'il pût faire dans l'intérêt de la grandeur de Rome, ou de la fortune de l'Angleterre, il eut le droit de le faire, ou même le devoir. C'est ce que le Dr Kuyper, député aux États généraux de Hollande, exprimait éloquemment, il n'y a pas trois mois, dans un remarquable article de la 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' Mais il y a aussi des différences; il y en a de profondes; et, sans nous attacher à les relever toutes,—ce qui serait un peu long, et d'ailleurs ce qui ressemblerait à un exercice de rhétorique—s'il y en a une plus importante, à elle seule, que toutes les autres: c'est que les Romains s'assimilaient promptement aux populations vaincues, et elles s'assimilaient à eux, mais les Anglais ne se les assimilent pas, et s'y assimilent encore moins. Cent ans ne s'étaient pas encore écoulés depuis la conquête, que l'Espagne ou la Gaule étaient toutes romaines. Le monde antique a connu des empereurs Syriens, et il en a connu de Thraces. Mais au contraire,—et je ne dis pas en Australie ou en Nouvelle-Zélande, au Cap ou au Congo,—mais dans l'Inde, les Anglais se préservent avec un soin jaloux de tout contact, de tout mélange, de toute communion de race. Qu'on ne m'oppose pas les exceptions! je parle de l'usage commun. Et je veux qu'il y ait à cette politique de très fortes raisons. C'est une question de savoir si ce mélange de races, non seulement dans l'Amérique du Sud, mais dans l'Inde, n'a pas produit de grands inconvéniens: les Portugais en ont su quelque chose! Mais ce qu'il y a de bien certain,

c'est que ce hautain isolement de l'Anglais au milieu des populations soumises n'a pu manquer de transformer l'exercice de sa suprématie de fait en un sentiment confus, mais tenace et puissant, de l'hétérogénéité de la race anglo-saxonne. D'un bout du monde à l'autre bout, les conditions de l'existence de la puissance anglaise exaltent l'orgueil du sang. Semblable en ce point aux pharisiens de l'Écriture, tous les actes de l'Anglais remercient le Seigneur de ne pas l'avoir fait pareil aux autres hommes. Or qu'y a-t-il de plus contraire à ce sentiment de large humanité, *caritas humani generis*, que le génie latin a montré dans l'administration de l'univers conquis par ses armes? C'est en cela que les Anglais ne sont pas des Romains; et si nous leur cherchons des ancêtres dans l'histoire, ce qui n'est jamais qu'un jeu d'esprit, je les trouverais plutôt dans les Carthaginois.

Supposons maintenant que ce sentiment se traduise ou se trahisse dans les relations internationales: les Anglais s'étonneront-ils que les amours-propres nationaux se révoltent? Chaque race a ses qualités, et ni le Français ni l'Allemand, ni le Hollandais, ni l'Espagnol ou l'Italien n'ont de raisons de se croire 'intérieurs' à l'Anglo-Saxon. La 'supériorité de l'Anglo-Saxon' n'est qu'une affaire de circonstance. Et ne semble-t-il pas qu'en dépit de leur orgueil les Anglais commencent à s'en apercevoir? Nous les voyons s'alarmer depuis quelques années des progrès de la colonisation française, et de l'expansion russe, et du commerce allemand? Que serait-ce donc, si, comme l'Allemagne, comme la Russie, comme la France, ils avaient à supporter le fardeau militaire? s'il leur fallait maintenant annuellement sur pied des armées de quatre ou cinq cent mille hommes? Nous avons beaucoup admiré, je l'ai dit, cette constance et cette fermeté que 'le sang-froid britannique' avait opposées aux revers de la guerre africaine, et il se peut que ce soit affaire de tempérament. Mais qui sait si ce n'est pas aussi que ces revers, pour humilians qu'ils fussent, et s'ils offensaient l'amour-propre de la nation tout entière, ne déclinaient, après tout, que des armées de mercenaires? Ils n'atteignaient, dans leur personne ou dans leur famille, que des officiers appartenant à une aristocratie qui, en Angleterre, comme dans le reste du monde, ne forme aujourd'hui qu'une minorité, ou des soldats de métier, dont la mort sur le champ de bataille est le 'risque professionnel,' convenu d'avance, escompté et payé. Et puis, dans l'hypothèse la plus défavorable, cette guerre ne menaçait ni Londres d'un siège, ni Liverpool d'un bombardement. Il faudrait voir, en pareil cas, ce que deviendrait le 'sang-froid britannique'. Et Dieu nous preserve,

assurement, de le souhaiter ! Mais, c'est ainsi que ce que l'amour-propre anglais explique si volontiers par une 'supériorité native' se résout, quand on y regarde de plus près, en un concours de circonstances, passagères peut-être, mais assurément contingentes. Et on sait assez que, dans la vie des nations, je veux dire dans les relations internationales, comme dans le train de la vie quotidienne, il n'y a rien que les hommes supportent moins patiemment que l'orgueil de ceux qui se font honneur à eux-mêmes des faveurs de la fortune. Les Philippe II, les Louis XIV, et les Napoléon l'ont autrefois cruellement éprouvé.

On nous dira peut-être ici que ces chicanes n'importent guère, on abandonnera l'idée de la 'supériorité de race' ; et, — que la cause en soit ce que l'on voudra, — on nous demandera si nous n'ions en fait la 'supériorité de la civilisation anglaise.' On comparera les Anglais aux Boers, et de la substitution des premiers aux seconds, de ce grand peuple de commerçans et d'industriels, de militaires et d'hommes d'État, de savans et de penseurs, d'artistes et de lettrés, à ce petit peuple d'agriculteurs, de pasteurs, de chasseurs, on nous demandera si nous ne croyons pas qu'il doive résulter un 'progrès' pour l'humanité.

Nous répondrons : d'abord que nous n'en savons rien ; et ensuite, quand nous le saurions, ou quand nous le croirions, que l'économie politique nous enseigne à ne pas mettre aux choses plus de prix qu'elles ne valent. Défions nous ici de ce que l'on pourrait appeler le 'sophisme colonial.' Là où nous ne cherchons, à vrai dire, qu'une occasion d'écouler nos quincailleries et nos cotonnades, nos 'modes,' nos complets de pure laine et nos chapeaux de poil de lapin, nous avons fini par nous imaginer que nous répandions 'les bienfaits' et les 'lumières' de la civilisation. Non seulement l'avidité du gain nous a souvent aveuglés, nous aveugle encore tous les jours sur l'immoralité du trafic, — ainsi quand nous nous ouvrons la Chine à coups de canon pour y placer nos opiums, ou quand nous inondions du poison de nos alcools le Canaque et le Maori — mais nous avons confondu tout ce que nous appelons du nom de 'progrès' avec l'augmentation du chiffre de nos affaires. Nous avons fait mieux encore ! Nous avons réussi à nous persuader que, pour atteindre un résultat si désirable, toutes les violences nous étaient permises. Les Anglais en sont convaincus. Et après quatre cents ans, tandis que leurs historiens continuent de reprocher eloquemment aux Espagnols les cruautés des conquérans du Mexique ou du Pérou, leurs hommes politiques, au nom de la civilisation anglaise et de sa supériorité, ne trouvent rien de plus naturel que d'aneantir un

petit peuple de même race, de même religion, et de la même communion qu'eux.

M. Chamberlain ne l'a-t-il pas dit lui-même en propres termes, *totidem verbis*, dans la séance de la Chambre des Communes du 5 février 1900? 'Les difficultés entre nous et le Transvaal ne sont pas l'œuvre d'un gouvernement. . . Elles ne proviennent que des circonstances, des différences profondes qui existent entre le caractère boër et le caractère anglais; entre la civilisation boër et la civilisation anglaise, entre l'éducation boër et l'éducation anglaise. Voilà les vraies causes de tout ce qui est arrivé. A la bonne heure, et c'est là du moins parer franc! Puisse donc l'éducation boër, la civilisation boër, le caractère boër, puisqu'ils sont incompatibles avec le caractère, avec la civilisation, avec l'éducation anglaise! L'anglicisation du monde, qui n'en était encore tout à l'heure que la 'moralisation,' est devenue maintenant la condition de son progrès futur. Et, à la vérité, M. Chamberlain n'a oublié ou négligé que de nous dire quelles sont ces différences, et à quels signes se reconnaît la 'supériorité d'une civilisation.'

Qu'a-t-elle donc, en effet, de si 'supérieur,' cette civilisation que l'on nous vante? et, pour ne rien dire des Boërs, dont je ne connais assez ni les 'mœurs' ni l' 'éducation' ni le 'caractère,' quels si grands avantages le reste du monde trouverait-il à l'adopter ou à s'y soumettre? On proposait l'autre jour, à la Chambre des Communes, une loi ayant pour objet d'étendre la peine corporelle du fouet à je ne sais quels crimes ou délits qui ne sont présentement punis que de la prison, et il est vrai qu'on ne l'a point votée; mais le 'Times' s'en indignait, et il en prenait occasion pour célébrer l'efficacité pénale des châtimens corporels. Qu'est-ce à dire, sinon que l'on ne sent donc pas encore en Angleterre ce que le châtiment corporel a d'également dégradant pour le misérable qui le subit, le bourreau qui l'applique, et la société qui le permet? Dans un autre ordre d'idées, que dirons-nous encore de la manière dont l'Angleterre recrute ses armées? et quel Français, quel Allemand, quel Russe, ne s'est senti humilié pour l'espèce humaine, en regardant aux environs de Trafalgar Square, du côté de Saint Martin's Lane, l'appât grossier dont on se sert en l'an de grâce 1900, pour attirer les soldats de la Reine? Non seulement la civilisation britannique n'a rien de 'supérieur' à l'allemande ou à la française, mais je doute qu'on trouvât, de nos jours, un grand pays où les mœurs publiques, à beaucoup d'égards, fussent plus engagées qu'en Angleterre et comme emprisonnées dans un réseau d'habitudes, de traditions, et de préjugés que l'honneur des civilisations modernes est précisé-

ment d'avoir, et pour jamais, abjurés. Strictement économique, *manchestérienne* et libérale, *darwinienne* et individualiste, la civilisation anglaise ne convient qu'à la seule Angleterre ; et parce que le monde commence enfin à le sentir ; parce que l'importation des habitudes anglaises menace les nations européennes dans le sentiment qu'elles ont de leur personnalité ; parce que cette 'supériorité' n'est souvent faite que de ce que ces habitudes offrent de facilités au développement de l'égoïsme, c'est encore pour cela que l'Angleterre a vu se déchaîner contre elle la presque unanimité de l'opinion européenne.

Avons-nous besoin d'ajouter qu'en aucun cas la 'supériorité de civilisation' ne saurait engendrer ce qui s'appelle 'un droit' ? Elle peut engendrer des devoirs ! Elle ne crée pas plus de droits que la supériorité d'intelligence ou de force. C'est ce que la grande Angleterre, dans le siècle qui va finir, a trop souvent oublié. Ne pouvant faire, selon le mot de notre Pascal, que la justice fût toujours la force, elle a trop souvent oublié qu'on ne résolvait pas le problème en décorant la force du nom de la justice. Il faudra bien qu'elle finisse un jour par s'en apercevoir ! Quelle que soit l'issue de la lutte qu'elle soutient contre le Transvaal, c'est ce qu'elle a déjà commencé de discerner dans l'attitude de l'Europe. Si cet article pouvait aider ou contribuer à ce résultat, pour si peu que ce fût, j'en serais heureux ; et je ne regretterais pas, je ne m'excuserais même point de ce que beaucoup d'Anglais y trouveront de déplaisant. Il y a longtemps qu'on l'a dit : nos flatteurs sont souvent nos pires ennemis, et la plus haute marque d'estime que l'on puisse donner à un grand peuple, comme à un honnête homme, c'est de lui dire loyalement qu'il a tort, dès que l'on croit qu'il n'a pas raison.

F. BRUNETIÈRE.

INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIRST VOLUME OF
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.*[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type.]*

A

Afghanistan, 470. *See* North West Frontier PolicyAfrica, South. *See* Afrikander Bond, Extermination, and Road.

Africa South, The War in, 263. 519.—national support, 266—miscalculations of the Government, 267 270.—the Treasury 270—War Office, *ib.*—duty of the Government, 271—transport of troops 272—labour troubles, 273—transport of horses, 274—number lost, 275—exercise on board ship, 276—difficulty of land transport, 277—distribution of troops by General Symonds 278—results of the disaster of Nicholson's Nek 279—decision of Sir Redvers Buller, 280—criticism of a German general, *ib.*—best course to have followed, 282—level features of warfare, 283—frontal attacks, *ib.*—failure of night attacks, 284—need for reticence, 286—facilities for training, 287—achievements of the campaign, 288—loyalty and resources, 289.

Plan of the Boers, 540—mobilisation of divisions, 541—appointment of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, *ib.*—total force, 542—assault on Ladysmith, 543—Lord Roberts's plan of operations, 544 551—attempts to relieve Ladysmith 545—550—Spion Kop, 547—system of marching, 548—the relief of Kim-

berley, 550-552—surrender of Cronje, 553—loss of a convoy, 554—relief of Ladysmith 555—surrender of Bloemfontein 557.

Afrikander Bond, The, 514—aim of the Transvaal, 514 517—the Orange Free State, 517—Cape Colony, 518—loyalty of the Dutch *ib.*—the Ministry 519—the Bondmen, 519-521—constitution and working of the Bond, 522—strength 523—origin, 523 527—first congress, 524—principles 525—meaning of the term Afrikander 528—emancipation of the Transvaal 529—annexation of Bechuanaland, 530—influence of Mr. Hofmeyr, 531—President Kruger's partiality for Germany, 532—his 'big clothes' speech 533—need for the protection of some Great Power, 534—alliance with Mr. Rhodes, 535—Mr. Hofmeyr regains ascendancy, 537.

Art, Tolstoi's Views of, 359 *See* Tolstoi

Austria, Code of Criminal Procedure, 217

B.

Balfour, Lady B. 'The History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration,' 468.

Balfour, Graham. 'Life of R. L. Stevenson,' 177.

Benson, A. C., on Lord de Talley 247
— 'The Life of Edward Walter Benson,' 442

Benson, Edward White 415 — at school, 417 — friendship with Lightfoot, 417, 420 — at Cambridge, 418 — Rugby 420 — Master of Wellington College, *ib.* — marriage, 421 — Chancellorship at Lincoln, 423 — Bishop of Truro, 424 — Archbishop of Canterbury, 425 — negotiations for reunion with Rome, 426.

Beresford, Lord, Charles, 'The Break-up of China,' 10, 19.

Bielschowsky, Dr A., his biography of Goethe, 75.

Bishop, Mrs., 'The Yangtze Valley and Beyond,' 26

Boott, Mr., his old-age pension scheme, 160

British Interests in China, 1 *See* China

Brunetiere, F. his article on French opinion, 572.

Bryce, J., 'Impressions of South Africa,' 237

C

Canada and Sir John Macdonald, 337
See Macdonald

China, British Interests in, 1 — period of stagnation, 2 — concessions, 2, 4 — result of the Treaty of Tientsin, 3 — fear of the Empire, 6 — policy of the English Government, 7-16 — its condition, 9 — the Reform Party, 10 — influence of Russia, 11-16 — withdrawal of British ships from Port Arthur, 14 — need for maintaining existing constitution by reforms, 18 — re-organisation of the army, 20 — Siberian Railway, 21 — question of British or Russian influence, 23 — transfer of the Court to Nanking, 24 — Mrs Bishop's journey, 25-29 — plan of Changin, 28 — prevalence of anti-foreign feeling, *ib.*

Chenai Valentina, 'The Far-Eastern Question,' 9

Church, R. W., 430 — early years, *ib.* — Dean of St. Paul's, 431

Churchill, W. S., 'The Malakand Field Force,' 470

Churchmen, Scholars, and Gentlemen, 415 — Archbishop Benson, 416-427 — Bishop Darnford, 427-430 — Dean Church, 430-432 — Dean Goulburn, 432 — Dean Lillie, 433-436 — Dean Merivale, 436-438 — Dean Milman, 439-441

Clerc, Major, 'La Campagne dans les Pyrénées,' 502

Collingwood, W. G., 'The Art-Teaching of John Ruskin,' 394

Colquhoun, A. R., 'China in Transformation,' 9.

Colvin, Sydney, 'Letters of R. L. Stevenson,' 177

Company Law, The Reform of, 373 — the Act of 1862, *ib.* — various amending Acts, 374 — Lord Davey's Committee, 375 — Government Bill, *ib.* — question of limited liability, 376-377 — discourse to shareholders, 377-381, 384 — registration of charges, 381 — priority of trading debts, 383 — balance-sheets, 384 — formation of a company, 385-387 — promoters, 38 — application for shares, *ib.* — the five proposals, 388 — practical effect, 388-391 — provisions of minor importance, 391

Compton, B., 'Memoir of Edward Mayneek Goulburn,' 444

Crawford, F. M., 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' 32.

Criminal Procedure French, 198 — origin, 199 — system of publicity, 200 — inquisitorial method, *ib.* — features of two systems, 201 — protests against, 202 — various reforms, 203 — jury system, 205 — *action publique* re-instated, *ib.* — the trials of 1808-206 — differences between English and French systems, 208 — 'L'age d'inculpation,' 209 — recent reforms, 210 — judges, 211 — *relatives*, 212 — courts-martial, 214-216 — system in Continental States, 217-223 — statistics on the punishment of crime, 220

D.

- Dennis, J., 'Rome, the Pagan City,' 32.
 Dowden, Prof., 'The Case against Goethe,' 57.
 Duff, Sir M. Grant, his biographical sketch of Lord de Tabley, 246 et seqq.
 Durand, Col. A., 'The Making of a Frontier,' 469.
 Durnford, Dr R., 428—at school and Oxford, *ib*—Bishop of Chichester, 429—episcopal work, *ib*.

E.

- Elwin, Whitwell, 291—birth, *ib*.—succeeds to the family living of Bocton, 292—contributions to the 'Quarterly Review,' 292, 296—editor, 292—character, 294—fit end, *ib*, p. 295—his edition of Pope, 297—knowledge of architecture, 298—death, *ib*.
 England, system of criminal procedure, 58—salaries of judges, 212—courts-martial, 215—statistics on the punishment of crime, 220.
 Extermination. An age of, 299—iniscriminate slaughter 300—fate of the bison, 301—the fur-hunters, *ib*.—slaughter of birds, 302—game reserves, *ib*—African lions, 303—legislation for the suppression of noxious animals, 304—rinderpest and 'horse-sickness,' *ib*—depletion by the British and the Boers, 304—the natives, *ib*.—elephants, 307—rhinoceros and giraffes, 308—improved sporting rifles, *ib*.—inferiority of the Boers, 309—long-range achievements 310—small-bore weapons, *ib*.—protective or preventive measures, 311-315—Scandinavian elk, 313.

F.

- Fitzpatrick, J. P., 'The Transvaal from Within,' 514.
 Food of London, The, 117. See London.

Foreign Opinion, 560—Germany, 560—572—France, 572-582.

- Foy, Vie Militaire du Général, 500.
 France, Messageries steamers, 87—criminal procedure in, 198—opinion of England, 572-582.
 Frontier Policy North-West, 467. See North-West.

G.

- Garden, The Wild, 100—reaction against formality, 102—result of the change, 103—difficulties of reconstruction, 104—nature's method, 105—creation, 106—general conditions, 107—characteristics of the water garden, 109—live fences, 111—disadvantages of 'indigest,' *ib*.—forest trees, 112—form and colour, 113—harmony, 114—love of flowers, 115.
 Germany, attitude toward Goethe, 59, 71—North German Lloyd Company, 85—code of criminal procedure, 217—opinion of England, 560-572.
 Goethe and the Nineteenth Century, 56—works on, 57, 75—attitude of the Germans, 59—his dynamic influence, 60—different personalities, *ib*. his works, 61, 65, 69—poetic masterpieces, 62—relation to the romantic school, 65, 68-70—'Wilhelm Meister' 65-68—influence of Schelling, 70—Young Germany' period 71—poet's era, *ib*.—changes in German criticism, 71-75.
 Goulburn, E. M. 432—brilliant scholarship, *ib*.—Dean of Norwich, 433—works on religious subjects, *ib*.
 Gregorovius, F., 'History of the City of Rome,' 31.

H.

- Hanna, Col. H. D., 'The Second Afghan War,' 409.
 Harns, Capt C., extract from his 'Narrative of an Expedition to South Africa,' 305.
 Harrison, F., his essay on Ruskin, 315.

Hauptmann, Gerhart, *The Plays of*, 317—early years, *ib.* in Berlin, 318, 320—dedicates his first play to Arno Holz, 321—*Before Sunrise*, 322—324—*'Lonely Lives,'* 324—*'The Teamster,'* 326—*'Weavers,'* 327—332—*'Hanseler,'* 332—*'The Sunken Bell,'* 333—336.

Hobson, J. A., *'John Ruskin, Social Reformer,'* 394, 408.

Housaye, Henry, *'Waterloo,'* 502.

J

Japan Mail Steamship Company, 86.
Jekvil, Gertrude, *'Wood and Garden,'* 101.

K

Keene, A. H., *'The Boer States,'* 523.

L

Lanciani, R. A., his works on Rome, 31.

Little, H. G., 433—his pupils, 434—Dean of Christ Church, 435—*'Greek-English Lexicon,'* *ib.*

Little, A. J., *'Through the Yangtze Gorges,'* 27.

London, *The Food of*, 117—average consumption of milk, 118—supply from the country, 119—butter, 121—average consumption, 122—margarine, 123—cheese, 124—eggs, *ib.*—sugar, 125—water supply, 126—129—tea, 129—131—coffee, 131—beer, *ib.*—beer, 131—133—wine, 133—question of stocks, 134—the centre of the Empire, 136. *See also previous volume.*

London, *The University of*, 445—origin and character, 445—447—influence, 448—adequate provision for higher instruction, 449—difficulties attending the reconstitution, 450—452—Lord Cowper's Commission, 452—University Bill, 453—Statutes and Regulations, 453—457—admission of institutions, 457—the Polytechnics,

ib.—number of teachers, 458—external students, *ib.*—examinations, 459—effect of the Statutes, 459—establishment of two new Faculties, 461—the study of medicine, 462—law, 463—465—need for funds, 465.

Lumsden, *Life of Sir Harry*, 467.

Lyttel, Lord, his policy in Afghanistan, 475 *et seqq.*

M

Macdonald, Sir John, and Canada, 337—principles of his career, 338—difficulties and conditions of his political life, 339—imperial policy, 340—view of confederation, 342—Quebec Conference, 343—hstacles to union, 344—Nova Scotia, 345—Rupert's Land and the North-West territories, 346—appointment of the Hon. W. McDougall, 348—the relation, 349—British Columbia, 350—acquisition of Prince Edward Island, 352—Canadian Pacific Railway, 353—indifference of England, 356—British North America Bill, *ib.*

Mackay, T., *'History of the English Poor Law,'* 151.

Mellison, Col. G. D., extract from his *'History of the French in India,'* 281.

Maxwell, Rt. Hon. Sir H., *'The Life of Wellington,'* 492—mistakes in, 512.

Melville, Lewis, *'Life of W. M. Thackeray,'* 158 *et seqq.*

Merrivale, C., his *'Autobiography,'* 456—at Cambridge, *ib.*—friendship, 457—correspondence, *ib.*—Dean of Ely, 488.

Meyer, Dr. R. M., his biography of Goethe, 75.

Millstone, Prof. J. H., *'The Remains of Ancient Rome,'* 31.

Milman, H. H., brilliant career, 433—at St. Margaret's, Westminster, 440—Dean of St. Paul's, *ib.*

N.

North-West Frontier Policy, 467—works on, 467-470—History of our relations with Afghanistan, 470—Peshawur treaty, *ib.*—Russian advance, 471—treatment of the Amur, 472—Lord Lytton's interviews with Lord Lawrence and the Russian Ambassador, 473—British Agency at Herat, 475—occupation of Quetta, 476, 487—policy towards the border tribes, 477—death of the Amur, 479—Yakub Khan succeeds, *ib.*—massacre of the mission, 480—outbreak of war, *ib.*—delimitation policy, 481—the work of Sir R. Sandeman in Beluchistan, *ib.*—Colonel Warburton, 482—mission of Sir M. Durnell, *ib.*—troubles in Central, 483—rebellion of the Afridis, 484—policy in view of the Russian advance, 485-187—our position in Afghanistan, 488—in India, 489.

O.

Ocean Liners, 77—lumber and tonnage, 78—development of steam navigation, *ib.*—speed of clippers, 79—Atlantic service, 80—Cunard line, *ib.*—Columbia line, 81—Inman, 82—White Star Company, 83—advance in speed, 83, 97—comfort and carrying power, 84—North German Lloyd Company, 85—P&O and Oriental, 86—Japan Mail Steamship Company, *ib.*—joint British India companies, and Messageries Maritimes de France, 87—opening of the Suez Canal, *ib.*—Empress line, 88—Canadian Pacific Railway, *ib.*—Orient line, 89—New Zealand Shipping Company, 90—Canadian Australian Royal Mail Company, and 'A. and A.' line, 91—Union line, *ib.*—Castle, 92—Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, *ib.*—cost of travel, 93—modern liners, 93-95—merchant ships as armed cruisers, 95-97—consumption of coal, 98.

Ogden, Samuel, on the limited-liability system, 376.

P.

Poor Law Reform, 154—number of paupers, 156—medical relief, *ib.*—decrease in pauperism, 157—want of thrift and character, *ib.*—economic, 158—local, 159—Mr. Booth's scheme, 160—savings of the working classes, 161—principles of relief, 163—classification of the poor in work-houses, 164—grievances, 165—the aged poor, *ib.*—adults, 166—number of vagrants, *ib.*—measures for pauper children, 167—treatment of the children of vagrants, 168—Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act of 1894, 169—Industrial Schools Act of 1866, *ib.*—reports of the Select Committee on the Unemployed, 170-174.

R.

Raid, The Years before the, 222—Convention of Pretoria, 223—of London, 224—demands for a revision, 228—extension of the frontier, 227-231—of the Republic to the sea, 231-236—claims in the north, 238—Sir H. Loch's terms, 240—dissatisfaction of President Kruger and the Volksraad, *ib.*—attempts to regain independence, 242—meaning of Imperialism, 243—the Raid, 244.

Reitz, F. W., 'A Century of Wrong,' 521, 528.

Repton, H., his treatise on gardening, 104.

Rew, R. H., 'Production and Consumption of Milk,' 118.

Ritchie, A. T., 'Works of W. M. Thackeray with Biographical Introductions,' 143 *et seqq.*

Roberts, Lord, 'Rise of Wellington,' 493—appointed Commander in Chief of the Forces in South Africa, 541—plan of operations, 544 *et seqq.*

Robertson, Sir G. S., 'Central: the Story of a Minor Siege,' 470.

Robinson, W., 'The Wild Garden,' 102.

Rod, E., 'Essai sur Goethe,' 37.

Rodenberg, J., his article on German opinion, 560.

Romantic School, 64—Goethe's relation to, 65, 68.

Rome, The Genius of, 30—works on, 31—characteristic of gigantism, 32—Augustan age, 33—the baser period, 34—destruction by the Romans, 35—fall of paganism, 36—the *patres potestas*, 37—population, *ib.*—keystone of history, 38—Julius Cæsar, *ib.*—narrow spirit, 39—Western civilization, *ib.*—struggle between Pope and Emperor, 40—the Middle Ages, 41—character of the Romans, 43—Arnold of Brescia, 44—the Regions, 46-49—Renzii, 49-51—Papal government, 51-53—charm, 54.

Rousseau, J. J., contrasted with Thackeray, 150.

Ruskin, John, 393—works on, 394—art-etc., 395—natural gifts, *ib.*—architectural drawings, 396—'Modern Painters,' 397, 400, 401-406—in Italy, 399—'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' 409—'The Stones of Venice,' *ib.*—his art classes, 401—elected Blade Professor at Oxford, *ib.*—lectures and studies, 401, 402, 405—gift of vision, 403—estimates of painters, *ib.*—reckless assertions, 404—social teaching, 406-409—influence, 409—style of writing, 409-412—personality, 412—generosity, 413—opening of Ruskin Hall, *ib.*

Russia, her influence on China, 11 *cf. seq.* her advance in Central Asia, 485.

S.

Sandeman, Sir R., his pacification of Beluchistan, 481.

Sealey, Sir J., 'Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years,' 57.

Seveling, A. F., 'The Praise of Gardens,' 115 *note*.

Sinclair, Mr., on disclosure of a limited company's balance-sheet, 380.

Sixeranne, R. de la, 'Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty,' 494, 495.

Stephens, W. R. W., 'A Memoir of Richard Durnford,' 443.

Stevenson, E. L., The Personality of, 176—his parents, 178—religious

opinions, 179—reads for the Bar, 180—troubles at home, *ib.*—friendships, 182—literary work, 183—journey to California, 184—at San Francisco, 185—marriage, 186—on the Riviera, *ib.*—'Treasure Island,' 187—characteristic letters, 187, 189—reputation, 189—'the green sickness of maturity,' 190—cruise to the Marquesas, 191—settles in Samoa, 192—purchases Vailima, 193—daily life and activities, 194—thoughts as an exile, 195.

Suez Canal, opening of, in 1869, 87.

T.

Tabley Lord de, 246—characteristics, 247—birth and parents, 248—home, *ib.*—his first poem, 249—at school and college, *ib.*—friends, 250, 252—collection of Greek coins, *ib.*—literary contributions, 251—taste for botany, 253, 256—poems, 253, 254, 255, 258, 260—novels, 254—'Glean to Book-plates,' 256—succeeds to the title, 257—death, 261—extracts from his poems, 261-264.

Thackeray, the Sentiment of, 138—Mr. Lewis Melville's Life, *ib.*—his want of personal knowledge, 139—quotations, 141—tendency to platitudes, *ib.*—blunders, 142—Mrs. Ritchie's introductions, 143—style, *ib.*—life-like sketches, 144—on his religious views, 146-148—attitude towards death, 148—place in art, *ib.*—decrease of his readers, 149—compared with other prose writers, 150—view of love, 151—unpretentious humility, 152.

Thell, G. McCall, 'South Africa,' 223, 237.

Thompson, Rev. H. L., 'Memoir of Henry George Liddell,' 444.

Tolstoi's Views of Art, 359—his opinion of its moral wrongness, 360—science of aesthetics, 362—literature, *ib.*—meaning of the word *beauty*, 363—instinct for 364—question of conscious or unconscious training, 365-370—impressionist painting, 366—desire for novelty, 370.

U.

Unemployed Reports of the Select
Committee on the, 170.
University of London, The, 445. *See*
London.

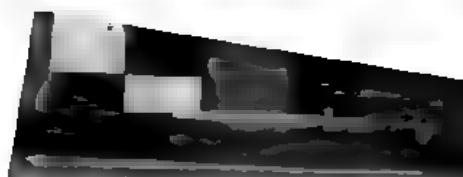
W.

War in South Africa, The, 265, 539.
See Africa.

Warburton, Col. Sir R., 'Eighteen
Years in the Khyber,' 469.

Water Supply of London, 126.

Wellington, the Duke of, 492—his
character, 493—marriage, 494—quar-
rel with his brother, 495—relations
with women, *ib.*—condemnation of
soldiers, 496—of officers, 497—piti-
lessness, 498—conception of his duty,
499—journal notes of Foy, 500—
works of Major Oleron, 502—M.
Housaye, 503—battle of Quatre
Bras, 504—details of the battle of
Waterloo, 506-512.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHURCH LANE.





